THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Volume 196, Number 32

FEBRUARY 9, 1924

5c. THE COPY
10c in Canada

Herbert Hoover—Garet Garrett—Dornford Yates—Elsie Singmaster
Ben Ames Williams—Horatio Winslow—H. H. Kohlsaat—Will Payne

Diet for child from 10 months to 1 year

6 a. m.	8-10 ounces of whole milk, zwieback, toast or graham crackers
9 a. m.	Juice of whole orange
10 a. m.	Cereal—Cream of Wheat, milk from cup, zwieback, toast or graham crackers, apple sauce
2 p. m.	Cereal—Cream of Wheat, milk from cup, toast
6 p. m.	Cereal—Cream of Wheat, milk from cup (8-10 ounces), toast
10 p. m.	8-10 ounces of milk

A model diet table for the baby

How Better Babies' Contests teach mothers about the proper foods

THE most highly specialized profession in the world today—raising babies!

Out of the blundering experience of the past has come accurate, scientific knowledge, which is now being carried by various means into every home where there is a baby.

One of the most effective broadcasting agencies is the Better Babies Contest, held in cities and towns all over the country. At these contests doctors and nurses teach mothers the necessity of scientific care of their babies.

Correct feeding is, of course, given special emphasis. For this purpose model diet tables show the foods a child may and should have, from ten months to three years of age.

Why baby specialists choose Cream of Wheat

Featured on these model diet tables is Cream of Wheat, to be used as the first solid food and later as an ideal cereal.

"What are the qualities for which baby authorities choose Cream of Wheat?" mothers ask. Because it has two great essentials; it is high in energy value and very easy to digest.

A baby requires a constant supply of energy—for he uses much. His "daily dozen" consists of strenuous kicking, squirming, creeping; his very growing processes demand limitless energy.

Cream of Wheat with Broth

½ cup Cream of Wheat — 3 pints broth

Prepare broth as for consommé. When nearly done add Cream of Wheat and cook twenty minutes or longer

Cream of Wheat supplies this in exceptionally generous measure, for it is made of the heart of the best hard wheat—that part richest in energy substance which scientists call carbohydrates.

But a baby's stomach is inexperienced and must have food which is easily, quickly digestible. Here, too, Cream of Wheat has an advantage over many foods. For digestion of Cream of Wheat *begins in the mouth*, easing the stomach's burden of work.

A rich source of energy, supplied quickly, easily and fully, because so simple to digest—it is for this happy combination, not often found in foods, that baby authorities use Cream of Wheat as the first solid food.

A food for all the family

An ideal food for children is an excellent food for grown-ups, for after all, human requirements are much the same. So let the family share in those elements which Cream of Wheat provides so generously. Fathers and mothers need that same energy—and need it supplied in just this quick, easy form.

You can use it as the basis of many delightful new dishes; in puddings, in combination with meats and vegetables; and always, of course, as a delicious breakfast cereal.

We have a new booklet which suggests many ways to serve Cream of Wheat—simple, practical recipes which add new interest to the daily menu. We will gladly send it to you, free.

Send coupon for FREE recipe booklet

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me *free* a copy of your recipe booklet, "Thirty Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat".

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

S. E. P.—Feb. 9

Cream of Wheat

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota

In Canada, made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg

© C. of W. 1924

ADLER COLLEGIAN CLOTHES

THEY KEEP YOU LOOKING YOUR BEST

The McBedwin Finish

The Grad is cut exactly in accordance with the new ideas expressed in the clothes American college men will wear this Spring. Shoulders are high and square; pockets are 'way low; the three buttons are widely spaced. Both coat and trousers are cut full to hang straight and loose. The trousers have quarter-top pockets and the coat is McBedwin Finish

The Adler Collegian dealer in your community has The Grad and other new models in Suits and Top-coats at moderate prices. Smart styles for every man of 17 to 70.

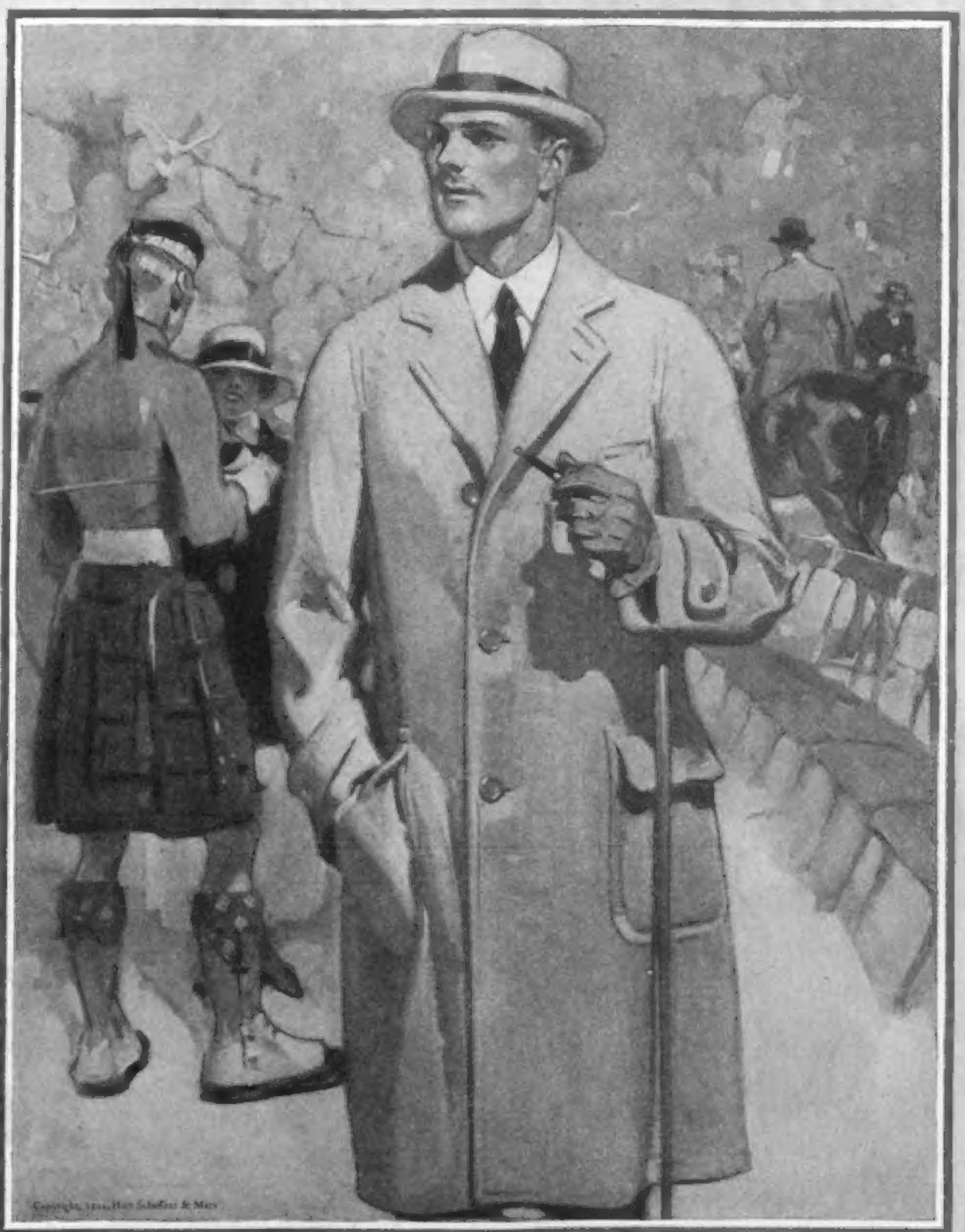
This many tailors to *make a man*

Adler Collegian Clothes are made by specialists. A sleeve-maker, for instance, makes only sleeves. Practice makes perfect, and not only does he make sleeves better, but produces more per day, thus bringing down the cost. And so with all the 147 operations in your finished suit.

That's why Adler Collegians give you such excellent clothing at moderate prices.

If there is no Adler Collegian dealer in your town, we shall be glad to send you the name of one near you.

DAVID ADLER & SONS COMPANY
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 318



LONDON, PARIS, NEW YORK, CHICAGO AND EVERYWHERE ELSE

You may walk in the most fashionable and cosmopolitan promenades of the world, in our clothes, without a shadow of uncertainty about style distinction

The all-wool quality is there; and the fit

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1924, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain
Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain,
Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 196 — 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada — PHILADELPHIA, PA., FEBRUARY 9, 1924 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 32

RUIN

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

THE living room of Creig's small cottage on the southeast shore of Grindstone faced the water and the east. In its middle a wide-topped table stood littered with piles and loose sheets of manuscript, some typed and some in long hand. Creig, his chair tilted forward in his eagerness, sat at this table and wrote and rewrote a single sentence, shifting a word, eliding here and there, condensing and polishing. He labored with this sentence in feverish haste, the haste of a runner who sees ahead of him the woolen thread toward which he drives himself and which marks the end of his long effort. There was sweat on his forehead and his breath panted a little; his tongue was between his teeth. Yet his was the haste of the victor; the flush of triumph spread across his brow.

The end came abruptly. He ceased to write, tilted back in his chair and read the final sentence, nodding with decisive satisfaction. Then upon one of the loose sheets of manuscript he crossed out a line with a blue pencil, wrote the new line above with ink. His fingers began to shake; he gathered the manuscript into an orderly pile, rested both hands upon it as though it were warm and comforting beneath his palms.

After a moment he rose. From a bottle upon a smaller table he poured a drink. The glass in his hand, he faced himself in a mirror above the mantel. The face he saw was weary and distorted, but after a moment it twisted into an exultant smile. He lifted the glass.

"Here's to you, old man!" he cried, his voice afire. "You're there!" And drained the glass at a single swallow.

This cottage of Creig's on Grindstone Island was not a pretentious one. It had been a fisherman's shanty, a single-room affair of flimsy construction; but when summer folk began to flock into the locality it had been taken in hand by the new owner of the island. He put proper foundations under it, added a room or two and a small sleeping porch, set vines across the front and thus converted it into a guest house. But the larger cottage, a little way along the rocky shore, was sufficiently commodious to accommodate any ordinary number of guests; and after the Ridgelys bought the island, they sometimes rented the little camp.

Creig was writing a play for Maddelin Tueset, whose enormous summer place sprawled along one of the lower ledges of the larger island called Old Hump. A narrow strip of water called Old Hump Thoroughfare separated the two islands. Creig, when he began work on the play, thought it advisable to be near Maddelin while his task was in progress. His search for quarters led to the discovery that Carolyn Ridgely, whom he had known in France, lived on Grindstone; and, when he told her his needs, she said he might have the little guest house at a modest rental. Creig welcomed the suggestion for a double reason. He had not seen Carolyn for six years; not since he came home after serving as a Y. M. C. A. entertainer among the training camps in France. But she had always held his attention; she had a maturity and a poise which at the same time baffled and attracted him. He could not read her, and he wished to do so. Creig had had some experience with women; he was inclined to believe in his own insight into their natures. The critics had spoken of this feature in some of his plays. In Carolyn, he felt, there might be material.

He Had Grown More and More Interested in Carolyn. She Had a Still Reserve Which Seemed to Him to Cloak a Capacity for Deep Emotion

But his chief preoccupation this summer was inevitably with the play upon which he was engaged. He had known Maddelin Tueset for a dozen years. People said that the parts he wrote for her were the secret of her popular success. There were not many to assert that she was a great actress, but there were immense numbers who were eager to see her upon the stage. Of the two conditions, many prefer the latter, and Maddelin had never quarreled with her destiny. She and Creig were old and intimate friends; their friendship antedated her marriage, as it did his, and it had outlasted both these alliances. It is true that this friendship lacked its original luster and glow; there were times when Maddelin spoke her mind to Creig, times when he wished to speak his mind to her. He did not do so, because—as he explained—she was a woman of temperament; her eccentricities must be expected and endured. But the first fondness which he had felt for her when she graduated from a musical-comedy chorus into a minor part, which had been intensified when chance threw her into the leading rôle of his second play, and which had become something more ardent when she carried that play to a great financial success, had faded now to that unthinking habit which may be observed in the relations between people too placidly married. Privately, he had his hours of hating her. There had been such hours this summer, for he had expected her to work with him upon the play, had expected to derive inspiration from her suggestions, and she had refused them.

"I'm taking a vacation," she warned him. "I'll talk no shop till you've finished it. Then bring it to me and read it, and there'll be time enough to talk."

He had sought to overcome this determination on her part, sought to trick her into taking an interest, by carefully calculated allusions to scenes and situations. But Maddelin laughed him aside, refused to hear. So Creig had been forced to labor with his play alone, and it had been labor. He was a man past forty who, after an early success, had been for a dozen years or so borne forward on the flood of his own fecund imagination. He wrote easily, without effort, with a facility that was astonishing, and his things were good. The art of manipulating his puppets was his by instinct; he never had to acquire it, never bound it to himself by the ties of drudgery. It was a gift which had come without effort on his part. Such gifts are sometimes withdrawn as mysteriously as they are bestowed. He found, this summer, that the gift was in a measure withdrawn. He was able to perceive that some of his situations were wrong without being able to discover the secret of their failure.

He tried to substitute hard work for inspiration and found that he had never learned the trick of hard work. He had been used to write straightforwardly, sure that each line he set down would be good. It was a harassing experience to reread what he had written and find it stale, flat and unprofitable; and it was weary and tormenting drudgery to have to rewrite and rewrite, and still fail in that which he sought to do. Sometimes he wondered, in an unwonted moment of self-appraisal, whether Maddelin had had any part in his previous successes, whether the inspiration of her collaboration had carried him on; but he always dismissed this thought as an impossibility. He knew

Maddelin's limitations too well. She was shallow as a child. Like a child, she was capable of experiencing the most violent emotions; like some children, she had learned the trick of conjuring these emotions at will. She could weep, she could storm, she could woo, she could coquette, she could be charming, she could smile; but it was ridiculous to suppose that Maddelin could think. He knew her too well to imagine that.

Yet whether the fact that Maddelin had withdrawn herself were responsible or no, there could be no doubt that he had for the moment lost the trick of neat situation, of swift and meaty dialogue, of vigorous dramatic structure. The play he would once have written in a week or ten days of intoxicated composition now dragged itself through week after week. He was both mystified and alarmed. It was true, he remembered, that his last play, written two years before, had gone slowly; but at that time his mind had been engaged with other matters. His wife's divorce suit was pending and he was seeking to evade the imposition of a heavy alimony charge. She had been an actress, had given up the stage for him, and had borne three children before she left him for good and all. He knew how she hated him, knew she would be greedy for as large a portion of his worldly goods as she could seize. Conferences with his lawyers, his appearance in court and the shock of the final decision had all combined to distract his attention from the play upon which he was engaged. Yet he finished it at last, and thought it good, and was astonished when Grierson, who had produced his other manuscripts, refused to try this one.

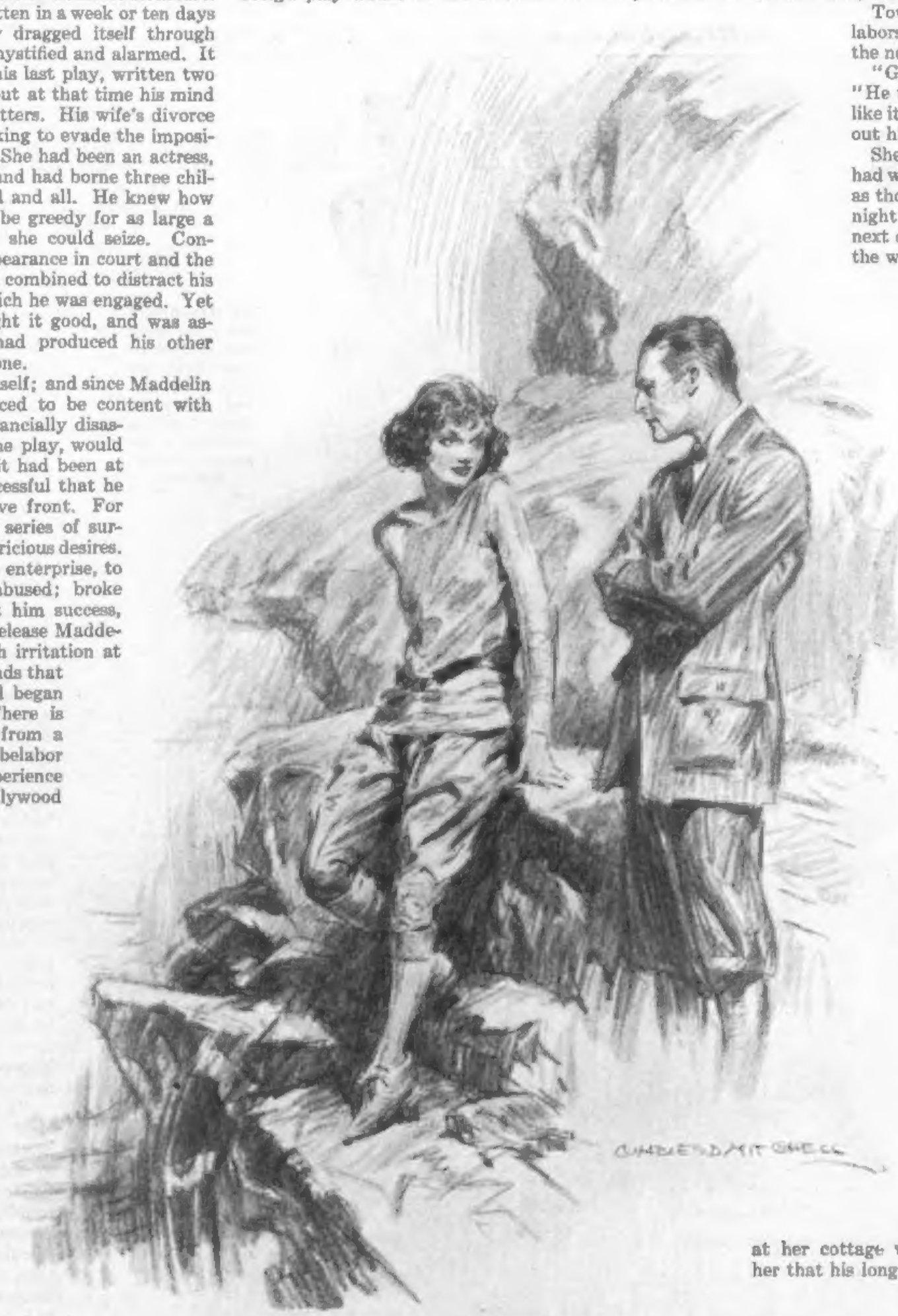
In a fit of pique he put it on himself; and since Maddelin was under contract he was forced to be content with another star. The result was financially disastrous; but he still believed in the play, would not even admit to himself that it had been at fault. He had been so long successful that he did not take failure with a brave front. For fifteen years his life had been a series of surrenders to impulse, to his own capricious desires. He clung, after the failure of his enterprise, to a conviction that he had been abused; broke with Grierson, who had brought him success, because Grierson had refused to release Maddelin for his play; showed so much irritation at the good-natured jokes of his friends that they ceased to laugh at him and began to treat him with courtesy. There is nothing so chilling as courtesy from a man who has been accustomed to belabor you with jovial abuse. The experience depressed Creig. He went to Hollywood for a year and his reputation made him welcome; but his performances did not justify his reputation and he came East again, full of disillusionment and empty of pocket.

Then Maddelin's contract with Grierson expired, and at his urgency she agreed to let him write a play for her before deciding to renew her alliance with the manager. She planned a quiet summer at Old Hump; he came north and found quarters near by and set to work.

Creig had decided, in this play, to capitalize Maddelin's fame by making her own life his theme. Her affairs had been much in the public eye. Grierson had a press agent without a conscience, and this man had built up about Maddelin a legend. According to the legend, she was a wise, thrifty, cool and unemotional person, who saved her money, made sound investments, managed her household with an austere rigor and drove a shrewd bargain with the smallest tradesman. The newspaper-reading public profoundly believed that she was a musician of ability—did she not have a pipe organ even in her summer home?—and an artist of more than ordinary talent. She was reputed to be widely read, to be a profound student. Grierson had planned, when her contract should be renewed, to present her as Hedda, as Juliet, as Camille; he believed that with the foundation already laid he could establish her reputation as a great actress. The publicity campaign had been planned with this in view.

Creig's play centered about such a woman as the public believed Maddelin to be. He knew her to be a glutton for work, and he kept her almost constantly upon the stage. He presented the contrast between the shrewd woman of affairs in the background and the exotic figure of the theater, and he involved this woman in a triangular romance. Her husband was one angle; her playwright was another. Creig had no need to imagine the fable; he knew it, and drew his materials from memory. Such a woman as Maddelin was had solved the tangle in which she found herself, by tossing aside both her husband and her lover; but Creig felt that such a woman as Maddelin was supposed by the public to be would not have done this. He contrived a climax in which, when the choice was presented to her, she cast her husband aside in favor of the playwright; and with a malicious insight he made clear that her motive in so doing was not passion but thrift. She needed the playwright to contrive a drama in which she might appear before the public. Thus the Maddelin of Creig's play would be the shrewd and thrifty Maddelin created by Grierson's press agent, consistent to the end. It was mid-July before Creig hammered this scheme into shape; but, once it was clear in his own mind, he worked more eagerly. The audience would despise his heroine; he sought to make her more despicable by every means in his power. Because the man had still some vestige of his ancient instinct for drama, he presented Maddelin in a process of progressive deterioration. When the play began she was young and charming and flushed with her first success, radiant with the love of everyone about her, throwing herself into the arms of the boy who loved her most. The second act, a few years later, showed her as the woman of business, more concerned with her own success than with any human relation; the third showed her final decision and left her forever damned. He wrote the last act first—wrote it at a time when he was full of irritation against Maddelin for one of her caprices; and thereafter during the summer he polished it, revised, rearranged, used every contrivance he knew to render it more effective. He had at first some doubts as to what Maddelin's attitude would be when she knew what he had done; but he reflected that Maddelin loved success, that she knew the theater and must perceive how certain his play was of finding favor. Success is easy to forgive; he had only to succeed.

He became more and more sure that he was succeeding. The character he drew was Maddelin as she was; it was also Maddelin as the public believed her to be. He made her charming when he chose; but he made her despicable with an even keener relish. The audiences, he knew, found as much satisfaction in hating as in loving; he made them at first love, then hate her.



Lois Amused Him Immensely. He Was Never Sure of Her; Never Sure What She Would Do

Toward mid-August he saw the end of his labors ahead, and told Maddelin. She received the news approvingly.

"Grierson keeps writing me," she explained. "He talks as though he owned me, and I don't like it. I want to show him I can get along without him."

She was, he saw, eager to approve what he had written; her mood he accepted as exultantly as though she had already heard the play. One night at dinner he promised it would be done next day. She bade him come at once to read the whole to her.

He finished the last revision a little after one o'clock in the afternoon, and in the reaction felt himself so shaken and weary that he lay down for a little while. Yet, even while his body relaxed, his thoughts were full of satisfied anticipation. He would ask Maddelin for an advance against royalties; a substantial advance, for the play was a sure success. He needed the money, since his affairs for the past two years had been in bad shape. He was heavily in debt. Even his alimony was in arrears, and there had been a threat in the last letter from his wife's attorney. Well, let them threaten. The manuscript there on the table represented wealth—a hundred thousand at least—perhaps a quarter of a million. A successful play was a gold mine, and this play would succeed.

Almost at once he persuaded himself into thinking it had already succeeded. He began to consider the indulgences he would permit himself when royalties began to pour in. Europe. Paris for six months or so. The Orient.

He rose at last and gathered up the manuscript; then realized that he must change his clothes before seeing Maddelin. He was accustomed to work in an old flannel shirt, khaki trousers, disreputable sneakers. He changed into knickerbockers, wrapped the manuscript in a sheet of brown paper and shut the door behind him. To reach Old Hump he would need a boat, and his own dory lay on the beach, drawn above high water; but the tide was low and the dory was too heavy to be dragged down the shingle. He decided to borrow Carolyn Ridgely's canoe. To stop at her cottage would give him an opportunity to tell her that his long task was done.

II

THE configuration of that part of the coast of Maine which faces southward is as though, while the land was still semimolten, some gigantic hand had haggled it with a rake. Long narrow fiords extend inland, sometimes for many miles; mountainous promontories built of raw granite thrust their fingers southward into the sea. And off the points of land and in the bays there are thousands of rocky islands, like fragments broken off in that terrific raking. Two such islands were Grindstone and Old Hump. A narrow thoroughfare, hardly more than a hundred yards wide, divided them. On the north and east and west other lands protected them against the jostling of the sea; but against the southeast flank of Old Hump the tides swirled and ground and, when the wind was right, great surges piled in there, tumbling and thrashing among the rocks. Thrust back by naked granite, they leaped high into the air to roar and hiss in their baffilement.

Grindstone was so called, not because of its shape, but because some of the stone quarried there years ago was made to serve the purpose the name suggests. Old Hump has its name from the round-backed hillock of raw rock which rears its head above the spruces near the middle of

the island. The granite has a tawny hue; the Hump suggests the back of a gigantic yellow cat crouched there in hiding and ready to leap upon any careless prey. The man from whom Maddelin Tueset bought the island had built atop this hillock a stone water tank, topped by an observation platform. From this vantage the eye might feast on all the glory of that coastwise pantomime, from Mount Desert, northeastward, past the matronly figure of Blue Hill in the north, and around to Bald Rock and Megunticook against the western sky.

Grindstone had no such eminence. It was, save for a few small patches of turf upon its eastern end, granite, clad in spruce. The low thick-growing trees made a barrier almost impassable, save where paths had been cut out here and there. There was one such path from the Ridgely cottage back past the abandoned granite workings to a bald ledge on the western face of the island; there was another which wound through a neck of the spruce woods from the cottage to the little camp Creig this summer occupied.

Creig took this path, passing at once from the warm light of the midafternoon sun into a still and sheltered shade. Under his feet a thick sprinkling of needles palliated the harshness of the granite. He walked quickly, smiling a little, wondering what Carolyn would say to his news. During the summer he had grown more and more interested in Carolyn; had been quite definitely piqued by her failure to return this interest. She had a still reserve which seemed to him to cloak a capacity for deep emotion. She was beautiful, not so much because of any single feature, as because of a certain seemliness and order which she wore like a garment. Her hands were always smooth and strong and fine; her skin was always clear; her nose was never either shiny or powdered; her hair—though she wore no net—was never disorderly or disarranged. Once, in the gallant fashion he knew how to affect, he had kissed her hand. She received the caress in a still silence which—for no reason he could define—infuriated him. But he was often furious with Carolyn. She interested him, puzzled him—and angered him.

She puzzled him because she was willing to spend the summer relatively alone in her cottage on Grindstone. Her father and mother were dead. Craig remembered hearing her say in France that she had a sister, but during the early part of the summer this sister did not appear. Carolyn lived alone in the cottage, large enough to accommodate half a dozen people. A middle-aged serving woman, who treated Carolyn like her daughter, did the cooking and the work that needed doing. This woman's husband pottered about the landing stage, fished for cunners in the narrows between Grindstone and Old Hump, and attended to the odd jobs that arose. This was Carolyn's establishment. Her only other contacts were with Creig himself, and with Maddelin and the guests who came to Old Hump. The fact that he and she were alone on Grindstone had awakened Creig's imagination; the fact that she had been willing to let her cottage to him seemed to him a good augury. He had begun the summer expecting to see much of her; but, though their contacts had been many, he had been disappointed. Carolyn preferred her own company—was much alone. He thought she might be writing a book or a play; but she never mentioned such work, and avoided his inquiries. This reticence was one of the roots of the irritation he felt toward her, for Creig himself was by nature garrulous.

Carolyn's sister had come to Grindstone in mid-July, after a month with friends in the mountains; and Creig found her a welcome contrast. Lois Ridgely was much younger than her sister. Creig guessed the difference at a dozen years, though it was less. Lois was still in college. She was a gay, helter-skelter, reckless girl, with a curious beauty of her own, a quick tongue and a daring temper. She was small; and as is so often true with small women her head was out of proportion to her body, as though to emphasize the beauty of her face. Yet this beauty was intangible. Sometimes Creig thought her homely. Her chin was too heavy, her mouth too wide, her eyes too small. But there was a magic in the gayety which habitually lurked in all her features, and her voice he thought charming. He recognized in her one of the newer generation; thought of her as a flapper without being aware that this terminology was extinct. His contacts had been either with older women or with girls of a different sort. Lois amused him immensely. He was never sure of her; never sure what she would do; astounded alike at her reckless willingness for hazardous enterprises and the curious limits she put upon her conduct. They had reached almost at once a footing which justified good-natured raillery between them; before she had been on the island a week he kissed her and she laughingly permitted it. She was interested in his work, and to her alone had he read parts of the play as they were finished. She enjoyed them, took a malicious delight in the accuracy of his portrait of Maddelin, laughed till she cried over scenes in which he had discovered no humor, because she said they were so exactly true to Maddelin. He very soon discovered that Carolyn was unwilling for Lois to fall too much under Maddelin's influence; and, as much for the sake of piquing Carolyn as for any other reason, he encouraged Lois to go often with him to Old Hump, encouraged her to drink the liquor that was always served there, teased her because she could not smoke a cigarette gracefully, shot craps with her on the floor of the front veranda, abetted her in every exploit she proposed. Carolyn never protested to him.

"But she gives me fits sometimes," Lois told him gayly, and they laughed together when she mimicked the serious remonstrances of her sister.

Lois was anxious to have guests come to the island; she confessed to Creig that she had wished to invite half a dozen of her friends, boys and girls.

"But Carolyn doesn't want me to," she explained indignantly. "She won't forbid it, or I'd do it anyway. She's so gentle and considerate about it that I can't very well go against her. But I'll say it's slow here, with nobody around but you two."

"I'll speed up a little if you want me to," he told her, smiling into her eyes.

She laughed at him and told him he could not if he tried; and thereafter they made a game of his efforts to entertain her. They swam together—she was as much at home in the water as a porpoise, having been used to long summers along the shore since her babyhood. Creig swam well enough, but the water seemed to him intolerably cold; he had to force himself to keep pace with her. They sailed about the

(Continued on Page 62)

"Don't You Think Dacie Will be Wild About Me?" She Challenged. "No Man Could Help Being," He Told Her

RAILROAD CONSOLIDATION

By Herbert Hoover

THE development of policies that will provide adequate, economical and nondiscriminatory transportation for a population which requires doubling the amount of goods to be moved about every fifteen years, is task enough for the independent thought of the nation. But these policies are also a good component for political and financial medicines, and it is a job in itself to secure their consideration solely on the basis of long-view public interest.

The Transportation Act of 1920 indicates three primary long-view principles in our national policy—that is, operation under private ownership, rigid regulation of rates and capitalization by public authority, and permissive consolidation into larger systems as the financial basis of orderly expansion and improvement in service. That Act also covers the basis of rate making, the relations of labor, and other questions that lie outside of this discussion, which is devoted to problems of the development of facilities. The Act as it stands will not accomplish the policies indicated without further extension at least to actively stimulated consolidation, and the whole question will therefore soon be dumped into the smelter of political discussion.

We have three possible courses open to us: To adopt government ownership; to abandon regulation and control in expectation that free exploitation will secure results; or to make effective the policies already indicated in legislation. The nation must have settled policies of some sort in these matters or we shall yet have the country strangled for lack of transportation.

The case against government ownership or nationalization or whatever you wish to call it goes to the very mainsprings of our whole national life. The stifling of individual initiative, of equality of individual opportunity through the blight of bureaucracy would be a lasting blow to the development of the intelligence and character of our people. It is a definite step to socialism. It is a certainty that our political system has not developed—and will not develop in our generation—to a point where we could stand the political implications of another 2,000,000 government employes and their method of selection. Moreover, the pressures exerted by special localities upon two joint boards of directors, consisting of 435 congressmen and ninety-six senators, for special service at government expense would become as noteworthy as they have become in the administration of the Shipping Board and the River and Harbor appropriations, and any coherent growth would become impossible. And as to practical results in business efficiency we need no better exhibit to refresh our souls in resolution than the spectacle of the United States Government engaged in the operation of overseas shipping.

There is nothing that would be a greater disaster to our railway employes than to be placed under a wage control where the hand of every other citizen would be against them with the implied prohibition of the right to strike which comes with government service.

Ancient Grudges Still Cherished

THOSE who believe in the other alternative of retreat from tight regulation in public interest to the good old days of free competition and uncontrolled consolidation have little understanding of the public mind, or a short memory as to the practical workings of these freedoms. The pernicious political activities of the railways of a generation ago in practically every state—their resistance to every attempt to secure public rights, their debauchery of everything that is wholesome in democracy, the scandalous operation of many roads with alternate ruin and inflation, the vast increase in capitalization at many consolidations, the discrimination in rates—are a category of evils which required years to overcome. They lie in the annals of every state in the Union. It is possible that there would never have been regulation of rates or prohibition of the plain economic need of consolidation into larger systems had the public been protected against discrimination and the evils that crept into the consolidation finance of that period. If the advantages from the great consolidations of that time had been passed on to the public in decreased rates and to the stockholders in more stable earnings, the process would doubtless have been permitted to continue to full completion. The outrages on the public in all these directions created a foundation of resentment which extends to the present day, supplies gas for every demagogue, and makes a just and objective handling of the problem next to impossible. Had the railway managers of the last generation been guiltless of these practices we probably should have no more of a railway problem today than of a telephone problem.

We have a new generation of railway operators. I have no hesitation in saying that with very few exceptions they have a high sense of public responsibility. They have given us a record of efficiency in management and consideration of public need during the past year which has never been equaled in railway history. Nevertheless, public memory of past wrongs will stifle at birth any attempt at abrogation of regulatory control, and it is a waste of time to talk about it. It is a certainty that so long as we have private ownership we shall have regulation of rates, service and capitalization in public utilities not only nationally but in each of the forty-eight states. It has come to stay. It ought to stay on its own merits; for we cannot intrust the conduct of a monopoly or a semimonopoly solely to good will.

If we are going to think along lines of private ownership we must start with this primary acceptance—that future rates and capitalization will be publicly controlled. The very moment we arrive at this point we have eliminated the whole justification for maintaining a multitude of independent utilities for the purpose of securing reasonable rates by competition, and if we would prepare for our national needs and effect obvious economies we should at once promote the creation of larger units. A big element of the whole problem is that certain roads are now unable under any reasonable maximum of rates to earn enough to perform their share of public service and to finance themselves to this end. Yet we have not a single mile of railway more than the country will yet need. We have about 1600 companies in the business, of which 186 have an operating revenue of $1,000,000 a year or more. Some of these roads are strong, prosperous and efficient. Others are semibankrupt, and unable to perform the public service which constitutes their only warrant for existence. Between these two extremes are roads unable in varying degrees to supply the transportation service necessary to the present life of the communities dependent upon them or to expand for the needs of future years.

Inequalities of Freight Rates

NOR are these deficits in service wholly local to each particular railroad. In their inability to provide their share of common rolling stock the weak roads thrust an excessive burden of finance and support upon the strong railways. Our car shortages should be blamed on the weak and not the strong roads.

Rate regulation is not responsible for all the weakness of the weak roads. Many of them could not earn enough to finance themselves even under free competition, yet they are necessary to the communities they serve. Any maximum of rates no doubt renders their position more difficult. Rates sufficient merely to support the weak, even if they could be collected, would be extortionate if collected by the strong. Yet great communities have grown up on railway rates below the needed earnings of weak roads. Congress, in struggling with this dilemma, included in the present Transportation Act a requirement of a fair return, which is declared by the Interstate Commerce Commission to be an average of 5¾ per cent net on the physical valuation of the whole railway property with a recapture to government control of one-half the earnings of individual railways in excess of 6 per cent. The establishment of this figure of an average implies that some railways will earn in excess of this amount and that others will earn less. During these recent times of the highest traffics on record, about 70,000 miles earned less than 4 per cent net on the Interstate Commerce Commission valuation, many did not earn their fixed charges, while 70,000 miles earned more than 5¾ per cent. Every railway that earns less has been put in a position where it cannot adequately enter the financial markets to secure capital for future development or adequately maintain service. Yet no one is likely to advocate any increase in the present national average of earnings. Whether this provision were in the Transportation Act or not, constitutionally the Government could not fix rates which would yield other than a fair return on the value of the property devoted to transportation uses. But whatever the background of this provision may be, from the point of view of the development of our railway system it must be obvious that the fixing of any fair average or maximum will imply that many railways are unable to earn enough to maintain their service, and yet we must have their expansion if the country is to go forward. The only solution lies in their incorporation with such other railways as will give the combined whole a sound financial foundation.

It may be complained that the poorer railways should not be foisted upon the richer ones. This, however, is a question partly of the prices at which they are absorbed and of their prospective value rather than of their present earning power, for the latter will increase through the growth of the country. Moreover, there is a large question that has not yet been fully investigated in that many weak roads are feeder lines and the division of joint rates between them and the trunk lines perhaps ought to be on a basis more favorable to the feeders. If we are not to have consolidation this question must be examined, and I believe it would result in the earnings of many strong roads being diminished by diversion to feeders. With consolidation such questions will not arise. The problem of stable finance is even broader than the problem of the weak roads. We have seen long periods in the last decade when we were stifled for transportation because of the inability of even average good railways to compete in the markets for capital, as is evidenced by the telling fact that more than 98 per cent of the new capital that has gone into our railway systems in the last three years has been raised on bonds mainly based on mortgages. Such a system of finance gives no safety to investors or to the public in times of depression and lower earnings. A larger proportion of capital must be provided through stock issues. In hard times the manufacturer must do without profits; in good times he may make considerable earnings. If his whole capital were provided through mortgage securities he would go bankrupt at every period of business readjustment. A railway in the hands of a receiver never gives full service. This is exactly what happens to scores of weaker railways in bad times, and it will be an ever-growing menace unless all of them are placed upon a sounder footing of finance.

The second reason for consolidation lies in the necessity for a more equitable distribution of rates as between different commodities. Our rate structure is a most amazing complex of local and commodity compromises with the theory of charging all that the traffic will bear. The inequalities and injustices arising out of the structure have been greatly exaggerated by the horizontal increases due to the war. A silk dress worth $200 pays less freight from Chicago to New York than does a bushel of wheat worth one dollar. It would be theoretically possible to reorganize the rate structure from a national point of view in such a fashion that without disturbing the present earning levels for the country as a whole some relief could be given to the more primary products, such as agriculture and coal by imposing a more equitable burden upon the highly finished goods. But it is impossible to secure the best results from such a rate reorganization without consolidation and its consequent wider diversification of traffic, for many of our railways are in a major way dependent on one class of traffic, such as either coal or grain. With present wage levels, present taxes and present commodity prices it is impossible to expect great rate relief in any direction without consolidation itself.

Voluntary Mergers of the Past

OWING to the way our cities have grown up, the location of our industries, the intricate relationships of seaboard transportation, and a thousand other problems, we shall never have an entirely logical rate structure such as might be based upon a recovery of the cost of transport for all goods, plus an ascending scale with increased values. It is possible, however, to equate the burden better; but even this is excessively difficult without a larger diversification of traffic, and diversification can be obtained only by larger railway systems.

The third major reason for consolidation—and one that is perhaps sometimes unduly emphasized—is the economy in operation that may be obtained. There would be undoubted economies, not so much in overhead as in the better handling of traffic, the better utilization of common terminals and other facilities, wider home use of cars, more direct routing, and more universal standards and cheaper maintenance of equipment. A large problem in this connection is the consolidation of freight terminals, to which the first contribution must be the consolidation of systems. Aside from railway charges, much can be saved to the shipper in better terminals; for the delays in discharge and loading, and so on, are all costs, sometimes greater than the railway charges themselves.

Voluntary consolidations of our railways were frequent until 1904, when the Supreme Court in the Northern Securities Case construed the antitrust laws to forbid them, the dominant theory at that stage in our national development being that equitable rates should be maintained through competition. Up to that time an enormous amount of consolidation had taken place and many great systems had grown up. The inhibition from 1904 to 1920 on consolidations has, as a matter of fact, continued down to date, due to the necessary delays in the Interstate Commerce Commission's development of master plans for the proposed government-controlled consolidations.

The present Transportation Act provides for consolidations only to the extent they are approved by the Interstate Commerce Commission and are in accordance with

its general plan. The commission is intrusted with the duty of indicating the master plan upon which consolidations may take place. Obviously consolidations cannot be allowed to proceed merely at the wish of the companies concerned. The purpose to be accomplished is public, and the ultimate needs are the improvement and extension of service, the reduction of rates, the elimination of overcapitalization and the establishment of financial stability.

The problem confronting the Interstate Commerce Commission in outlining a series of systems is stupendous and not one to be lightly attacked. The commission has been engaged for two or three years in its consideration. The Act requires that the proposed systems shall be laid out so as to maintain broad competition in service. A great division of opinion exists as to whether they should be thus competitive or regionally monopolistic, and as to what the size of the systems is to be. It appears to me that the principle of competitive service between systems must be energetically maintained—except perhaps in some cases, such as in New England, where the railways are competitors with water transportation and are in effect a great terminal-and-feeder system to other lines. There must be some inspiration to adequate and efficient management, which would be largely destroyed if consolidations were upon a regional basis. Competition has lost its significance in rates, but it is more important than ever before in service. The deadening effect of regional consolidation would constitute a step toward government ownership. In the final development of the system plans it is desirable that there should be ample room for public discussion and consideration after the proposals are put forward by the commission. It is possible that public discussion would result in an increase in the number of contemplated systems from twenty-odd to forty-odd. In some instances certain freight terminals might better be owned by several different systems. Our country is 3000 miles across. Varied conditions, with rights of communities built up around transportation, prevent any universal rule from being applied, but, in the main, regional consolidation would be more dangerous than no consolidation.

Official Recommendations

IF WE accept consolidation as a fundamental policy, then we should have its consummation in the most rapid manner after the system outlines are determined. Under the present purely voluntary provisions, with no stimulation to accomplishment, it is likely to be long delayed. The weakness of the present law lies precisely at this point.

The difficulties of negotiation between the members of the groups that will be outlined by the Interstate Commerce Commission—the complications arising from varying priorities of securities as they affect the determination of terms of purchase by one railway line of the property of another; the unwillingness of some lines to acquire or to sell others; the questions of individuality; the difficulties of establishing by negotiation the relative value of one property to another; the necessity of holding capitalization within the limits of the actual property values; the complexities and conflicts of state regulations and laws—will all cause long delays. Compulsory consolidation appears to be impractical in finance and fraught with almost insuperable constitutional difficulties. Such consolidation implies condemnation under the powers of eminent domain. The Government would under such a method at some stage own the railways by condemnation, and I doubt if any citizen would buy them back at the price the courts might assess.

The urgent importance of the early consummation of consolidation warrants consideration of methods to expedite it. Early in 1923 President Harding instructed the Department of Commerce to give consideration to such methods. As a result I put forward the following outline of a plan last April, and incorporated into it suggestions by Senator Cummins, whose legislative experience and abilities in railroad questions have never been exceeded in the Senate. This plan provides for:

1. Groups for consolidation to be formulated by the Interstate Commerce Commission as provided in the present Act.

2. Consolidated systems to be permitted incorporation under Federal law, the issue of the securities of such corporations to be subject to the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

3. The total par value of securities in no event to exceed the total value of the component roads as established by the Interstate Commerce Commission as of June 30, 1914, plus the value of actual capital expenditures and deducting depreciation and abandonments since that date.

4. Voluntary consolidations, with the consent of the Interstate Commerce Commission, to be made within two years after promulgation of the commission groups.

5. At the end of the two-year period the Interstate Commerce Commission to appoint an organization committee for each group not then consolidated; this committee to consist of representatives of each of the component roads and three representatives of the public.

6. Each organization committee to determine the value of the outstanding securities of the component roads, valuing each class or issue separately; the total value so fixed for the securities of any road in no event to exceed the value of that road as established by the Interstate Commerce Commission under the terms of the Transportation Act, as of June 30, 1914, plus the value of the actual capital expenditures and deducting abandonments and depreciation since that date.

7. Each organization committee to use all proper means to bring about consolidation; to have the right to proceed to create a Federal corporation for the consolidation of its group, and to offer its securities in exchange to the then holders of securities of the component roads upon the basis of the relative values established; securities constituting prior liens to be either exchanged or left in effect as may be most advantageous under the particular circumstances.

8. The securities of the consolidated companies to be issued as soon as a majority of the holders of the stock of the component roads have agreed to the exchange; having acquired a majority, the consolidated corporation to have the right by law to acquire the nonconsenting minority, and to take the necessary legal steps for that purpose, compensating them for their stock at its fair value.

9. If a majority of the stockholders in a component road shall fail to exchange, then the organization committee may, if the approving roads agree to finance the operation, acquire the dissenting road or the stock in it under powers of eminent domain.

10. If any organization committee is unable to agree as to values or terms of exchange to be offered they may be fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Safeguarding Security Holders

THERE are some important innovations in these suggestions. I think it of great value that after the lapse of a reasonable time during which the roads may themselves consolidate—under the present requirement of consent of the Interstate Commerce Commission—there should be some government agency to exert its influence to hasten the process and with power to overcome minority oppositions. The offer of exchange of securities directly to holders under the authority of a commission including public representatives should elicit the confidence of stockholders and would be very unlikely of refusal. Compulsion to the extent of minority stockholders or a minority railway in a group is not compulsion in the usually accepted terms, as there is no compulsion of the combination as a whole. As the cost of acquiring the minorities would be borne by the majority it would involve no expenditure of government money. Acquirement by the consolidated system through exchange of its securities direct to stockholders of the component

(Continued on Page 137)

When He Starts to Defend Himself

Report of International Operator No. 2006—Ha! Ha!

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

MAY 10.

LOOKED at watch. 10:19 A.M. Not yet time open mysterious pink envelope received previous day Rydon. Request written on same "Please do not open till 24 hours." Decided respect request.

Continued through business district to 447 Charles Street. Agency fourth floor. No elevator. Introduced into Chief's private office, where I presented President Phair's letter of introduction. When Chief Gatswell had finished reading letter I offered the following statement:

"Well, Chief, I have not my diploma with me because same is framed and hanging in front hall at home, but as you see by President Phair's letter I am a graduate of Perfection Correspondence Detective University and will be glad to accept such a position as you may suggest. For a long time I have had detective desires and with present training am sure will make good if given a chance. This is because I think a detective is what I was made for, though anyone with common sense and a ordinary education can acquire the fundamental rudiments of a profession without great effort, which is not only practicable but enjoyable and no ifs or buts about it. A man is best fitted for the life that most appeals to him and that is why I have become a trained investigator and may be compared to a human camera, for I have a brain the same as a filing system in a safe-deposit vault. And I need hardly add that anyone who confides an important case to me will get more than his money's worth in Loyalty and Integity. I do not have to call your attention to the fact that the present crime wave sweeping over the country demands more and better detectives, since there are more clues now than there are trained detectives to follow same. Secondarily I will admit frankly that I wish to pursue this desirable profession not only because prominent persons confide confidential secrets to detectives, but also because I would like to make big money while having all expenses paid."

"Oh," I Offered, "I Did Not Come Down for This. All I Come Down for Was to Ask You for Some Advice"

"Before I decide," returned Chief Gatswell, "let me test you with a practical question. Suppose you had to describe me for identification purposes—how would you proceed with same?"

"Well, Chief," I judged, "I would state as follows: Medium height; dark hair; smokes expensive brand of cigarets; habit of wearing pants turned up at bottom."

"Well, well, well, you show you have the camera eye," continued Chief Gatswell. "I can see you have started right, the same as all pupils of my old and valued friend, President Phair, head of the Perfection Correspondence Detective University, and the Squarite Detective Agency is going to give you the chance you ask for. Now please state frankly your financial condition."

"Well, Chief," I followed up, "my financial condition is $155.70."

On his displaying sketicism I spread out cash on table.

"That proves it," he resumed, making the bills into a neat pile, "though I was sure you were honest from the first time I set eyes on you. Now which is it you wish to be—a national operator or an international operator?"

I thought for a minute and then offered, "International."

"That is a wise choice," he returned, standing up and shaking me by hand after slipping my $155.00 into his personal right pants pocket. "That shows you are in earnest. The usual fee for supertuition leading to this grand career is $250.00; but to graduates of President Phair's Perfection Correspondence Detective University we make a special rate of $95.00 less. I am not going to give you a receipt because in so doing I would feel I was starting you wrong, because the basis of your chosen profession is trust in your fellow workers and associates. Put that $0.70 in your pocket—you may need it some time."

"But, Chief," I resumed, "that is all the money I have."

"Yes," he discontinued the same as if interrupting. "Yes, that is all the money you have to pay for this extraordinary supercourse which will prepare you for the greatest career in the world, where you will be known as International Operator No. 2006 and your first assignment will be a psychology case where you will train observation and memory by walking east from this building along Charles Street and looking into the first three grocery stores on the south side of the street and bringing me back tomorrow a careful description of the proprietors of same. I congratulate you, Mr. Terrus, because you have now started on the road to fame and fortune, learning and earning at the same time. Good-by, Mr. Terrus, good-by."

Whereupon shaking me by hand and talking, Chief Gatswell now closed office door with me on outside of same. 10:51 A.M.

Tried to think. Unsuccessful. Descended stairs arriving street 10:52 A.M.

Decided learn location address of P. C. D. University, same being located in city, because wished to consult President Phair as to integity of Chief Gatswell.

Had never known said street address because had sent letters, lessons, etc. to Post Office Lock Drawer 81.

Arrived drug store 11:06 A.M. Nobody named Phair in directory. P. C. D. University also not listed. Engaged nearest drug clerk in private conversation for a minute and then calling him on one side conducted the following examination:

Q. To the best of your knowledge was that latter directory on counter the newest directory published in this city?

A. Yes.

Q. Was they any subsequent directory issued after the issue of that latter directory which is dated the previous year?

A. No.

Q. Then every business firm in the city must be listed in that latter directory. Please answer "Yes" or "No."

A. Yes.

Q. Then where is the location of the Perfection Correspondence Detective University?

A. Call the keeper, Casper; here is another one loose.

Now left drug store.

12:03 noon remembered mysterious pink envelope. Knew same had come from Dee because of writing on same and also writing on outer white envelope mailed in Post Office. Wondered what Dee had to say.

Took mysterious pink envelope from pocket and opened same unsuspicious, the 24 hours having elapsed.

Read Dee's letter inside m. p. e. Shock. Tried to pull self together and look at matter calm. Unsuccessful. Agitated because of this farewell message. Deduction inevitable. Dee had left Rydon with mind made up to commit irreparable act.

One point only in doubt. Was act already committed? If so why "question of ten weeks" as stated in letter? Did not "question of ten weeks" suggest missing girl unable to nerve self to commit act?

One other possible solution. Letter written during fit of temporary nervous collapse. Tried to think of Dee as attackted by fit of temporary nervous collapse. Unsuccessful. Decided wire Milt for details. Done so.

Walked streets till 7:15 P.M. on account of being agitated by tragic fate of Dee in ten weeks, as suggested per letter from her in mysterious pink envelope. Decided to cut out all social distractions of every nature on account of same.

7:27 P.M. not being in evening attire and enjoying state of financial embarrassment as result of having telegraphed Milt once ($0.50) and having eaten once ($0.20) and also because of agitated emotional feelings about Dee, returned to rooming house in residentious district.

From hall observed young lady in parlor at desk. Medium height; dark hair; not smoking cigarets; habit of powdering nose.

Reason for observing same as per follows: She was a goodlooker. And the reason for observing goodlookers whether you are agitated or not is because that is human nature. (Ha! Ha!)

She now turned to me and offered, "Is this Mr. Terrus who came here this morning from Rydon? My aunt, Mrs. Mawson, left me something for you, Mr. Terrus."

From this speech deduced that young lady was niece of Mrs. Mawson who had rented me room on top floor

Entered parlor. Though still sad on account of Dee's rash act in ten weeks decided it would not be just to let personal grief weight on others. Therefore with a extremely eginmatic smile playing on my face I now conducted the following examination:

Q. Somebody left me something for you too. It is a compliment but I do not suppose you would be interested in hearing same.

A. Oh, I am crazy about compliments. Please tell me who it was said it and what is the compliment?

Q. It is too bad but I have promised not to tell who said it but what he said was this i. e. you were the prettiest girl he had ever seen in his life.

A. Oh, quit stringing me.

Q. Stringing you? What do you mean? I am simply telling you God's truth. That is what he said and I do not see how he could have said anything different. It is what I would say myself. And if you don't believe it came from him, then take it as coming from me

A. You are certainly one fierce jollyer. I am all tired out since my aunt moved to this city and begun running this rooming house. But I wish you could have seen me this summer in Lake Kinnikinnick. I have the nicest white organdie for parties—oh, it is beautiful. Oh, I wish I was back again in Lake Kinnikinnick.

Q. You look pretty good to me the way you are dressed now. If your white organdie would make you look any better you have got to show me. Was you spending your vacation at Lake Kinnikinnick?

A. My vacation! Why, we lived in Lake Kinnikinnick.

Q. How deep is it? Do you swim all the time or do you stop now and then to tread water? Don't the black bass ever bite you?

A. You are the most frightful kidder I ever talked with in all my life. I do not mean we lived in the lake itself but in the town of Lake Kinnikinnick. This city is terrible. I hate it. Oh, well, there is no use crying over what can't be helped.

Q. What is the matter of this present city?

A. Oh, I suppose it is all right but it is not like Lake Kinnikinnick

Q. Neither is Chicago nor New York.

A. Oh, stop joshing. Lake Kinnikinnick is the most beautiful place in the world and nobody anywhere ever had such good times as we used to have in Lake Kinnikinnick. Right now the movies are running four nights a week and when June comes they will be running all the time with a matinée every Sunday afternoon. All through the winter the same as in summer there is a dance every Saturday night either in Lake Kinnikinnick or in Port Junction or in Prairie River. And, oh, right now you ought to see the wildflowers and the trees just getting green. And when the summer people come and all the cottages are lit up with Japanese lanterns and you can hear the talking machines playing grand opera over the water. Oh—I—I

Subject now broke off; placed handkerchief to eyes; and began to sniff. Then handing me telegram ran out of room stating amount paid for same had been fifty cents and that her name was Miss Melton

Explained would refund advance as soon as possible; then hurried to room without waiting for answer.

Opened telegram. Same was answer from Milt. Ran as per follows.

Dee has disappeared leaving farewell letters. Family frantic Are dragging river. Everybody all confused. MILT

Placed pillow on floor and kicked same with some asperity but without feeling better. Once again read Dee's death letter.

7:58 P.M looked at Dee's picture in watch. Then thought some of Miss Melton. Spent half hour wishing Dee was not going to commit rash act in ten weeks and following half hour feeling that maybe it was none of my business. Dee never having been interested in me except as a friend and never having gone anywhere with me except when she could not get anybody else to take her

8:59 P.M. Discontinued thinking and wrote day's report Went to sleep 12:00 midnight

EXPENSES: Theaters $0.00; Taxis $0.00; Hotels $0.00; Misc. (Supertuition, Meals, etc.) $155.70. TOTAL $155 70

Evidence of approaching financial difficulties seemed unasailably (Ha! Ha!) substantiated and conclusive

II

MAY 11.

RESUMED case 9:00 A.M. not having eaten any breakfast and for a good reason. Walked to office from residentious district. While walking whereupon studied Dee's death letter announcing rash act in ten weeks.

Dear Alex: You will never see me again because I am going away—far away, never to come back. That is why I have always said "No," when you have asked me to be your bride. I am going away and my old name, I hope, will never be spoken again In that new and wonderful world where I am going I shall be happier, much happier, than I have ever been here. I know it. Good by, Alex, I have always liked you and I hope you and my other friends will not think hardly of me because I am doing it all for the best. It is not difficult: it is simply a question of making up your mind to it. Anyone with commonsense and an ordinary education must inevitably acquire the fundamental rudiments without any great effort. It is not only practical, it is enjoyable and no ifs nor buts about it since a woman is best fitted for the life that most appeals to her. Good by, Alex it is only a question of ten weeks when I shall be beyond the reach of envy and malice. If you ever see me again it will be among the Stars

For the last time, Alex, I sign myself DEE.

Walked to Charles Street agitated by emotion of Dee's tragic fate being only a question of ten weeks. Tried to think. Unsuccessful

9:12 A.M. pulled self together and proceeded down Charles Street to grocery stores as directed. Walked south from Agency, examining first three grocery stores on east side of street. By adroit questions seen in each case which was proprietor. All three stores owned and managed by widow ladies with blond, red, or white hair, no cigarets, dressed ordinary and no other habits

9 44 A.M. arrived Agency. Filled out card offered by office boy as follows.

"Name: Alex Terrus.

"Object of Visit: Report of International Operator No. 2006. Very important. (Ha! Ha!)"

9:46 A.M. entered office of Chief, whose description was as before with addition of strong smell of spiritual liquors. Bulge in money pocket

He offered, "Mr. Terrus, I have read your card very carefully and I think I understand it all except the 'Ha! Ha!' at the end and I do not see what that Ha! Ha! means."

"Well, Chief," I resumed modistly, "when I am not sure how to spell a word I always add Ha! Ha! In case the word is spelled wrong then the person reading the report or letter will think I have done it that way on purpose to be comical In case the word is spelled right then they will think I have written something comical which they are not bright enough to see. This latter Ha! Ha! I put in because that is what I always add whenever I write something really comical as in the present case i. e. 'Very important.'"

Chief Gatswell hit deck with fist before returning with this statement. "Mr. Terrus, this is the most remarkable coincidence I have ever experienced. It is an astounding fact but I do the same thing myself. With me, however, it is simply a bad habit without rhyme or reason and I do same not while writing but while talking (Ha! Ha!) I hope you will excuse me. Where is your report? (Ha! Ha!)"

(Continued on Page 130)

"Oh, Alex," She Gasped, "How Did You Find Out That?"

LYNX LUCIFER

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

FROM time to time during the night there had been both sound and movement in the wood; but now, in the grayness of the November dawn, there was not even the flutter or the rustle of a leaf. The watcher behind the big pine log shivered. This, and not midnight, was the hour for ghosts and goblins in the swamp country—this pallid unearthly interval when the wild creatures of the night seemed to have withdrawn to their secret refuges and the wild creatures of the day had not yet ventured forth from their retreats. The lone watcher, long unused to the grim witchery of utter solitude, strained to catch the first reassuring sound which would announce the awakening of the daytime folk of the woods and prove that all life had not suddenly and mysteriously perished.

At last this sound came—a sharp metallic note from some small throat, slitting the silence like a miniature javelin. The watcher turned his head. Across the little glade at the edge of which his pine log lay, a narrow trail, hedged on each side by a dense growth of young pines, opened into the clearing. He had selected his station behind the log so that he could watch this trail, knowing that it would be a thoroughfare for all who happened to pass that way in the moonlight, and his good judgment had been rewarded.

Since midnight, when he had gone on watch, three glimpses of woods wild folk had been vouchsafed him. Scarcely had he settled himself behind the log when a big buck with widely arching antlers walked slowly along the trail, leaped the dry bed of the little stream which before the summer drought had wound through the glade, and passed on without pause into the woods some twenty feet to windward of the watcher. An hour later a raccoon ambled by, taking the same course which the buck had followed; and not long before daylight the watcher suddenly realized that a doe had come from nowhere and was standing motionless in the glade, a shadowy, impalpable figure the outlines of which he could barely distinguish. Presently the doe vanished as mysteriously as she had appeared, and thenceforward the patient watcher saw no living thing, though now and again his ears told him that smaller wild folk, invisible in that faint light, were passing at intervals. With the approach of dawn even these infinitesimal noises ceased, and for half an hour or more the silence was absolute until that first sharp, small metallic voice of the morning punctured it with startling suddenness.

The sound came from across the glade, where the trail through the pine thicket opened. The watcher recognized the voice as that of a water thrush, and presently in the brightening light he saw the bird walking about on the ground with quick steps and an incessant seesaw motion of its tail, searching for insects amid the brown pine needles. He watched it with the keen interest that he felt in all living things, large or small, wondering whether it had come to the glade expecting to find the little stream which had rippled through the place before the drought. The stream's bed was now dry sand; but on the previous evening a brief shower had fallen; and on the other side of the glade, near the edge of a small canebrake, there was one low spot still moist. To this spot the water thrush soon found its way; and there fate descended upon it.

From the edge of the canebrake a tawny beast shot out into the open. With a startled cry the water thrush took wing, but a widespread paw, bristling with curved needle-pointed claws, caught it in mid-air and bore it lifeless to the ground. For a moment the lynx crouched motionless, one furry forefoot planted upon his victim, his pale eyes searching the shadows around the edges of the glade to make sure that no enemy had witnessed his leap from the shelter of the canes. Then, taking the bird in his mouth, he crossed the glade in three bounds, making for the opening of the trail which led away through the pine thicket.

A low growl halted him. The watcher behind the pine log saw a strange sight, a sight which by itself was ample reward for his long vigil. At the entrance of the trail crouched another lynx, much larger than the first, his back arched, his glassy eyes glinting with a greenish light, his teeth bared in a menacing snarl. There was no mistaking the hostile purpose of this unlooked-for intruder, and he allowed no time for speculation. Hair bristling, white fangs gleaming, he stalked stiffly towards his smaller antagonist; then, as the latter backed away still holding the bird in his jaws, the big lynx launched himself forward in a long bound of almost incredible swiftness.

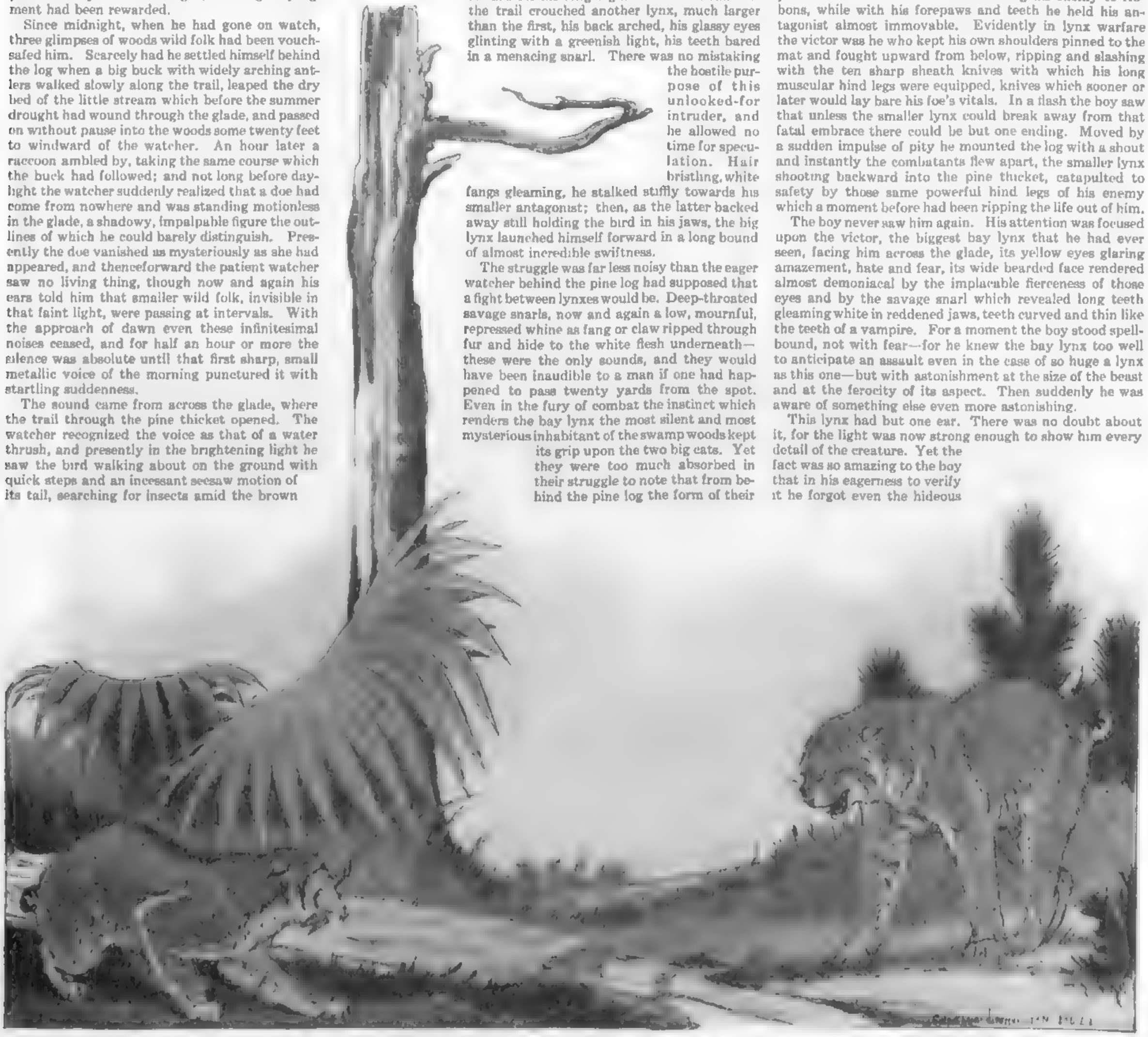
The struggle was far less noisy than the eager watcher behind the pine log had supposed that a fight between lynxes would be. Deep-throated savage snarls, now and again a low, mournful, repressed whine as fang or claw ripped through fur and hide to the white flesh underneath—these were the only sounds, and they would have been inaudible to a man if one had happened to pass twenty yards from the spot. Even in the fury of combat the instinct which renders the bay lynx the most silent and most mysterious inhabitant of the swamp woods kept its grip upon the two big cats. Yet they were too much absorbed in their struggle to note that from behind the pine log the form of their most dreaded enemy had reared itself into full view the form of a man, or rather a slim, tall, black-haired boy of seventeen or eighteen years, clad in the brown shirt and corduroys of a woodsman, leaning forward over the log the better to view the battle.

The boy knew that rival male lynxes sometimes fought fierce duels in the woods, but he had never witnessed one of these combats, and he watched this one with breathless interest. The flying leap of the larger lynx had overborne his opponent, and during the first few seconds of the fight the larger lynx was on top, his body completely hiding that of his foe. Almost immediately, however, this condition was reversed. The action was so swift that the boy could not follow it in detail, for the combatants were a squirming, writhing, revolving mass, and, locked as they were in close embrace, they were indistinguishable from each other. Presently this revolving motion ceased and the boy saw that the smaller lynx was uppermost, its fangs apparently buried in the throat of its adversary. He concluded that for once pluck and skill had triumphed over size and weight, but in an instant he realized his mistake.

The hind legs of the larger lynx were working like steam piston rods and his claws were tearing his enemy to ribbons, while with his forepaws and teeth he held his antagonist almost immovable. Evidently in lynx warfare the victor was he who kept his own shoulders pinned to the mat and fought upward from below, ripping and slashing with the ten sharp sheath knives with which his long muscular hind legs were equipped, knives which sooner or later would lay bare his foe's vitals. In a flash the boy saw that unless the smaller lynx could break away from that fatal embrace there could be but one ending. Moved by a sudden impulse of pity he mounted the log with a shout and instantly the combatants flew apart, the smaller lynx shooting backward into the pine thicket, catapulted to safety by those same powerful hind legs of his enemy which a moment before had been ripping the life out of him.

The boy never saw him again. His attention was focused upon the victor, the biggest bay lynx that he had ever seen, facing him across the glade, its yellow eyes glaring amazement, hate and fear, its wide bearded face rendered almost demoniacal by the implacable fierceness of those eyes and by the savage snarl which revealed long teeth gleaming white in reddened jaws, teeth curved and thin like the teeth of a vampire. For a moment the boy stood spellbound, not with fear—for he knew the bay lynx too well to anticipate an assault even in the case of so huge a lynx as this one—but with astonishment at the size of the beast and at the ferocity of its aspect. Then suddenly he was aware of something else even more astonishing.

This lynx had but one ear. There was no doubt about it, for the light was now strong enough to show him every detail of the creature. Yet the fact was so amazing to the boy that in his eagerness to verify it he forgot even the hideous



Hair Bristling, White Fangs Gleaming, He Stalked Stiffly Towards His Smaller Antagonist

A Short-Eared Short-Legged Marsh Rabbit, Slow and Clumsy Compared With a Cottontail, Jumped Up in Front of Him

beauty of those savage unwinking eyes which at first had held his gaze as though there lurked in the greenish-yellow depths of them some strange power akin to hypnotism. Completely satisfied at last, he did a queer thing, queer almost to madness. He got down very slowly from the log on the side nearest the lynx, taking care to make no sudden movement, and stretched himself on his back in the short grass within a dozen feet of the crouching animal. Then clasping his hands under his head he said, "Come on, Byng."

No sooner were the words uttered than he regretted his rashness. He could no longer see the lynx, but there flashed into his mind a vision of those long vampirelike fangs and those relentless eyes. His body quivered as he strained to catch the faintest sound, and at once he was sure that he heard, despite the thumping of his heart, stealthy footfalls slowly drawing nearer. A cold sweat chilled him; for a moment he was on the point of leaping to his feet. Yet, having begun his experiment, he was game enough to see it through, and once again he said calmly, "Come on, Byng."

For perhaps half a minute more he lay still, fearing rather than hoping that his experiment would succeed. Then, slowly and still lying on his back, he turned his head.

The glade was empty.

The boy walked home through copper-splashed autumn woods and open savannas of waving broom grass which with all their glory of gold and purple blooms could not keep his thoughts from returning again and again to the strange thing that had happened that morning. It was the strangest thing in all his experience, a thing the beginnings of which went back two years or more to those last days of his on the plantation before, in an evil moment, he had been persuaded to accept the offer of a former schoolmate in the North, whose father, a wealthy manufacturer, had gladly agreed to make an opening in his office for his son's closest friend. The plan had failed dismally. After many months of unhappiness in the rush and tumult of a great city, the boy, a planter born and bred, had given up a fight not only hopeless but mistaken; and now he was back again amid the scenes that he loved and in the country that was his own—that wild and beautiful Low Country which in the old days had been the domain of the great rice planters, a country of great woods, deep swamps, wide marshes, secret secluded lagoons and many winding rivers.

He had come back to it with a joy that was almost ecstatic, longing for the sight of the gray weather-worn plantation house amid its moss-tapestried live oaks, for the sight and the sound of the happy Low Country black folk scarcely changed by all that had happened since the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon startled the herons from the rice fields in the 60's; longing for the ample sweep of the river marshes and the grateful silences of the cypress swamps; longing most of all, perhaps, for the companionship of the abundant wild folk of the Low Country woods and waters, the deer and the tall bronze wild turkeys, the gleaming white herons and the fantastic long-shanked wood ibises, the vast fleets of ducks that covered the rice fields in winter, the innumerable hosts of singing birds that came with the spring.

In only one important respect had his long absence from these familiar scenes changed the boy. In the old days he had been an inveterate hunter. He now realized that though he was still a hunter the lust of killing had gone out of him. He would not throw away his gun, a gun scarred with notches each one of which told a tale of a buck or a gobbler; but he knew that now he would often forget to carry it with him when he went into the woods. For in those last weary months of his exile he had missed the wild folk not as game but as friends.

He had not carried it with him when, only two or three nights after his return to the plantation, he had gone out into the moonlit woods shortly before midnight to wait and watch until dawn at a certain spot which had been a favorite resort of his because it was a favorite resort of the wild folk also. He wanted no gun that night because his desire was not to kill, but to renew old acquaintanceships—to catch a glimpse, if luck favored him, of some of the wild creatures that move by night. He had been lucky beyond his highest hopes and he felt that the woods gods had prepared a special welcome for him upon his home-coming, showing him a wide-antlered buck and a doe, his wily old friend the coon, and, as a thrilling climax, a battle of lynxes, a rare sight which very few have ever witnessed. And even all this had not contented the gracious woods gods. They had so arranged matters that one of the battling lynxes should be a giant lynx with only one ear and that he should view this one-eared lynx from behind a certain big pine log where once upon a time a strange thing had happened.

The boy's thoughts returned to that event of nearly three years before. Guests were expected at the plantation. His mother's ideas of hospitality required a wild turkey for the occasion, and he went out to try to get one. Before dawn he took his station behind the big pine log at a point where a low evergreen bush afforded additional concealment. At day-clean, as the Low Country woodsmen term the full dawn, he began calling. With his lips pressed against the bowl of an old brier pipe he could make sounds which only the wiliest of the long-bearded old gobblers could recognize as counterfeit. He called three or four times, waited a few minutes, then called again. It was just the hour when the turkeys should be coming down from the tall cypresses deep in the swamps to feed, and the boy listened eagerly for an answer to his summons.

Presently he heard a faint sound which, however, was certainly not made by a turkey. It came, he thought, from the reeds fringing the little canebrake at the edge of the glade, and he concluded that it was probably only a marsh rabbit. Sitting on the ground behind the log, his gun within easy reach of his right hand, he continued calling at intervals, using all his art, trying all the tricks of tone and of timbre which experience had taught him.

Suddenly he heard again that queer faint sound, this time close at hand and directly in front of him, just beyond the log and behind the evergreen bush. Leaning forward to look over the log, he found himself gazing straight into the glowing eyes of a lynx, crouched, poised, taut for the spring, almost in the very act of springing.

For a fraction of a minute neither boy nor wildcat stirred. Then, as the boy's hand shot towards his gun, the lynx sprang straight at him. Poised as she was, her mind and her muscles keyed up for her final leap upon the supposed turkey behind the log the moment the bird moved, she could not readjust herself upon the instant to the astounding discovery that this turkey which she had been stalking was a man.

The boy's quickness saved him from serious injury. He ducked like a flash, and the flying lynx passed between his face and his right hand gripping the gun, one hind claw scratching his knuckles as she passed. She struck the ground running, a brown streak flashing towards the cover of a dense thicket thirty yards away, and the boy was rather surprised when the load of turkey shot which went crashing after her bowled her over like a rabbit.

He was a little regretful when he found that she was a nursing mother, and his conscience compelled him to make a search for the kittens. He found them an hour or so later, after he had gone back to the plantation house and returned with his big black-and-tan hound, but the dog killed two of the three before the boy could get to them. The third owed its life to the fact that, baby though it was, it made a brave fight against its huge foe. It was badly chewed about the head and ears and was covered with blood when the boy pulled the dog out of the lynx den in a great hollow oak stump and rescued the sole survivor of the family; but it was still full of fight as he wrapped it in his hunting coat, and once or twice during the walk back to the plantation house it made its claws felt even through that thick covering.

As soon as its wounds had healed, the striped and spotted bobtailed kitten throve amazingly. From a diet of milk it passed with evident relish to a diet of meat, and by the time it was three months old its size and strength already proved it to be an exceptional specimen of its kind. The boy kept it in a large wire-covered inclosure in the yard under a wide-spreading live oak and fed it himself with the greatest care. He knew that the bay lynx, or wildcat, is not easily tamed and that even when taken very young its savage instincts are always close to the surface. But the boy had a way of his own with animals, and although the young lynx hated and feared all the other members of the family and all the plantation hands, it soon conceived a real affection for its master. Sometimes, when the plantation dogs were absent, he would let it out of its pen and the two would play games about the yard—games which often ended with the boy taking a nap under a tree, lying flat on his back in the shade, his head resting on his clasped hands. At such times the little lynx invariably jumped upon his big playmate's chest and, curling himself up, dozed there in great content, growling viciously at anyone who approached.

(Continued on Page 137)

A Rudderless Merchant Marine

By GARET GARRETT

The mindless hand of a government board is stronger than an east wind which breaketh one ship at a time.

THIS is the story of a gilded dream that produced a golden jackass. The next is nothing to boast of. Yet since it was our own and we do prize big things for their bigness, let the fact be fairly recorded. It was a gigantic jackass. It amazed the whole world. Nothing like it had ever been seen before; nothing like it may ever be seen again. The dream was of a gorgeous simplicity. We had the sea by the tail. That was all. We could snap its head off

What were the facts?

In the year 1916 this was a shipless country except for its own lake and coastwise vessels. It had no offshore merchant marine.

The U. S. S. Chester Valley on the Kiel Canal, Which in the Days of the Hohenzollern Dynasty Was Known as the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal

In the year 1918 it was the leading shipbuilding power in the world. Aye, the United States Government alone, in four new shipyards of its own, was able to make ocean-going tonnage faster than it could be made in all the historic shipyards of Great Britain combined; and the British hitherto had been the premier ship molders.

An Early War Lesson

THE war obliged us. Its first effect upon American trade was disastrous. Our cargoes piled up in our own ports and perished. We had no deep-sea ships. And the ships of Europe which formerly we hired because it seemed cheaper to hire them than to build our own had suddenly a business much more pressing than to move our foreign trade. We said, "Well, that should teach us a lesson. We shall make some ships ourselves." But we did not do it. Not then. The reason we did not do it then was that before we could set about doing it we were flooded with European war orders at prices that made us forget those perished cargoes; and these war orders were for things such as steel, cotton, copper and food, which the belligerents had to have and could get nowhere else. Therefore they sent their ships to get them. We did not have to worry.

More than two years elapsed in this abnormal way. Our foreign trade became more and more a fatal, unsound war trade with Europe, to the prejudice of whatever else we might have preferred it to be. War stuff for her own needs was all that Europe would permit her ships to carry, and we had no ships of our own to carry any other trade. Partly owing to some intelligent anxiety on this account, but much more to the fact that if the U-boats continued to sink Allied ships even this war trade would fail because presently the Allies would have no more ships to move it, we began to remember the original lesson. We said again, "We must make ourselves some ships."

Toward the end of 1916 the Congress, under sense of emergency, passed an act creating "A United States Shipping Board for the purpose of encouraging, developing and creating a merchant marine." This board was authorized, with the approval of the President, to build, buy, lease or charter vessels that would be suitable both for mercantile purposes and for use as naval auxiliaries and army transports.

There was still no hurry. The board came slowly to life and being, and nothing very important was done until the United States suddenly found itself in the war. Thereupon the President invoked the extraordinary powers conferred upon him by the shipping act, Congress provided an unlimited fund, and then for the first time unwrought materials were commanded in a peremptory manner to assume the shape of ships. Eighteen months later, when the Armistice was signed, the United States, as had been said, was potentially the greatest shipbuilding power in the world. As a dream this would seem fantastic. Yet it happened, and made the background of reality which every dream must have. The dream itself—the dream that produced the gigantic golden jackass—came a little later.

What the Shipping Board did first was to requisition all the ship tonnage already building in private yards for American and foreign customers. The Government undertook to finish, on a cost-plus-fee basis, everything then on the ways. This was to expedite the work. Private persons mind what ships cost; a government at war does not. The Government said to private persons who had ships building: "We take over your contracts and the unfinished work We will settle with you later." Then it said to the shipbuilder: "Never mind this contract. We tear it up. Now finish the ship as fast as you can. Work overtime. Pay what is necessary. But speed it. The Government will pay whatever it costs and give you a commission in lieu of other profit."

Enter the Fabricated Ship!

THAT is what a cost-plus-fee contract means. The principal—in this case the Government—agrees to pay the actual cost of the work plus a percentage fee to the contractor. The contractor is in fact a superintending agent who gets a commission on what he spends. On the same basis, cost-plus-fee, the Shipping Board then gave the private shipbuilders as many new government contracts as they could write down in their books.

Having done all this, it counted up. The tonnage represented by the requisitioned work already on the ways of the shipyards, and by the orders placed in the same hands for new ships to come on the ways as fast as possible, was actually very large. Relatively to what the Government needed for proper participation in the war it was desperately inadequate. Besides, there was the factor of time. We not only had to have many more ships than those private yards could build; we had to have them faster than they could be built in ten or twenty or one hundred times that many yards by any known method. We had to smother the U-boat. We had to put 2,000,000 men on the fighting line in France immediately. We could not wait for ships to be molded in the old, accepted way, which was a slow, painstaking handcraft way, or if we did the war was lost It was estimated that we should need to produce 10,000,000 dead-weight tons of ships a year—we, who had never in one year produced more than 300,000 tons of lake and coastwise vessels That was to say, we thought of producing—annually—an amount of ships equal to one-half the total merchant marine

Shipping Board Boats Discharging Relief Cargoes at Reval, Esthonia

of Great Britain. If we did they would have to be magic ships. We should have to find some way of putting ships into mass production, like automobiles, all from one pattern, endlessly repeated. We did.

Enter the fabricated ship!

It was a new thing in the world. Edward N. Hurley, then chairman of the United States Shipping Board, describes it:

"Ordinarily ships have been cut singly, on the tailor-made idea. Each ship has been an individual design, and all its fabric specially cut and riveted together like a hundred-dollar suit. The fabricated ship simply applies the ready-made idea to this industry, with parts cut out as one sees cloth cut in great clothing factories, a hundred layers at once. Thus, the original templates for a fabricated ship serve to cut 50 or 100 or 1000.

"When the first lot of steel plates for a fabricated ship arrived at one of our big new shipyards on the Atlantic Coast a Lloyd's inspector, familiar with British shipyard methods, came to a Shipping Board engineer in some excitement. 'Would you mind stepping down to look at this material,' he said. 'I've never seen anything like it. Every plate arrived, with holes punched in Indiana, and yet when they set up the work every hole fitted exactly' Without knowing it, this shipbuilding expert had for the first time laid eyes upon the product of the American bridge template maker.

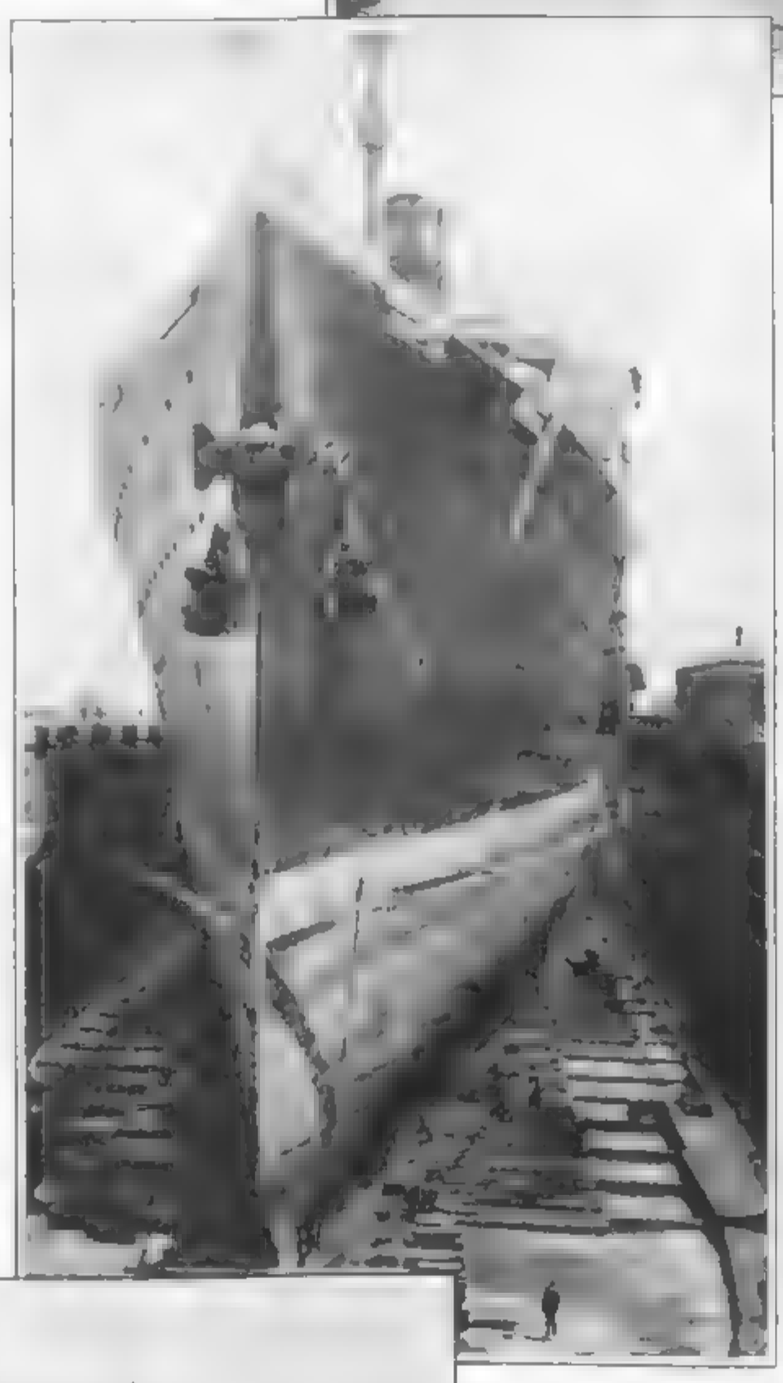
"When the fabricated ship was turned to in our war pinch and unheard-of ship-manufacturing plants like Hog Island, with its fifty ways, came into being, and 80 per cent of the material for these fabricated ships, all alike, was cut and punched in bridge shops a thousand miles from tidewater, our new merchant shipbuilding industry took over in a day all the accumulated skill, experience and quantity production of the American bridge industry and we had advanced the effectiveness of our shipyards at least twenty-five years."

When a Nation Thinks Ships

FOR the fabricated ship new yards were required. This was not only because all existing shipyards were full. Means must be suited to ends. This was a new thing. Special shipyards had to be imagined and built. The Government, with its own funds, built three great fabricating yards—one at Hog Island, one at Bristol, Pennsylvania, and one at Newark. The Hog Island yard, now abandoned, was the greatest of these. It was built one winter on a Delaware River swamp. The frozen mud was blasted with dynamite, like rock. The cost was amazing. No matter. Money was no object. We were thinking ships. In less than a year the Hog Island yard, covering 846 acres, with 250 buildings, 3,000,000 feet of underground wiring, eighty miles of standard railway, machine shops, sheet-metal shops, template shops, mold lofts, barracks, boarding houses, social-service halls, and fifty ship ways along nearly four miles of deep water front, was ready to fabricate ships. So were the other yards. They were called agency yards because they were immediately turned over to ship contractors who undertook to fabricate the ships on a cost-plus-fee basis, all tools, equipment and overhead furnished. Their capacity at the beginning was forty ships a month, or, say 4,000,000 dead-weight tons a year. That was more, in these three government yards alone, than the total annual production of ship tonnage in any other country of the world. Besides which, of course, many private yards assisted with government funds were at the same time enlarged and redesigned to fabricate ships according to the Government's patterns with steel all cut and punched by the bridge makers inland.

It is a splendid picture. We say it as should. There is little enough in the sequel to be modest about. This that has been told could not have been achieved by any other people.

The U. S. S. Cranford in Foreign Waters



The Leviathan in Dry Dock at Boston Before She Was Reconditioned for Service in the U. S. Merchant Marine

The U. S. S. Independence at Hamburg, 1923

But just as this prodigious power in ships began to be realized the war stopped. The situation at that moment was this:

	SHIPS
Finished and delivered to the Government	498
Under construction	1524
Under contract, keels not yet laid	1190
Grand total	3210

The program was in full momentum. From its own great fabricating yards and from the yards of private builders the Government was receiving two or three finished ships a day, and this would soon rise to four or five. And in its contracts with the builders were no cancellation clauses. In every case to cancel a contract the Government would be obliged to buy the builder off, else he would go on, finish the ship and demand his cost plus fee. Moreover, in this dilemma the Shipping Board had no proper law to guide it. All that it had done was under the authority of the 1916 shipping act, which looked to a national emergency and conferred extraordinary war powers upon the President, to be delegated by him to the Shipping Board. Suddenly the emergency had passed and the Shipping Board was in the midst of an enormous building program with no adequate mandate.

Now the dream begins.

We will put the sea in our vest pocket. We have discovered something new—namely, how to build ships on the basis of quantity production, like motor cars or dollar watches. Nobody else can do this. We will build ships not only for ourselves; we will build ships for the whole world!

After the War Was Over

THERE was no proper merchant-marine law. There was no definition of public policy. The great Merchant Marine Act of 1920 was not yet written, not yet conceived. There was at this time, in the latter part of the year 1918, only the dream aforesaid. It inhabited many minds all at one time. Mr. Hurley, still chairman of the Shipping Board, is heard to say:

"We shall be able to pay American wages in the shipyards and the steel mills, and still turn out fabricated ships at record-breaking prices. So long as we endeavored to compete with other nations in the building of ships without applying our characteristic way of handling things in large units we were bound to fail, for we were playing the game the other fellow's way. Now we can play it our own way."

True, some of the fabricated-ship construction was poor, being hasty and experimental. That had nothing to do with the principle and the method. The Shipping Board undertook to perfect method and design.

Peace is much more particular about boats than war is. Many of the Government's contracts obviously required to be canceled or changed for such reasons in common sense as that too many slow cargo boats had been called for with only the war's need in view, and that many other boats, with now a little time to think, could be much improved in design for purposes of a merchant marine. Some contracts were canceled; not a great many. The board's policy was to cancel a contract provided it could be done without hurting general industry, into which ship fabrication ramified far back; and then only in case it would probably cost more to buy the ship builder off than the cost of the ship in excess of her probable market value when completed.

A ship was then thought to be worth, say, $250 a dead-weight ton. Nobody knew that when the last of these government ships were finished they could not be given away at thirty dollars a ton. Nobody could imagine it. So, if it would cost sixty dollars a ton to buy a builder off and only $300 a ton to build the ship, which when finished

(Continued on Page 145)

A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATED BY L. EVANS PARCELL

IT WAS very seldom that visitors reached the door of the Shindledecker sisters without being heard, but one January morning this feat was performed by a mysterious creature. The sisters had risen with an unaccustomed feeling of oppression, which was probably due to the heavy supper of fresh sausage and funnel cakes, but which had in their minds a less material explanation. They had overslept, and this added to their unhappiness. Daylight had not come fully, but they had already fed the chickens and milked the cow and carried the milk can down to the front gate, from where a neighbor took it with him to the creamery; but the hour was late for them.

"I don't know when we ate as late as seven o'clock," said Betsey as they sat at the table Betsey was the younger and by far the larger. Her broad, plump body was dressed in soft gray, with apron and neckerchief to match, in the Mennonite fashion, and on her smooth hair was a close-fitting cap of transparent lawn with black ribbon ties which were not tied, but which hung upon her bosom. She ate slowly, and as if from a sense of duty, a long piece of sausage which she had warmed up "I have such a weight on my heart this morning."

"I have too," confessed Tilly Tilly was tall and stooped, and dressed in the same fashion as her sister. The two always agreed; they were more like the two halves of one being than two separate creatures. "It's very queer. I sort of shake inside when I look at the table, and the gray one"—it was thus that they alluded to their beautiful cat—"the gray one looks strange to me. Perhaps it's the thick fog; it's yet almost like night outside. I believe it's the fog makes me feel so strange; it gets into the lungs."

"Perhaps," said Betsey. But she sighed heavily. "Now I will wash the dishes and you can sew "

"It's not yet light enough," said Tilly, moving toward the window. "But I'll get the things all laid out."

From a drawer in the old cupboard Tilly took two hand-woven baskets in which were sewing implements and multitudes of small colored scraps. The sisters were making a quilt in which several thousand tiny leaves, cut from figured calico, were to be appliquéd upon a white ground They had left a narrow margin of white and this they were turning in, a labor which would take them many months. Tilly set a comfortable rocking-chair by each window and then turned to dry the dishes for her sister.

"It's no use to begin yet," she said with a sigh.

"No," agreed Betsey. "You have right." She, too, sighed. "I have still this great weight, Tilly. This is not for nothing."

"What do you think it means?" asked Tilly, trembling.

"Something is going to happen," declared Betsey. "You see if I'm not right. Even the gray one is uneasy."

The gray one sprang suddenly from his rug by the fireside to his rug on the chair and there lay waving his long tail. The sisters loved him dearly. When a dog occasionally chased him across their little fields, or out of their woodland at the rear, they had murder in their hearts. On such an occasion Betsey had been known to express a shocking sentiment.

"Would that all the dogs had one neck and I the ax!"

At eight o'clock the sisters sat down to their sewing, and at nine that something happened which Betsey had feared. They were well started on their delicate work when Tilly spoke with profound satisfaction.

"Rap-Rap-Rap!" Echoed on the Door. The Sisters Became Motionless. "Oh, Please Let Me In!" Said a Pleading Voice

"Anyhow, on such a day nobody will come to see us."

As Betsey answered with equal satisfaction, "You have right!" there was a thundering rap on the front door

The sisters jumped out of their chairs, scattering spools and scissors far and wide. It was not merely a nervous reaction which moved them, but the necessity for protecting themselves by pulling down the shades and locking the door, which, however, they had already securely locked Visitors came invariably to the back door—such was the custom of the neighborhood—and they were able to prepare for them. Who was this who pounded so boldly at the front? That door was opened only to carry out the dead; it was almost as though death had rapped.

"I told you so," said Betsey in a faint whisper. "I felt it. Be very quiet."

Tilly needed no warning; she was as quiet as the chairs and tables. A long time passed; the knock was repeated, then was heard no more. They waited an attack upon the rear, but none came. The clock ticked, the cat made a scratching sound with his long claws. Unable to stand, Tilly sank upon a chair

"It's ten minutes," she said after a long time "Don't you believe they're gone?"

Betsey made a commanding motion with her hand, then she vanished up the stairs. From a front window she could look down. She returned, trembling, and stood silently in the darkened room

"What is it?" begged Tilly at last, in terror. "I would rather leave them know we are here than sit any more in the dark. It's an agent or someone and we can just send them away."

Betsey raised the shade and let in the dim light.

"They're gone," she said in her deep voice.

"Who are gone?" faltered Tilly

"I don't rightly know," confessed Betsey in a tone of dread "I just saw a sort of shape going down the walk toward the gate "

"Was it a man?" asked Tilly

"I don't know. It went fast."

"What do you think it means?"

"I don't know," said Betsey "Let us gather up our things and go on with our work. That we can do."

She sat down heavily and as she did so she looked at the cat His green eyes glittered, his long tail waved sinuously to and fro

"You wouldn't be any help to us in trouble," she said resentfully.

"It must have been a human being," said Tilly

"I don't know what it was," said Betsey. "But it looked like a woman."

II

IN THE middle of the night the sisters lay talking. The night was bitter cold, and there were strange crackings in the old woodwork. Outside a hard-frozen crust gleamed and glittered under the moon, and the frost on the windowpane sparkled. The sisters wore flannel garments and knitted slippers and were covered by a great weight of quilts, not made of muslin with designs appliquéd for ornament, but of heavy woolen materials. The clothing of their ancestors for three generations rested upon Betsey and Tilly, all in blacks and browns and grays of fine quality. Only in the gay and fantastic stitches which bound the pieces together had natural human desires expressed themselves

"We'll get early up," said Tilly. "I feel that tomorrow will be a good day for work "

"It will," said Betsey.

"I hope the gray one is warm," said Tilly.

"I hope everything is warm," said Betsey benevolently. "It will give a cold day tomorrow "

"Yes," said Tilly. "You have right."

"Whoever she was, she never came back," said Betsey The sisters had decided that it was a woman who rapped so hard on their door on the misty morning

"I guess she decided to mind her own business, wherever she is," said Tilly

"Yes," said Betsey "Now we will sleep."

"Yes," said Tilly. "But listen!" Tilly laid her hand upon her sister's arm. "I hear a noise like scratching!

"It's the cat."

"It's louder than the cat."

"What is it then?"

"Listen!"

Betsey raised herself on her elbow.

Tilly was already sitting up, her nightcap pushed back over her ears. There was a sound as of sharp claws scratching on wood

"The gray one," said Betsey. "Lie down."

"Those are longer and stronger than a cat's claws," said Tilly. "It's outside the kitchen door. It ——"

Tilly interrupted her own sentence with a loud scream Something had leaped upon the bed. They flung themselves backward in an agony of fright and drew the coats and suits and dresses of many ancestors over them. But it availed nothing. The creature advanced, walked upon

them, up the thickly covered leg of Tilly, upon the mountainous thigh of Betsey. It advanced toward Betsey's shoulders, wailing as it went

"It's the gray one!" said Tilly hysterically from beneath the smother of clothes. "I believe it's all the time the gray one!"

Betsey was the braver of the two; her exploring hand touched a cold, wet nose and soft fur. It was the gray one

"Shame on you!" she cried. "Shame on you! Such a thing you never did in your life. What ails you?"

With a little whimper the cat crept in between them His body quivered like his voice.

"Listen!" said Tilly.

The scratching sound was louder and it was accompanied by a sort of echo of the whimper in the bed.

"It's yet there, whatever it is," wailed Tilly.

"It cannot get in," said Betsey.

"Perhaps it's a wild beast," said Tilly. "It has come out of the woods and it was after the gray one. Perhaps it smells human flesh now." Tilly's voice squeaked. "Oh, what shall we do?"

"It can't do us anything," said Betsey reassuringly, yet with deep concern. "The cow and the chickens are locked up safe, and we're locked up, and if we cannot get out in the morning and the milk is not in its place Herr will come in to see what's wrong."

"I wish we had a gun," said Tilly. "Will we have to lie here like this all night long?"

Suddenly Betsey made a heroic resolve, and without giving it time to weaken she sprang out and walked to the window. Frost did not quite cover it and she looked into the brilliant night. "Oh!" whispered Tilly. "Oh!"

"It's walking back toward the woods," announced Betsey. "It's like a large dog."

"No dog can live by us," said Tilly. "Is it just one?"

"Yes," answered Betsey "That's all, anyhow, that I can see."

"We can't have any dog here," said Tilly. "That's sure."

"Yes," said Betsey, climbing back into bed. "It's very, very cold Now I hope we can sleep."

"Yes," said Tilly. "I'm glad the gray one is here by us."

"Good night," said Betsey firmly.

"Good night," said Tilly.

III

THE morning was crisp, but not cold. The snow was gone, the days had appreciably brightened, the geraniums in the window bloomed with a vigor which seemed to belong to the spring. The chickens were fed, the cow milked, the can carried to the gate, the breakfast eaten, the dishes washed, and the sisters sat turning in the edges of the little leaves. They did not look well. Betsey's broad face was pale and Tilly's shoulders appeared to have bent over another inch. They had lost sleep. The dreadful creature which scratched on their door would give them no rest. He came nightly and he had added a low, continual whining to his scratching. Betsey had bravely looked down upon him from the window and had described him to her sister.

"He's a big, homely one. His hair stands out like wire and his tail is cut off. I believe he was in a fight."

"I guess he was chased off from wherever he lived," said Tilly

"He has a sort of long chin," Betsey went on; "a very long chin. When you see him from the side it is as if you tried to make a picture of him and got it out of shape."

"I guess he has had many blows," said Tilly.

"Why he don't go somewhere else I cannot see," said Betsey. "There are places where they like dogs."

"We do not like them here," said Tilly. "Do we?" She addressed the gray cat on his throne. He responded with a wave of his tail and a glitter of his green eyes

Betsey rose and left her chair and opened the door into the cold front hall

"I will get me the little stool to put my feet on," she explained

She closed the door behind her so that no heat should escape, and as the sound died away Tilly leaped up. She heard Betsey's steps in the hall and other steps outside There was no time to get to door or window. Heaven send the door was locked! She dived under the table.

"Tap-tap-tap!" came a brisk knock at the outer door "Creak!" went the inner door as Betsey opened it. She saw Tilly's feet and she meant to step back. Surely the door was locked! Then she saw a woman's face pressed against the pane. This was, she believed, the same woman who had vanished into the mist; perhaps someone had told her to go to the back door. Betsey stood motionless and staring

The woman's black eyes were going round and round, from the carpet on the floor to the old cupboard and the pink luster ware on the shelf. She realized at last that there was a large body by the inner door and that it was human. She tapped upon the pane.

"What do you want?" asked Betsey, her eyes upon Tilly's feet.

"I wanted to see if I could get board here," said a sharp voice which seemed to try to be pleasant.

"We don't take boarders," said Betsey

"Wouldn't you take me for a few weeks?"

"Why, no," said Betsey

"May I use your telephone?"

"We have no telephone," said Betsey.

The whole neighborhood would have laughed. The Shindledecker sisters would have used a telephone about as soon as an airplane

The stranger's face was pressed against the pane, but her stretched-out hand was on the latch. Betsey saw the latch move, but it moved only a little.

"Tilly," she said in a low tone, "you stay where you are, but pull in your feet. I will go in the front of the house and just wait until she goes. Then I will come and tell you."

Moving with the stateliness of a great ship, Betsey stepped back into the cold hall from which she had emerged It was a simple and dignified method of dismissal. She remained perfectly still until she guessed that ten minutes had passed, then she looked out through the crack. The woman stood with her face against the pane, her eyes going round and round. They were hungry eyes. What on earth did she want? Suddenly she turned away, and through the side lights of the front door Betsey saw her pass through the front gate

"Get up, sister," she said, returning to the kitchen. She pulled down the shades on the porch. "I will make me a little bitter tea to keep off the cold."

"What did she want?" asked Tilly, moving herself out from under the table in a sitting posture. "I'm stiff as stiff. What did she want?"

"I think she's a little off," said Betsey.

"You are shivering," cried Tilly in alarm. "I will make the tea. You sit down and wrap the shawl round you. What are we to do?"

"I do not know," said Betsey. "Neither night nor day do we have any peace. Now look what is coming!"

From the woodland behind them advanced a large Airedale dog. Betsey had described him accurately; his hair was like wire, his tail had been cut off, his head was shaped like that of an old man with a long, long chin. But Betsey had not described his eyes, which were like soft, bright lamps; nor his teeth, which were like gleaming ivory; nor the motion of his tail, which was unceasing and regular, like part of a machine. He was very thin, but he was not uncheerful

"He never came before in daytime!" wailed Tilly. "Look at him! How he glares at us!"

Betsey lifted the window. It was a safe distance above the ground, and she was careful not to open it far enough for the dog to leap in

"I want you to go away," she said. "We have no room for you here. You may be all right in your own place Besides, we do not like dogs."

It was with some difficulty that Betsey's really kind heart delivered this final insult. The sight of her and the sound of her voice seemed to drive the creature out of his wits. He jumped toward the window, but she got it shut in time and he raced to the side door, barking like mad Tilly sat down, teapot in hand

"What will we do, sister?"

"I do not know," said Betsey "I'm sure I do not know." She turned suddenly and looked at the cat on his chair. "I wish you were some good," she said a little bitterly. "You have teeth and claws. Some cats would not let such a dog come round." Then Betsey toyed with a thought which was, to say the least, unmaidenly; in her calmer moments it would have seemed almost indecent. "Sometimes it seems as if it ought to be a man in every house."

In the Moonlight the Words Were Plain and She Read it With Satisfaction

IV

MARCH was a snowy month and the light was often dim, but the porch shades were kept down. Betsey had found an old bolt in the barn and this she had added to the ancient and mighty lock on the door. Indifferent to their wishes, which had now been clearly stated to him, their nocturnal visitor continued his calls; but they could not stay awake

(Continued on Page 58)

THE FABULOUS FORTIES

White Kid Gloves and the Theater

By Meade Minnigerode

A Page From Godey's Lady's Book Showing the Bride of 1840

NEW CHATHAM THEATRE

THE GRAND EASTERN DRAMATIC SPECTACLE OF CHERRY AND FAIR STAR, OR

THE CHILDREN OF CYPRUS

To be performed at this theatre, which has been for months in preparation. The scenery is of the most gorgeous description, the machinery very expensive and peculiar, the dresses costly in the extreme. The whole forming a combination which renders it the most imposing and splendid spectacle ever presented in this city, with the following beautiful and picturesque scenery.

ACT I

The Avis grove or Fairy Abode consisting of forests and waterfalls. The Fairy Car formed of feathers of the most radiant kind. View of the Sea and wrecked vessel. The Aloe Tree which blooms, from which the fairy Papilla appears. The Fairy Vision. Dispersion of the mist through which the city is seen. The port and city of Cyprus, which is one of the most beautiful scenes ever beheld, the stage being entirely covered with water. A large Grecian galley arrives with Prince Cherry, Fair Star, etc., who are cheered by the assembled citizens while sailing around the stage, producing one grand and beautiful effect and the most imposing tableau that can be witnessed. Huzza, huzza, welcome to our land!

ACT II

Ramparts and perfect view of the city of Cyprus. Valley of Cyprus by moonlight. The rock splits and discovers Cherry's gorgeous armor. The burning forest and enchanted waters. Terrific appearance of the Fire King! Combat. He is defeated by Prince Cherry. His sudden disappearance through the earth. The Magic Shield! The Frozen Mountain. The Charmed Snowball. The Palace of Cyprus. The Fairy Galleys. Dénouement.

PERFORMANCE BEGINS AT 7. BOXES, 50c.

SECOND AND THIRD TIERS, 25c. PIT AND GALLERY, 12½c.

THAT was in 1841. The spectacle provided by the Model Artists of 1847, on the other hand, was of a quite different character. It all began innocently enough as a result of the artistic sensation created by Mr. Powers' statue of The Greek Slave. Since the entire town was paying its money to view this piece of inanimate sculpture, it occurred to a certain Doctor Collyer that the same result might be achieved, with considerable profit to himself, by bringing the statue to life at Palmo's Opera House. He accordingly introduced "this new movement in the fine arts" in New York by exhibiting "living men and women in almost the same state in which Gabriel saw them in the Garden of Eden on the first morning of creation."

Tableaux Vivants

DOCTOR COLLYER had not misinterpreted the public taste, even in that era which occasionally thought nothing of dressing the "limbs" of pianofortes in frilled pantalets. The exhibitions—conceptions vary as to the quantity of clothing worn in the Garden of Eden—were crowded by all classes of society, and the ingenuity of Doctor Collyer was not without immediate imitators, until there were probably a dozen different places in town, "taverns, hotels, saloons, and other drinking houses, where young men and women were exhibited as *tableaux vivants*, for every price from sixpence up to fifty cents."

Of these resorts there was none more popular and refined than the Broadway Odeon, entrance to which was gained through Pinteaux's Saloon—in other words, the old Café des Mille Colonnes—in its day one of the most brilliant and fashionable gathering places in the city. Here every evening, before large audiences, were given *tableaux vivants*, or living male and female figures by the Model Artists, including such "groupings" as the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, Hagar and Ishmael, and Neptune Rising From the Sea. Not Venus—Neptune. Everything was going very nicely when the management suddenly made an unfortunate blunder. It decided, "contrary to law and order," to give a performance of sacred tableaus on the evening of Sunday, December twenty-sixth. Whereupon the chief of police, abetted by the aldermen, presented himself at the Odeon for the purpose of putting an end to "this curious idea" by the simple process of arresting, on a charge of infringement upon the Sabbath, all concerned, and in particular "several beautiful women who call themselves models of art and have been personating all the tableaus of Holy Scripture from Eve in the Garden of Eden down to Esther in the Persian hot bath."

An Unfortunate Moment

HAGAR and Ishmael passed off without interruption, but just as the pedestal in Jacob in the House of Laban was revolving "with three well-formed females attired in short skirts" there was a sudden descent of the representatives of the law upon the stage, causing uproarious excitement in the audience and consternation upon the pedestal. The curtain came down rather hastily on a "scene of stirring interest," especially in the dressing rooms, "where some five or six well-formed females were in the act of preparing for the next tableau. In one corner was seen a very fleshy lady dressed as Bacchus, studying her position on a barrel. Another beautifully formed creature, just drawing on her tights for the Greek Slave, and some of the others were so dreadfully alarmed at the sight of the police with their clubs in hand that they seized up a portion of their garments in order to hide their faces, forgetting their lower extremities, thus making a scene mixed up with the sublime and the ridiculous." At all events, the whole troupe of seven girls and three men were escorted, accompanied by a tremendous crowd, at nine o'clock of a December evening, in the costumes in which the police had found them, to the station house, where they were "provided with accommodations for the night,"

A Pleasure Railway, Hoboken, New Jersey

and where the manager caused a supper of roast turkey and wine to be served them in order to "cheer their souls."

The immediate and inevitable result of this "singular *émeute*" was to throw "the whole world of the under crust of fashion" into a state of great excitement, and to bring out a perfect rash of similar entertainments in every part of the city, which were all crowded to suffocation. As for the Odeon, the Sunday fines were paid, and the establishment remained the most popular and profitable one of its kind in town; but though at Pinteaux's the exhibitions were admitted to be extremely classic and beautiful, some of those on the side streets were "an outrage to human nature," in which, under the unvarying designation of Model Artists, "living men and women appeared in a semi-transparent drapery looking like nudity." In fact, the Odeon itself found it advisable to assure the public that morals were respected in its performances and that no tableaus were produced which the most fastidious might not gaze upon.

The Park Theater and a Part of Park Row, 1831

The Canal Street Riot

BUT the public clamor was increasing, for all that the audiences showed no signs of diminishing. The exhibitions were growing worse and worse, "more nakedness and less drapery" all the time. In one place "naked ladies" were being exhibited through a doorway across which "a large gauze" had been stretched. The admission was one dollar, and the girls received three dollars a night and a good supper.

The "auditorium" was packed to the ceiling and they were just getting ready to do Venus—not Neptune this time—Venus Rising From the Sea, when the rooms were most unfortunately raided by the police. Aside from the countless side-street shows, there were in March, 1848, six establishments open every night, "one of them for the exhibition of naked negroes." In some of these the artists actually danced the polka and the minuet.

"Only think of the indecency now indulged in!" the New York Herald exclaimed, and called upon the common council to suppress these degrading spectacles.

A terrific riot occurred finally in Canal Street, in which a crowd of rowdies from the Bowery invaded the theater, smashed all the furniture, climbed up on the stage and chased the female performers in tights out into the streets. Shamed by this vigorous, though ill-advised, expression of virtuous indignation on the part of the Bowery boys, the common council took belated action. The Odeon, Palmo's, Thiers' Concert Room, the Temple of the Muses, Novelty Hall and the Anatomical Museum were all indicted by the grand jury on March twenty-second.

And in May of that year someone in the Sunday Mercury was asking, "Where are the Model Artists gone?"

Those nice tableaux vivants
Of beautiful young ladies, sans
Both petticoats and pants,
Who, scorning fashion's shifts and whims,
Did nightly crowds delight,
By showing up their handsome limbs
At fifty cents a sight.

Well, the Odeon was advertising "Pygmalion Statuary"; Palmo's was announcing "Grace in every step, Heaven in her eye—such language in poetry is developed in every attitude of the living, lifelike, symmetrical, chaste and bewitching models at the Opera House, where virtue triumphs over vice, where the three graces impart ease and delicacy to the popular taste, where"—and this is one of the most spectacular sentences ever composed—"where the perfection of art and science takes the place of crude abortions and mechanical structures that the intelligence of our free and discriminating people rejects as unworthy of a nation possessing every element and every facility for the highest attainment in every organization of society that contributes to improve the social condition."

It is difficult to appreciate today, but the fact remains that, in spite of three plays a night at most of the houses in New York, a constant change of program, and the presence on the boards of such stages as the Park of artists whose names have passed into the annals of American drama, the theater of the '40's was in a very bad way.

On the evening of December 30, 1840, for instance, the Bowery was given over to the horses. There were not twenty persons in the boxes at the Park, and not many more in the pit; while the attendance at the National was equally discouraging. The excellent Mr. Simpson, who had been a manager for nearly twenty years, who had always "kept things straight and moral," who was a good actor, and who never quarreled with the press, was finding it impossible to pay his rent and his salaries. Mr. Wilson, who was "a very indifferent manager and actor," and who was always quarreling with the press, was having no better luck. Both ways were tried, and both failed.

"To bed, to sleep!" the New York Herald advised them. "Take a benefit and shut up, and sleep through the winter like doormice."

In its opinion the competition of managers was to blame for this collapse of the legitimate drama, as well as the want of novelty in the pieces produced, the decay of talent, the change in the public taste, and "a growing belief that the management of the theaters had leaned too much to aid licentiousness and immorality of good taste and refined manners."

Again, on the same evening in December, 1847, at the other end of the decade, the Bowery cleared four hundred and fifty dollars, and the Chatham and the Olympic about one hundred dollars apiece, while the Park, the Broadway and the Astor took in only some fifty dollars each. The attendance at the three last-named theaters, striving to present legitimate drama and opera to fashionable audiences, was insignificant; but the cheap theaters, "even the dirty Olympic," were doing a quite reasonable business in burlesque and acrobatic entertainments.

Great Dramatic Stars Neglected

"THE Broadway hardly paid expenses," the Herald remarks, "but the Bowery was suffocatingly full. Levi North, the famous equestrian, created a greater sensation and collected a greater audience than all the prima donnas from Italy ever did at the Broadway or the Astor." The Broadway was evidently struggling to establish a character without resorting to the circus, and the Park must shortly close or else bring out "some large horses as stars, or some fat children." But they were both doomed, and "destined to the horses."

The truth of the matter was that the fashionable American public of the '40's was not a theatergoing public, and yet it was a decade of astonishing dramatic brilliance, of peculiarly great stars in every branch of acting. It worked hard all day at its business, or at its household duties, and in the evening it preferred to read its newspapers, converse with its friends or write in its diaries. It went willingly enough to lectures on mesmerism and phrenology and animal magnetism and the electric telegraph, to religious revivals of all kinds, to pantomimes and circuses, to the fireworks and to the museum of natural

(Continued on Page 73)

The Great Riot at the Astor Place Opera House, New York, May 10, 1849

A FOOL'S ERRAND

"Rot!" said Athalia. "You Love Your Comfort Best Every Time. My Smile Doesn't Come Off With My Pearls. If I Was Poor My Smile'd Still be There"

By Dornford Yates

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

"I FEEL," said Fairfax, "that I must marry you."

His partner threw back her head and laughed delightedly. "I warn you," she flashed. "I'm rich."

"Oh, but why warn?" said Fairfax, swinging her off her feet and then subsiding abruptly into a step of which the progressive nature was almost imperceptible. "Besides, I knew it before. Besides, if you had been poor I shouldn't have spoken."

"Are you seriously asking me to be your wife?"

"I am. So far as you're concerned, the advantages of such a course may not be obvious. To be perfectly frank, I can hardly see them myself. Still, you might do worse. At least I'm clean, honest and sober."

"I'm not so sure about that," said Athalia Choate.

The man raised his eyebrows. Then he laid hold of the lady and started to dance. It was a superb performance. The floor was crowded, but, for all the notice of others that Fairfax seemed to take, it might have been empty. The two passed as one through the press, whirling, sidestepping, poising, translating every whim of the capricious measure into a masterpiece of motion. Athalia found herself treading as she had never trod before, yet making no mistake. The firm pressure upon her back became a powerful government, urging her to right or left, turning her, keeping her clear of collision, lifting her into the very spirit of the dance. The pace of the music grew hotter; the fury of the band, madcap. All about them people were laboring hilariously in a feverish endeavor to keep abreast of the rhythm. Fairfax's feet moved like quicksilver, the two swam the length of the ballroom with a clean rush; he was doing another step, and she was late. She was off her feet, and he was thrusting again into the very heart of the crowd. Her head —— Then the music stopped, and she was released.

"Am I sober?" said Punch Fairfax.

Miss Choate took a deep breath. "Indubitably," she said.

They made their way downstairs to a dim library, and Fairfax drew two chairs to the slow wood fire. Then he gave her a cigarette, lighted it and took one himself.

"Will you do me a favor?" he said.

"Try me," said Miss Choate

"Be perfectly honest with me for a quarter of an hour."

The lady knitted her brows.

"What do you mean?"

"That will appear," said Fairfax. "The best way to learn a game is to start playing it. Now then, are you averse to wedlock?"

Miss Choate started.

"I—I never agreed to play," she said uneasily.

"It's a very good game," Punch said. "I have to answer, too—any question you ask"

Athalia subjected the toe of a ridiculously tiny slipper to a prolonged scrutiny.

At length, "The answer," she said, "is in the negative."

"Good," said Fairfax, marking the excellence of her instep. "I'm seven years older than you. As a matter of fact, I think that's just about right. Do you agree?"

"I don't disagree," said Miss Choate slowly. "Anything between five and ten years. When do I start?"

"When you please," said Fairfax, comfortably exhaling smoke. "What a sweet pretty leg you've got! Do you like my style?"

Miss Choate swallowed.

"You are quick," she said. "Of course I've never played this before, so ——"

"Neither have I," said Punch. "I give you my word. Er do you?"

The lady stared into the fire.

"Yes," she said, "I do. If I had been poor you wouldn't have spoken, would you?"

"I should not."

"Why?"

"Because I haven't enough to keep you—us—as we should be kept"

Athalia laughed.

"'I could not love thee, dear, so much,'" she quoted, "'lov'd I not comfort more.'"

"My dear," said Punch, "that was most admirably put. It exactly represents my point of view, your point of view, and the point from which, furiously as they would deny the impeachment, every rational male or female in this edifice views the rich vale of matrimony."

Miss Choate raised her sweet eyebrows

"We are a topping lot of washouts, aren't we?" she said.

Fairfax shook his head.

"Not at all. We're just wise. We have the sagacity to avoid the steep and narrow path which leads to heroism, because we blinkin' well know that we should never get there."

"But ——"

"One moment. If Fortune puts us upon that path, as she may, that's another matter. We get to heroism then But if we choose it of our own free will—never. Never Because, sooner or later, we always regret our choice. And there ain't no admittance to 'eroism for gents wot regrets their choice."

"I seem to know that line," said Miss Choate. "Isn't it out of His Sin Against Her Love?"

Fairfax appeared to wince.

"Tennyson, dear, Tennyson. Hiawatha's address to the Boy Scouts."

There was a pregnant silence.

As soon as she could trust her voice, "Aren't you leaving love out of the question?" ventured Athalia

"I don't think so. I know love jettisons fear, but I don't think it sandbags the instinct of self-preservation I don't mean that if you tottered into a bear pit I wouldn't go in to get you out. But if you dropped your lip stick in—well, the bears could have it."

"Supposing it was the only lip stick I had."

"Nothing doing," said Fairfax.

"Supposing I said that if you got it out I'd marry you."

"Love doesn't ——"

"Don't evade," said Miss Choate. "There's another ten minutes to go"

Fairfax looked at her.

Silhouetted against the black of an old bureau, the delicate features looked especially beautiful. The smooth brow, the straight clean-cut nose, the sweet droop of the mouth—from temples to pert chin my lady's face was a picture for men to kneel to.

Her squire covered his eyes

"Rot it," he said shakily "I I believe I should have a dart."

Athalia permitted herself to smile

"But if I was poor you wouldn't"'

"No. For both our sakes – Yes—I'm honest. For both. We're earthy, you know. It'd mean that we'd have to come down—come down in the world. Well, I shouldn't like that; I'd hate it. And so would you. And on the top of it all I should always know two things– first, that I'd brought you down, and then, that you might have married a richer man."

"How would you bring me down if I was poor?"

"My dear, your face is your fortune –your face and your pretty ways. You might be poor as blazes, but as long as you stayed single you could dine and dance and sleep in half the ancestral homes of England."

"Sort of second Queen Elizabeth?" said Athalia. "I must be nice"

"Oh, but you are. Most—er—most nice."

"D'you mind speaking the truth?"

Fairfax moistened his lips.

"You are probably the most adorable woman in London today I have never heard anything said of you which you would not have liked to hear. Finally, you are frequently indicated as a future duchess; in fact, if you married me I believe sterling would drop two stitches—I mean points."

"I wish I was poor," said Miss Choate.

"What would you do?"

Again the lady smiled.

"I should probably marry you," she said.

"But I shouldn't 've asked ——"

"I should waive that preliminary," said Miss Choate calmly

So soon as he could speak, "You forward girl," said Fairfax. "You wicked —— "

"And you," continued Athalia, "not having had any say in the matter, would go up the steep and narrow path to heroism, touching the ground in spots. I should see to that," she added darkly

Fairfax wiped his brow

"Oh, the vixen," he said. "Listen at her."

"As it is," said his companion, "though my feet are of clay 'earthy,' I think, was your expression—the man who marries me must think them of fine gold."

Fairfax looked down his nose.

"There are plenty of coves," he said, "who'll tell you the tale. Besides, when I said you were earthy I only meant human. Hang it, Athalia, if I told you your little feet were golden you'd tell me to go straight home and sleep it off."

"Also," continued Miss Choate, "he must prefer my smile to any comfort that he has ever dreamed of."

"But I do," protested her swain. "Infinitely. They're not in the same street."

"Rot!" said Athalia "You love your comfort best every time. My smile doesn't come off with my pearls. If I was poor my smile'd still be there. But you wouldn't want it then"

"Of course I should. And if I was rich I'd have it. It's not your money that I want, but it is your money that we need. I've only been honest about it. Love and let live, you know."

"Have you anything," said Athalia, "but what you earn?"

"Not a bean," was the cheerful reply. "I had sixty thousand, you know. But I've been through the lot"

"Good," said my lady. "Look here. Jobs tend to cramp the style ——"

"They're a weariness of the flesh," sighed Punch.

"—— and my husband's style must not be cramped. If you'll give up your job, I'll—I'll marry you."

Punch Fairfax sat up, open-mouthed.

"What, an' keep me?"

"I'll settle two thousand a year on you. That's twice what you earn."

There was an electric silence. Then Punch rose with a laugh. "'Clean, honest and sober,'" he said quietly. "I see that I should have added 'respectable'; but, to tell you the truth, I ——"

"Sit down, Punch, me lad," said Athalia Choate. "Dismount and sit down. You've given the answer I wanted Not that I really doubted, but—one likes to make sure."

Fairfax regarded her thoughtfully. Then, "Talk about edgy-wedged tools," he said, resuming his seat. "Supposing I'd said 'D-d-done!' all quick like, with bulging eyes —— "

Athalia laughed.

"I should have found a way," she murmured. "And now go on—ask me There's still five minutes to go"

"As you please," said Punch. "Why does one like to make sure'"

"Because, so far as I'm concerned, there are only two starters for the Athalia Stakes—and you're one of them."

"Athalia!"

"Wait. I'll be perfectly straight with you. I've had one or two proposals; most women have. But as yet I haven't had one from—the man I love." Her companion started. "That's often the way, you know. Perhaps I shall never have it. Many women don't. But, oh"—she laced her slight fingers, set them against her cheek and raised her eyes ecstatically—"oh, I hope I shall, Punch! If you knew what it meant to me! I'd be so awfully happy!"

"Well, I—I hope you will too," said Fairfax dismally "I I do really. But what are you telling me this for?"

"Because you can help me. You see, he is such a dear, but though we're quite good friends the idea of falling in love with me doesn't seem to have entered his head. And if he saw us together I think it might make him think."

Fairfax laughed hysterically

"Excuse my emotion," he said. "The—the humor of it's sort of dawning on me, that's all."

"Humor?" cried Athalia.

"Humor; 'h' mute. Let me explain. Only two runners for the Stakes; of which I'm one and the other won't start.

(Continued on Page 50

The Tragedy of it Was He Had Nothing to Say. There Was Nothing to Say

BOOTH'S LETTER TO GRANT

By H. H. KOHLSAAT

ON THE night of April 14, 1865, President and Mrs. Lincoln invited General and Mrs. Grant to accompany them to Ford's Theater; but General and Mrs. Grant wanted to see their children and left on the six o'clock train for Burlington, New Jersey. So the President invited Miss Clara Harris, daughter of Senator Harris, of New York, and Col. Henry R. Rathbone to go with them. As they entered the theater the audience arose and gave the President a great ovation. He bowed his acknowledgment and took his seat in the box.

During the performance of the play, Our American Cousin, John Wilkes Booth entered the theater. He was an extremely handsome man of twenty-six and was well known to the managers and employes of the theater.

Ten minutes later he entered the presidential box. Creeping up behind the President, he shot him in the head just back of the left ear. Dropping his derringer pistol, he drew a long knife with which he slashed Colonel Rathbone, who tried to stop him. Leaping out of the box onto the stage, his legs passed between the folds of the flag decorating the box. His spur caught in the fringe, throwing him nine feet to the stage, breaking his ankle.

With a cry "*Sic semper tyrannis*"—Thus always with tyrants—he fled through a stage door, jumped on a saddled horse held by a boy, rushed out of the alley through the streets, crossing the Potomac over Anacostia Bridge into Maryland, arriving at Dr. Samuel Mudd's residence at Bryantown, Maryland, thirty miles from Washington, at four o'clock next morning.

The Capture of Booth

DOCTOR MUDD set his broken ankle, and Booth, joined by one of his fellow conspirators, Herold, left that afternoon and hid in a thicket for five days. Finally crossing the Rappahannock River, they reached the Garrett residence near Bowling Green, Virginia, April twenty-fourth.

When a company of United States cavalrymen arrived, Booth hid with his confederate, Herold, in Garrett's barn. When he refused to surrender, Lieut. Col. Everton J. Conger, of Ohio, threw a rope of lighted straw into the barn and set fire to a pile of hay. As the flames made the interior brilliant, Sergeant Boston Corbett, through a crack, shot Booth with a pistol. As he sank down, the soldiers opened the door, dragged him out and laid him on the grass. They finally carried him to the front porch of the house. He was apparently dead, but some water thrown in his face revived him. His lips moved. An officer put his ear to his lips and heard him say, "Tell my mother I died for my country. I did what I thought best." He said no more.

Letters

HE WAS shot at 3:15 A.M. and died two hours later, April 26, 1865, twelve days after the assassination of President Lincoln.

Booth's body was sewed up in an army blanket and carried to the Rappahannock and placed on board the steamer Ide. At Alexandria it was put on board the monitor Montauk, with the conspirator Herold, who was in double irons.

After complete identification, Booth's body was put in a pine box and secretly buried under a stone slab in a cell in the old Government Penitentiary, a part of the Government Arsenal, where it remained until February 15, 1869, when President Andrew Johnson gave Edwin Booth permission to remove it to the family burial plot in Green Mount Cemetery, Baltimore.

A Historic Correspondence

THE letter of Edwin Booth to General Grant, presented herewith, formerly belonged to Gen. Adam Badeau, who was on General Grant's staff. All of General Badeau's letters were left to Mr. George Corsa, of Ridgewood, New Jersey, for many years Badeau's private secretary.

Mr. Corsa died about two years ago and willed his estate to Mrs. Ella F. Cooper, of Ridgewood, New Jersey. Mrs. Cooper sold the letter at auction November 1, 1923, in the Anderson Galleries, New York, to Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach for one thousand dollars.

When I read of the sale I asked Doctor Rosenbach if he would give me a photographic copy of the letter; he did so, and I started hunting for a possible answer from General Grant. After diligent search through the New York Public Library and the histories of Lincoln's assassination and John Wilkes Booth's capture, I found no reference to it anywhere, and believe this is the first knowledge of its existence.

Failing to find any record of Booth's letter to Grant in New York, I went to Washington and

(Continued on Page 56)

UNWRITTEN HISTORY

By COSMO HAMILTON

SINCE the time of my early struggles—which, I am happy to confess, only seem to be a few years ago, thanks probably to golf, oversmoking, continued struggles and optimism—many short cuts to the middle of the ladder have been established. Schools of journalism and of playwriting have opened up on every side to fit the present desire to escape apprenticeship and to begin at the place without going through the mill where the hardened workman leaves off.

William Archer

Despite the spasmodic success of Professor Baker's efforts at Harvard University, and those of Max Pemberton in London, these short cuts lead for the most part into blind alleys and *culde-sacs*. I do not believe that writing can be taught. It is born in a man like bowling with the left arm, a sense of direction, or going down to the sea in ships. It is something that has to be followed, slavishly, devotedly, as Sancho Panza followed Don Quixote mostly with the same lean and heartbreaking results. The only school that is any use is the one provided by the professional practice of writing in which the best tonic is success, the finest lesson failure.

I cannot help thinking that the embryo author who hopes that he may dodge the hard paving stones of Fleet Street by attending school is likely to lose whatever originality he may possess. His results are mainly based on imitation, the slavish copying of what is recognized as style, construction and technic. Many plays that have emerged from the schools for playwrights are the illegitimate offspring of quite unconscious masters, dressed in a composite of their wardrobes. One or two of them have been of mixed parentage, in whom it came as rather a shock to recognize the suggestion of Barrie's eyes under Wilde's forehead, Pinero's nose over Haddon Chambers' mouth, Maugham's ears on Ibsen's head, Eugene O'Neill's feet sticking out from Sudermann's trousers—a sight well calculated to fill a sensitive looker-on with great uneasiness.

Barker's Apprenticeship

GRANVILLE BARKER—whom I remember best as an aloof, staccato, red-headed, gaunt young man, who had a habit of stalking endlessly up and down small spaces with his restless hands behind his back, his forehead puckered, his eyes snapping, looking more like a clean-shaven Abraham Lincoln than Napoleon Bonaparte, and wearing a challenging smile as though to say, "Yes, I agree. Nobody yet. But ——" took no short cuts to fame. It is true that he studied the masters—the old masters—Wycherley and Congreve, Sheridan and Shakspere; but his school was the theater. He learned the few rough laws of playwriting on the stage itself, watching the nightly effects of lines and action on the people in front of the footlights, making up his mind as to the quickest way in which to establish character and atmosphere by getting into touch with audiences, obtaining their delighted response or unmoved silence, feeling his way practically and actually to a method of his own before he retired to the fastnesses to put his lessons into use.

That this apprenticeship was valuable was proved by his many amazing plays—vital, curious and unlike anything else; especially by The Madras House and Prunella, which is a gem, a masterpiece; and also when he directed plays and discovered many of the dark horses who, during the great days of Vedrenne and Barker at the Court Theater, ran past the post with flying colors.

Following the same apprenticeship for the same reason, while I was writing young books, articles and dialogues for the papers, I met Granville Barker at the Haymarket Theater when it was under the very prosperous direction of Frederick Harrison and Cyril Maude. It was Maude who very kindly permitted us both to walk on in Under the Red Robe, by Stanley Weyman, in which he and Herbert Waring, Sidney Valentine, Hamilton Revelle, Bernard Partridge, who draws those brilliant cartoons in Punch, and the adorable Winifred Emery played the leading parts. I had just returned to London from a short tour with a play called Vanity Fair, which had nothing to do with Thackeray, during which I shared ideas and rooms with another earnest student of the pen, Norman Graham Thwaites, who, after serving through the South African campaign, wrote for the New York World, became one of Mr. Pulitzer's secretaries, was severely wounded as a cavalry officer in the Great War and went back again to New York, eventually to act as assistant provost marshal to the British Military Mission, a lieutenant colonel with a string of gallantly earned letters after his name and a hole in his neck. Sir William Wiseman and he were responsible for the British secret service in America before the United States poured its whole strength into the war and have every reason to be very proud of the splendid work they did in those most difficult days. It was during my year at the Haymarket, studying audiences and analyzing effects, walking on as a soldier in Richelieu's bodyguard if I remember rightly, and enjoying with Colonel Walker-Leigh a tremendous fight with a shouting mob which left us heaving under our armor, that I went to dinner one night with a party of friends who were on the verge of going to India with their regiment. The dinner began early, toasts were frequent and generous, and it was not until ten minutes before I was due upon the stage that I remembered my nightly struggle at the Haymarket. I fled from the table and the hotel, caught a prowling cab, drove hell-for-leather to the theater, flung the armor over my evening clothes, which a dresser held out to me at the stage door, and dashed through the fireplace into the middle of the mêlée, which had just begun.

The yells of the mob turned to screams of laughter when they saw my black trousers and patent-leather shoes beneath the collection of rattling tins and my wigless head almost completely swamped by a too-large helmet, and it was only because Maude was a sportsman and had been very young himself that he let me off with a charming word of warning. They were good days, then; but it was a wonder that I didn't catch a permanent cold in my right eye by watching the audiences through a little private hole in the scenery while Granville Barker stalked up and down, torn by ambition and seething with inarticulate ideas.

Getting Experience

THE education of a dramatist is never complete, as the unexpected failures of such masters of the craft as Pinero, Somerset Maugham, James Forbes, Haddon Chambers and Henri Bernstein have shown us. For a play to catch the public fancy it need not have faultless construction, fine character drawing and brilliant dialogue, although its chances are all the better if it has. It must have a story, which is by no means the same thing as a plot, and an old angle of a new idea or a new angle of an old one. Above all it must have something so human in it that the audience works as hard as the actors and never for an instant loses interest, sympathy and suspense.

By all odds the most valuable experience that a dramatist can undergo is that of directing his own play with a cast made up of very experienced actors. Such a cast is far more difficult to work smoothly with than one composed of young enthusiasts, easy to mold. Leading men and women usually approach rehearsals through a maze of superstitions, shibboleths and ancient tricks. They are actors and therefore they must act. To conduct a play successfully through the shoals and bunkers, mantraps and pitfalls, egotisms and wounded vanities which necessarily

(Continued on Page 114)

Mr. and Mrs. George Arliss. Above—Lord Northcliffe

ANCIENT FIRES

By I. A. R. WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

I Saw Her Pass, Sitting Beside That Dark, Unsmiling Woman, Herself So Very Fair and Frail That I Turned Sick at Heart

XXVI

THAT night saw a strange development in our relationships. The two German flying men who were to accompany the baron on tomorrow's raid came up to a dinner which had all the characteristics of an official banquet. We were in full dress. By this time my own things had been sent up from San Roberto by a no doubt indignant Anderson, and Marreno had borrowed a pale-blue uniform, on which his flamboyant orders glittered restlessly. I guessed that the white dress which Doña Isabella wore was Lisbeth's. It did not suit her well. She looked sallow and heavy, consciously at a disadvantage.

I do not know whether it was John Smith's purpose to give that night an almost royal setting. A large and spacious living came naturally to him. At least, there was no attempt on his part to appear other than what I knew at heart he believed himself to be. As a Quetzelangan general he might have worn any of their gorgeous uniforms. But his evening clothes were not even very new. He carried them with that unforgotten casualness which was the essence of his dignity.

He sat at the head of the long mahogany table and was quiet and assured and smiling. He made me think of a chess player to whom all these gaudy and fantastic personalities were just pieces. It had taken him three years to bring about this combination. A few more moves, perhaps, and the game would be in his hands.

To me he showed the old friendliness, half mocking, half affectionate. Looking back, I think he was at pains to wipe out the recollection of that shadow which had fallen across his face, not only from my mind but from his own. No one seeing us two could have believed that I was witness against him for a mean crime. It was I in my distress who must have seemed guilty. I felt guilty. He shook the ground under my feet. He had never argued as to the right or wrong of things. It was his magnificent assurance that confused the issues, that set me questioning faiths that had seemed unquestionable. Was he in fact big enough to set aside the ordinary laws governing ordinary men? Were his steadfast, immense purposes justifications? Was I about to sacrifice Lisbeth to a convention which a hundred years hence might seem as childish as other conventions already cast overboard? He was ready to make an empress of her. He had made her happy. Surely she had been splendidly happy until my coming. The radiance of it seemed to linger about her still like an afterglow.

She shrank from me. I could see her fight against herself. She wanted to be kind and friendly. But there was a barrier too high to be surmounted. It was not my love for her. The wretched burden of my knowledge had numbed all personal feeling. I wanted to save her—nothing else.

She was so pale that night—of an almost unearthly delicacy and fairness. In her gold-brocaded dress, with her sunny hair shining in the candlelight, she was like an English daffodil among hot exotic orchids; like a sorrowful but very brave princess out of a fairy story.

And yet as far as she knew everything was hers—a husband whose passion burnt in the midst of us like a naked flame, a dawning motherhood, wealth, great power. Was it just because an old lover had come blundering across her path that she should look so grave?

There was another stranger there that night—a little Spanish priest, blue jowled and beady eyed, who sat on John Smith's left hand. I did not hear him speak the whole evening; and yet he stuck in my consciousness, for he seemed a part of the enigma.

It was towards the end of the dinner. The baron, who was not drinking, had just proposed a toast: "To the president!" to which Marreno had replied with a bow and smile not less ironical. It came suddenly, I suppose, and yet I feel sure that we all knew—that we felt it coming as one feels the approach of a tornado. I remember that the room seemed to become insufferably hot, and there was a silence which endured several seconds, in which we looked at one another—waiting. I saw Marreno's broad brown hand on the table grow white about the knuckles. Then it was upon us.

I did not think that, after the war, life could have a new terror for me. I have lived through bombardments that were like a madman's vision of hell. But I had never known anything so subtly terrible as that faint, almost imperceptible vibration.

It passed. It was as though the earth under our feet had drawn a deep, shuddering breath. We seemed to slip back into our places like the glasses on the table, like the grave-faced Chinese god which from the niche opposite had seemed to bow to me. The baron laughed.

"Our two friends haf stirred again in their sleep. A ver-ry suitable introduction to tomorrow's *festa*, *nicht wahr*, Herr President?"

The men applauded. But I think we had been the most troubled. I wonder sometimes where the myth of women's fearfulness has its origin. In the midst of calamity I have found them supernaturally quiet, as though at such times their secret knowledge of vaster issues than this life came to their rescue.

I remember that Lisbeth had smiled at Doña Isabella almost gayly, and a moment later both women rose to leave the table.

Nobody had noticed the native orderly who had entered. He stood at John Smith's elbow, stiffly at attention, but with his dark eyes full of an unresisting, helpless terror. He began to stammer his message.

What it was I did not know. But I saw Lisbeth pause on the threshold of the patio. I who knew and loved her felt the change in her like a charge of electricity through the nerves. The men had resumed their places and John Smith had his back to her. He turned to me with an odd quizzical smile. "Your little sentry has been caught at last, Fitzroy," he said.

I had almost forgotten. I shrugged my shoulders.

"I hope he hasn't been running all the time."

"Well, he'll wish he'd run a little faster, poor devil!"

I do not believe that he hesitated for a moment. But he waited. He knew now that Lisbeth was there, on the verge

of the shadow, watching and listening. The knowledge was written in the very setness and implacability of his expression. He gave an order. The orderly's hand went up in a salute. Then Lisbeth came back into the room. Usually her movements were rather slow, of a gracious, lingering quality. But now she had shown a passionate swiftness that made me catch my breath. She stood at the table, facing John Smith. She was like a fine blade ripped out of its scabbard in a gallant gesture, like a flag unfurled in a high wind.

"No," she said; "you mustn't. I won't stand it! It's intolerable!" And then she spoke in Spanish to the orderly and the man stood there stupefied, open-mouthed.

I had no clew to the situation. I only knew that something vital, enormously significant, was taking place. We all knew. Each face set itself in a mask. I saw the baron fidgeting with his glass, his thick lips thrust out in an expression of tolerant amusement.

The little priest stared expressionlessly, and for the first time Marreno's face lit up with laughter, silent and malicious. In the shadow of the patio, Doña Isabella hovered like a white hawk.

But those two had forgotten everyone but themselves. John Smith smiled up at Lisbeth. All the charm and tenderness of which he was possessed were in that look. But I had seen the color go from under the sunburn. The hand lying on the table involuntarily tightened.

"*Crédito*. I'm sorry. It can't be helped!"

"It must be helped." She turned to me. She was alternately flushed and deadly white. Her eyes that were blue as his blazed out their essential difference. His had grown pale. Hers had deepened. In the dim candlelight they looked almost black.

"Please, Euan, please say something. They are going to flog him. You don't know what flogging means in this country."

"It is their own custom," John Smith interposed gently. "There's no other way of dealing with them. If we were to admit milder European methods we should have a stampede. They would sleep at their posts, run away from a coyote. Look at Fitzroy here - one-armed - and the fellow bolts like a hare."

He appealed to us with a laugh and a shrug. The baron nodded portentously.

"This isn't Merrie England, señora."

"Euan!" she commanded.

I stood up.

I wanted to take my place at her side. I had the self-control not to so much as look at her.

"I am one-armed, if you like," I said grimly. "But it's a gorilla's arm. Try it—any one of you. I came upon the man unexpectedly. He hadn't a chance. Once I'd twisted his rifle away from him, there was nothing for it but a clean pair of heels. Nobody here could have done more."

I turned to him with an appeal which, even as our eyes met, without my will became a challenge. But even then I had only the dimmest notion of the real issue between us. His face became stony in its hardness. Perhaps it was true that he had no choice. His foreign legion might worship him. To the natives he was terror itself. When he ceased to be terrible he might cease to be—as others before him. Perhaps even Lisbeth knew as much.

"Without iron discipline we shouldn't survive an hour, señora," the baron murmured.

"Better not to survive then." Her hand beat a soft, unconscious tattoo on the polished table. "It is monstrous. It disgraces us all. John, I ask you -I ask you as a favor—"

I guessed that she had never asked anything of him before—that it therefore was a supreme appeal. And yet it was not an appeal either. It was a demand. And incredible as it seemed, for a moment at least he was afraid, because he loved her and could not yield.

He stood up. He took her two hands and pressed them against his breast. We didn't count. He had forgotten us. He bent over her. It was as though he were trying to overwhelm her with the whole force of his personality, smother her under the volume of his passion.

"Wait," he said softly. "I'll make you understand."

I looked away from them both. A sudden sweat had broken out over my fevered body. He was neither crude nor primitive. Even then he was strong enough to play his game with a light, bold hand. But he aroused a primitive emotion that I had believed conquered.

When I turned again she had gone.

John Smith repeated his order.

"This is a cruel country," he said afterwards. "It is hard on women."

And then he took up the business of next day's attack. He seemed serene and confident. But more than once I saw his eyes trying to penetrate the empty darkness in the patio. I knew he listened for the reassurance of that low voice.

When we went out later Doña Isabella was alone. She beckoned to him. She made me think of a lazy, watchful cat that, freed from observation, steals what it can. And after that one moment, in which he looked about him with fierce and undisguised disquiet, he mastered himself and stood over her, laughing and whispering with her behind her fan.

XXVII

I DID not go to bed that night. A profound unrest made the very thought of sleep intolerable. The dead wind had left my room full of dust and a fierce dry heat that seemed to throb to the measure of my own feverish pulses. Outside, the silence waited as I did.

I remember standing under my high window, my head lifted, listening, I did not know for what. But I was sure that at any moment that silence would be torn aside by a roar of unleashed violence, by a scream, by hurrying, panic-stricken footsteps.

My imagination ran riot. The hacienda, lying white and silent under the moonlight, was stripped of its secrecy. It was like a great cross-sectioned hive whose fierce and opposed activities I was compelled to watch. I saw Marreno, alone and awake, too, pace his room, brood out his own black thoughts, and Doña Isabella gliding among the thick shadows of the patio, set on some strange purpose of her own. Most clearly, most pitilessly I saw John Smith and Lisbeth. I was the tortured witness of that ruthless and magnificent wooing which was to wipe their conflict from her very memory. She would yield. After all, what was she but a child pitted against his subtlety and strength? He would throw his glamour over her judgment. I saw her eyes close, her face grow colorless and still.

(Continued on Page 98)

We Two Seemed to Come Back From a Long Journey. It Was John Smith Who Stood in the Black Aperture, Looking Down on Us

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers By Subscription To the United States and Possessions Argentina Bolivia Brazil Colombia Costa Rica Cuba Dominican Republic Ecuador Guatemala Isle of Pines Mexico Nicaragua Panama Paraguay Peru Republic of Honduras Salvador Spain and Uruguay $2 00 the Year Remit by U S Money Order Express Money Order Check or by Draft payable in U S Funds

To Canada—By Subscription $3 00 the Year Single Copies Ten Cents—Canadian or U S Funds

To Newfoundland (with Labrador) and other Foreign Countries exclusive of those mentioned above by subscription post paid $4 00 the Year Remittances to be by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U S payable in U S Funds

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 9, 1924

TO REDUCE war taxes is to give every home a better chance. . . . Of all services which the Congress can render to the country, I have no hesitation in declaring this one to be paramount. To neglect it, to postpone it, to obstruct it by unsound proposals, is to become unworthy of public confidence and untrue to public trust. The country wants this measure to have the right of way over all others.

—*Calvin Coolidge.*

Do You Believe in Fairies?

ACCORDING to the newspapers, some of our Congressmen have discovered a plot to reduce taxes. It seems that taxpayers are protesting against the continuance of wartime levies; and they have not only had the effrontery to analyze the surtax, and to point out how it is hampering productive industry, but they have been sinful enough to show how taxes are paid by the untaxed.

This matter of taxation has been furtively discussed in open meeting and in the public prints by some millions of taxpayers for five years past, and opinions on the subject have been stealthily shouted from every housetop by other millions, but that seems to have escaped notice. The damning fact is that business wants taxes reduced and that it is making known its wishes in the most open and shameless manner, quite regardless of peanut and bonus politics.

Business, Big Business, is always the villain in the piece. Some members of the House and of the Senate seem utterly unable to put on a show unless they can star it as the heavy. That in this case millions of small taxpayers and indirect taxpayers believe that their interests are identical with those of business is of no consequence. Business is steeped in sin, and the bigger the business the more sinful to the small mind. Anyone who believes otherwise, who decides that the crippling and slowing down of the machinery of which he is a part is against his own interests, must be the victim of Machiavellian plottings. Some of our representatives unquestionably have a Big-Business Complex.

No one who has kept in touch with what has been happening and with what people of even moderate intelligence have been thinking for five years past could believe that the demand for tax revision along the lines of Secretary Mellon's recommendations is other than spontaneous. During that time the country has been turning over and analyzing many of our problems, including taxation and immigration, and coming to decisions about them. As well say that those who want restricted and carefully selected immigration are plotting darkly against the peace and future of America as to believe that the demand for lower taxes all along the line is the result of a Standard-Oil-Steel-Trust plot.

Big Business and Wall Street, the gold-dust twins of the demagogue, are sometimes right, sometimes wrong, always selfish, but often intelligently selfish, which is more than can be said of a good many politicians. When they are right and intelligently selfish, as in the case of taxation, we do not hesitate to back them. When they are wrong and stupidly selfish, as in the case of immigration, we do not hesitate to oppose them. We do not believe that Big Business is the omnipotent monster that so many politicians represent it to be, nor that it can inflame and direct public opinion. Quite the contrary; for even when right it is more usually discredited than believed, and any program that it indorses must indeed be a good one if it is to be accepted.

Lecky, in his History of Rationalism in Europe, points out that at one time in the world's history everybody believed in fairies. Then one day a few bold spirits declared that the belief in fairies was nonsense, and it developed overnight that no one really believed in fairies. This was not due to a plot on the part of a few practical gentlemen to put the fairies out of business. The whole world had for some years been looking into fairy tales, beginning to doubt them and finally to accept the evidence of their own senses. So when some hard-boiled Mellon of that day pointed out a few pertinent facts about fairies, doubt crystalized into certainty and the little people passed for all time from the domain of fact to that of fancy.

Our Peter Pans of Congress have been stepping to the footlights with outstretched hands and asking us to believe in their soak-the-rich taxation fairy tales. But Americans are growing skeptical about economic fairies. For five years men and women have been getting practical pocketbook education on taxation and discovering that they are not only paying taxes directly assessed against them but also a host of others that are loaded in their living costs. In the future that favorite soak-the-rich fairy tale will get over only when told as a bedtime story by dear Old Uncle Wip to voters with the intelligence of five-year-olds.

Also, that other delightful fairy tale about America's being a melting pot into which the base metal of Europe can be thrown and transmuted into gold overnight is beginning to bore grown-ups. We know now that the resultant coin is counterfeit, and we have been convinced of it by the same process—slow education, suddenly crystallizing into conviction. Plot and so-called propaganda were not necessary to bring this about. A study of the statistics, a look with wide-open eyes at our city streets, our courts, our public institutions, was enough.

Plot and propaganda were not necessary to create this overwhelming sentiment for tax reduction. A presentation of the cold facts and figures, a look at one's bills, was enough. John Stuart Mill is beginning to supplant Hans Christian Andersen as popular reading.

The real nigger in this taxation woodpile is, of course, the bonus. The great question in some politicians' minds is who has the more votes. Their great hope is to please the service men with the bonus and to appease the heaviest taxpayer vote by cuts in normal and earned income, while continuing to soak the rich.

A plausible case can be made out for the granting of a bonus. That fact must not be blinked by its opponents. But a much stronger case can be made out for tax reduction. Where the bonus would doubtless be a temporary and uncertain benefit to a part of the population, tax reduction would be a permanent and certain benefit to every man, woman and child in the country, including the service men.

Unless human nature has changed, most men would take theirs in cash and loans. If this money is spent it means a brief hurrah for the recipient and a headache for the country. Under any of the options, the bonus will bring, even to those eligible for the largest payments, far less than they could expect to benefit in living costs through tax reductions. Then, too, have we any assurance that after this bonus, which means so little to any individual service man and so much to all taxpayers, is granted, another complaisant Congress will not accede to fresh demands? Even so, could it be proved that the bonus would advantage the service man more than tax reduction, and a clear majority of them demanded it, their claims could not fairly be dismissed, as they are by so many, as an unjustifiable raid on the Treasury.

All this, of course, takes no account of the opposition of those service men whose real objection to the bonus is that they and their great service to the country are being put on a cheap cash-and-carry basis. But even this is by no means a one-sided argument.

Taxation, the bonus, immigration and railroads are all before this Congress for consideration. The country is in no humor to have these matters made the subject of demagogic mouthings or of jockeying for party advantage. Each of these problems calls for special knowledge and nonpartisan consideration; for patriotism, not politics.

That consideration of either taxation or the bonus should be had first of all from the political and not the economic angle, that either should be put over as the result of a "plot" by Big Business or the American Legion will not be tolerated by the country. We take no stock in the charge of "treasons, stratagems and spoils" by either. Both want something to which they feel they are entitled and are making their wishes known in plain language.

The deep dark plot of Big Business, the sinister secret that some of our trained legislative sleuths have ferreted out, is simply this: Almost everyone in the country, beginning with the President, wants tax reduction and is doing and is going to do everything in his power to get it by a free use of the American institutions of free speech and a free press.

Pity the plight of the poor straddler, with one foot on the bonus and the other on taxation. Slowly the gap between the two is widening and there is nowhere to fall but down.

Every secret order should have a password. We suggest for the members of the great Order of Mellon Plan Boosters: *Do You Believe in Fairies?*

The Buying Power of Farm Products

SINCE the spring of 1923 we have experienced a substantial improvement in prosperity over the position in 1922. The activity of business, the volume of rail shipments and the position of banking give abundant evidence of this. The countryside has not yet caught up with the city, though the price level of farm products in October, 1923, was much nearer the level of prices of industrial commodities than in October, 1922. It is largely the position of wheat that pulls down the average of agriculture. The evidences of farm buying have multiplied in number and grown in importance. Farmers are buying less blue-sky stocks, but they are buying more goods. And there is no evidence that the goods purchased are not usable and useful goods. A scrutiny of farm purchases gives some pertinent information as to the reasons for trends in buying.

Rural buying of automobiles is reported as heavy. The usefulness of the automobile to the farmer increases with the extension of improved highways. But the farmer has an added reason for the purchase of automobiles. The prices are relatively low—low in the terms of the things the farmer produces. Let almost any car be taken in illustration, for the fact holds for all automobiles. Probably a systematic survey of farm purchases would give numerous pieces of evidence supporting the view that farm purchases have been heavy in those goods whose prices have been reduced through efficiency of manufacture. The farmer buys all goods; but he has bought heavily of the goods that are relatively cheap to him.

THE MONEY DEMON

By WILL PAYNE

THE other day a United States senator told a New York audience that the governors of the Federal Reserve System held a secret meeting in May, 1920, and then and there reached a wicked decision to deflate the American farmer, which conspiratorial action forthwith caused a shrinkage of $32,000,000,000 in agricultural values and spread ruin through the farm population.

But the senator was only repeating, with unimportant modern variations, a cry that has been going up almost ever since white men settled on this continent. The Pilgrim Fathers, setting sail in a tub with an ax and a Bible to subdue an unknown world, must have been a sanguine lot. Their successors and descendants to this day have been a sanguine lot—optimists and expansionists. Fairly from the beginning they have expanded too fast, speculated too optimistically, inflated their instruments of credit as a boy blows up a toy balloon. From time to time, inevitably as water runs downhill, they have suffered the consequences in the shape of contraction, deflation, falling prices. And whenever that painful consequence has come upon them they have looked around for some malevolent personal agency—some money demon—who put a jinx on 'em and blasted their prosperity out of sheer cussedness or greed.

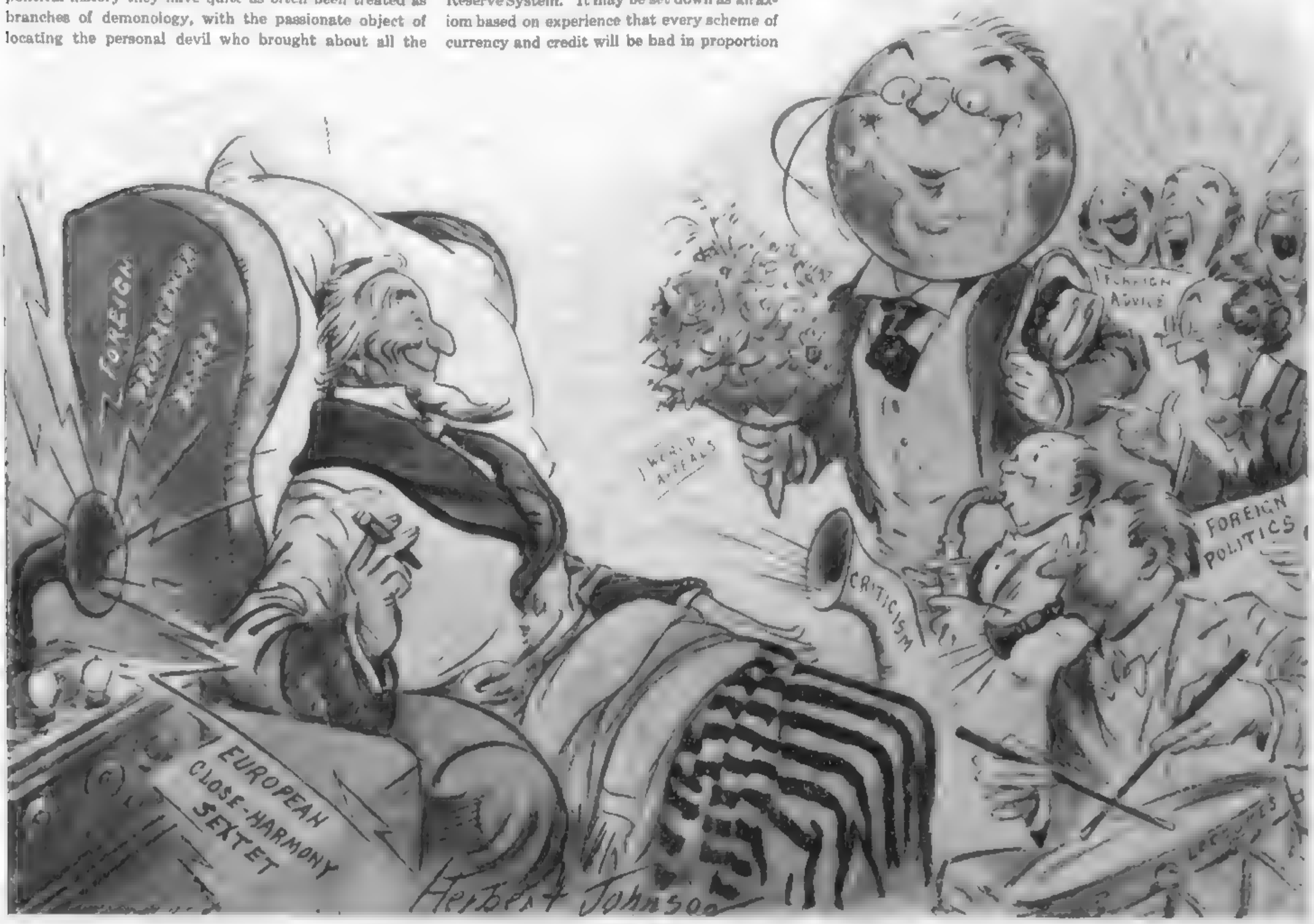
The story, with unimportant variations in detail, is two hundred years old. Some people along the way have always studied the subject scientifically and impersonally, seeking out cause and effect; but the more popular course has been to look for a villain. Thus though, according to the dictionary, currency and credit are subjects that belong in the dry scientific realm of economics, in American political history they have quite as often been treated as branches of demonology, with the passionate object of locating the personal devil who brought about all the trouble. Nobody enjoys admitting that he got into a mess through his own folly.

Given a sanguine, expansive people with a new continent to exploit, we should no doubt have had undue expansion and painful contraction in any case; but our good forefathers early learned a means of speeding up the cycle and making the grades steeper, both going up and coming down. Just about the time they discovered how to distill rum from molasses they found out how to manufacture cheap money and easy credit—which operate upon economics very much as rum does on the human constitution. And it is a historical fact that every time they and their successors suffered the pains of deflation, due to a previous inflation, many of them demanded more cheap money and more artificially made easy credit.

Probably, when the net results were cast up, primary producers—farmers—have always been the greatest sufferers from the double-barreled operation of inflation and deflation. Logically farmers should be the most steadfast advocates of sound principles in currency and credit. But some farmers, eloquently prompted by politicians, have usually been the first to fall for cheap money and easy credit schemes. Of all such schemes the most poisonous have been those which put politics into the management of currency and credit. So it is somewhat discouraging to read that our senator's remedy for the deflation of 1920 is to put more politics into the management of the Federal Reserve System. It may be set down as an axiom based on experience that every scheme of currency and credit will be bad in proportion to the politics it contains. The sure way to ruin the Federal Reserve System is to dope it with politics.

A mere glance at the record may prove interesting. In the main the early survey will be confined to Massachusetts for the sake of brevity and because the material there is more abundant than elsewhere. By 1650, then, some 50,000 white men were scattered along the Atlantic seaboard. Trade was largely by barter, debts were commonly paid in staple commodities. In 1618 the governor of Virginia ordered that tobacco should be taken at three shillings a pound "and not more or less on penalty of three years' servitude to the colony." In 1641 the Massachusetts General Court decreed that corn, at a fixed price, should be taken in payment of debts thereafter contracted. Two years later it enacted that Indian wampum should be received in payment of debts, the white at eight to a penny, the black at four to a penny. Students' term bills at Harvard College were usually paid in staple farm produce. One early entry in that honorable institution's books reads "Received a goat, thirty shillings plantation of Watertown rate, which died"—perhaps the first of our money goats which died, but not the last. There was a little English money. The colonists were always in debt

(Continued on Page 84



THE SHUT-IN

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Qualified

OH, CAROLYN has purple een,
And Ruth can dance with grace;
Marie has curls of russet sheen,
Paulette a classic face.
Bettina's lips can lure and coax,
Elaine has charm of line;
But Nancy laughs at all my jokes—
She is my valentine!

Irene has ankles wondrous trim,
Matilda rolls in wealth,
Louise is statuesque of limb,
Eugenia glows with health;
Suzanne can swim and fly and walk,
Priscilla's pies are fine;
But Nancy likes to hear me talk—
She is my valentine!

—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

Lines

I LIKE
To write
In me-
Ter short.
These snap-
Py lines
Are just
My sort.
They trip
Along
Quite gay
And fine,
And I
Am paid
So much
Per line.

And since I turn them out with such facility and ease
I'd be a nut to waste my time composing lines like these.

—Flaccus.

Footpad: "I Wouldn't 'a' Had to 'ave Done This, Doc, If Ye Hadn't Told Me Wife to Go South for de Winter!"

Wrong Pictures

"AND what circle is this?" Dante asked friend Vergil.

"The outer circle," replied the author of Æneas, or Travels With a Latin Dictionary. "And maybe these folks don't wish it was the inner circle."

"Why?" Dante marveled. "Isn't it hotter there?"

"Yes, but these people tried to get into it all their lives and failed. They were social aspirants. And they were sent here for sins against the Book."

"You mean ——"

"The Book of Etiquette," put in Vergil hastily. "There's the man who didn't know what conversation to make to his partners at the dinner table. Ha, ha! He doesn't get any dinner now.

"Yonder is the wife who foozled the party for her husband's boss. In quite a stew, isn't she? Personally, I think Francesca da Rimini, whom we saw a couple circles back, isn't having half such a heluva time."

"And this poor chap being prodded and pitched by devils?"

"That's the guest who picked the wrong fork. The miserable frozen creature next to him is the man who said 'Pleased to meetcha,' to his sister's best friend on whom he so wanted to make a good impression. That weeping couple in the hot water are the man who was off side when escorting two ladies along the street and the bride who balled up her own wedding. Hell, isn't it?"

"It is that," Dante agreed. "And over there, I know without being told, is the poor, perplexed girl who was brought home from a party by her beau and didn't know the answer to the question, 'Should she ask him in?' By the way, that always stumped me too. What is the proper caper?"

"Well," came back Vergil, with a broad Latin grin spreading over his face, "what did Beatrice use to do about you?"

"Now you're getting personal," Dante snapped. "Let's get the hell out of here."

And they did. *—Fairfax Downey.*

Bodies to Order

A Reverie on Automobile Row

IS THIS the shop that advertises
Bodies to order?
What have you in the middle sizes
If you're the warder?
My body, back in 1908,
Was rakish, trim and up-to-date,
But now 'tis sadly overweight
And in disorder.

Give me a body mostly pink,
Cream or carnation;
The brighter hues suggest, I think,
Some ostentation.
It must not rattle nor corrode,
It must not bounce upon the road,
And it must carry quite a load
Without vibration.

Give me again my yachtlike lines
Erstwhile so classy,
Polish my tonneau till it shines
Lustrous and glassy;
So once again the folk will gaze,
Seeing upon the public ways
My bright new body all ablaze,
On the old chassis.

—Morris Bishop.

The Cow

THE cautious, collapsible cow
Gives milk by the sweat of her brow;
Then under the trees
She folds her front knees
And sinks fore and aft with a bow

—Arthur Guiterman.

Peggy of the Cabaret

He don't know Latin, he don't know Greek,
But oh boy, he's some vestibule sheik!
Yah-dah-dah-dah, yoodledy-doodledy do-do-dee.

HELLO, beautiful! So you finally come around to see me in my backstage bungalow! Don't mind me, dearie, I was just singin' one of Solly Davis' latest. It's a wow! Come on over and meet some of the girls, Babe.

Girls, I want to introduce you to my boozin' friend, Miss Babe La Maire. Babe, meet the girls. Reading from left to right—that is, if you know how to read at all—there's Miss Shirley Marmaduke, Miss Frankie La Mutt. Motte I mean—now don't get sore, Frankie—Miss Arleen Joyce and Miss Sweetie Smith, all good steppers and ladies too. We're goin' into rehearsal soon, dearie, but just you rest your fish while we grease up a bit.

Oh, yes! We've Rosies and Annas!
We've Rosies and Annas and Sues!
Just step in the harem,
Nice lingerie they wear 'em ——

Aw, keep quiet yourself, Frankie! Whom do you think you are anyway—Mary Queen of Scotch? Yeh? Is that so! Don't you try to high-hat me!

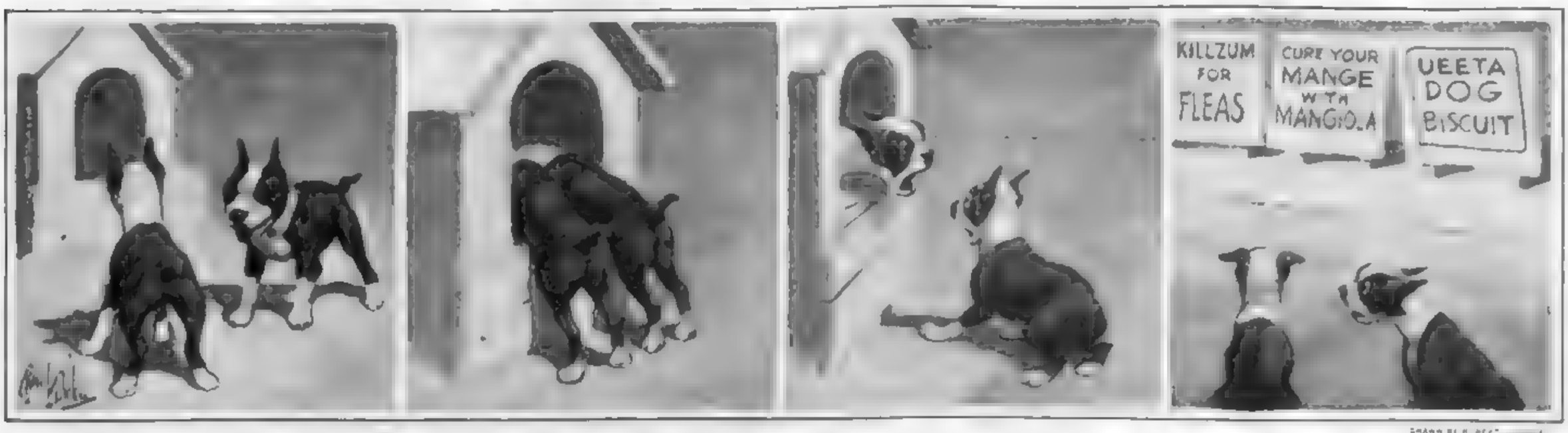
Stick around, Babe, don't go. I'm just trying to teach that worm some things about manners that she never read in the Book of Eddie Ket.

Did I tell you about the cake that tried to date me up? Yeh, that soda-water cowboy who cracks ice by day and struts around in a stuffed shirt at night. What's the matter with your right eyebrow, Babe? Well, it could stand a little extra tweezin'. Well, anyhow, this eggplant picked on me to suffer Saturday night when the management let the guests dance with the ladies of the assemble.

While we were catch-as-catch-canning on the deck, this bum was trying to hand me a monologue about how much

(Continued on Page 122)

Mr. and Mrs. Beans



"Oh, Beansy! Is This Our New House?"

"Some House, eh, Violet?" "Adorable!"

"But, Beans Dear, No Self-Respecting Dog Can Live Here—

"Look Across the Street!"

To eighteen million American women who do their own work

Read what President Harding said about you:

"The greatest single industry in America is the management of the American home, where twenty million women toil every day of the year, eighteen million of these women doing their work without help. We are going to have such advancement as will represent a real emancipation for these women."

Every day in countless homes throughout the land Campbell's Soups are helping to bring this emancipation to the women of America—better food with less work.

Let Campbell's famous kitchens help you today! Let our French chefs relieve you of all the trouble it takes to make soup that is really delicious.

How many housewives have the time to make a soup with thirty-two different ingredients—the choice of the whole world's markets?

Yet, thousands of American families every day eat just such a dish when they eat Campbell's Vegetable Soup—wholesome, nourishing, delightful! Enjoy it today!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

I am cook to all the nation—
Proudest cook in all creation—
Sending out with Campbell's label
So much sunshine for your table!

Campbell's Vegetable Soup is the hearty and delicious blend of fifteen different vegetables, strength-giving beef broth, substantial cereals, fresh herbs and dainty seasoning. It's a meal!

Soup for health—every day!

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

DOLLS

By SUSAN MERIWETHER BOOGHER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

V

AS VIVIEN paused outside Roger's door, knocking gently as was her custom each evening when she was dressed and ready to go to dinner, a sense of the room's emptiness smote her with a prescient uneasiness. Her up-poised hand hesitated the merest fraction of a second, the while her thoughts volplaned rapidly through the course of the day's events.

It was today Roger was to have seen Leonard Sayman. The building unions—some exorbitant demands. But Roger couldn't—positively couldn't have had any untoward happening.

Untoward happenings were entirely outside Vivien's conception, her experience of life.

Fortified by the thought, her uplifted hand rapped with an unaccustomed sharpness. The door was opened immediately by Sears, the valet. Vivien interrogated him with questioning eyes, for in his manner she recognized that Roger had not as yet returned. It occurred to her it was already eight o'clock, and the shortest time it was possible to reach the Meades' house was twenty-five minutes; that allowed five minutes for Roger's dressing.

Sears was saying, "Mr. Towers has not come in. I've telephoned the office and three of his clubs, madam."

It was characteristic of Vivien to receive the information with a manner of entire calm. She recognized at once that something had happened to Roger; her thought was that Alicia Meade's dinner table must not be disarranged.

The ringing of the telephone cut into her silence. It was Roger's voice on the wire. Vivien recognized it at once, although there was a quality of repression in it that almost transformed it.

Vivien said, "Yes, dear?"

Her inflection was sufficient to tell him he was late, that he would be late for dinner, that such a thing was unheard of in her social program.

At the other end of the wire she heard him breathe heavily, then the words "I'm at the Grand Central, catching a train to Greenwich. Important I see Humphrey Warner tonight about a loan before his directors' meeting tomorrow. A loan ——"

Vivien, at the intimation of business, ceased to listen consciously. The details failed to register any meaning in her brain. She was occupied in deciding that things must be rather black for Roger—those horrid unions again, she had no doubt. What was one to do with them? She wondered sharply if Roger had been as diplomatic as he should.

What she said was "I understand, dear. It's quite all right. Go right on to see Humphrey. I know he'll arrange the loan, if that's what it is you want. You always get things from banks, don't you?"

Roger ejaculated something.

The idea conveyed to Vivien was that rats desert a sinking ship. The significance of the ejaculation sank into Vivien's mind with an oblique twist of meaning; it occurred to her that the realization of a sinking ship does more for one's sense of stability than any other spectacle in the world. Leighton's career, the possibility of his having to abandon it—a sinking ship flashed, picturelike, across her vision.

She found herself speaking.

"Roger darling, are you worried? You know what I mean—money and everything?"

Roger said, "Things have shaped up pretty badly today. Read the Evening Sun. It'll tell you what's happened in the building line."

Vivien interrupted, "Oh, I couldn't possibly understand unless you explained. What I mean is, you're not to worry. Of course everything'll be all right. Don't you always succeed? Good-by, dear."

As she turned away from the telephone table she caught the reflection of her figure in Roger's long mirror. A slow, secret smile that was peculiarly hers touched the corners of her mouth with an errant mischievousness. For a moment she was conscious of her outstanding quality—the slant of her eyelids, the upcurve of her mouth made her think of an imp. Impishness was rampant in her mind, in her eyes, upon her whole ravishingly lovely, withdrawn person.

The illusion vanished almost instantly, was no more than a tantalizing glint of something she had never succeeded in analyzing. She found herself thinking that for Leighton to know himself deprived of his diplomatic career, deprived of Helen, because of money, would give him pause in his passion for the show girl. Then Edwina entered—and more complicatedly—into her thought. Edwina, she was frank to admit, was not so simple a problem as Leighton. However, there was a chance that Edwina was merely playing with poverty, socialism, with reality. It persisted in Vivien's thought that Edwina was too much her own child to give up permanently all the gifts the world has in its power to give.

A recollection of her doctor, of yesterday afternoon, came into Vivien's mind; she felt sure the fascination he exerted on Edwina was a dazzling, transitory thing. It occurred to her to wonder how she could manage to throw them together. Perhaps some week-end at Westport Edwina would bring him with her. It might be well for her to see him unshaven; he was very dark.

She turned away from her thought, realizing sharply that with Roger's defection something must be done to prevent Alicia's table from disaster. It occurred to her at once to telephone Scotson Howard and ask him to substitute.

"Get Mr. Howard for me, please," she directed Sears.

Two Women Watching the Man They Loved

The man busied himself at the telephone table. Vivien stood beside Sears and slightly apart from him, watching his maneuvers at the telephone.

At Scotson's home he was informed where to locate him. When he held the instrument toward Vivien, to indicate Scotson was at the other end, she moved a step forward, and smothering the transmitter against her breast, said above it to the valet, "Please get Miss Edwina for me on another phone—and my son. It's important."

Sears bowed and left the room. When he had vanished Vivien said, "Scotson, Roger's unexpectedly called out of town and we're due at Alicia Meade's at 8:30. Will you meet me there—take his place? Drop anything you're doing, please. It's a terrible thing I'm asking, I know—quite absurd. But I couldn't, could I, upset Alicia's table at this late moment?"

In her voice was an appeal as moving as if the thing she spoke of were of world importance—as, indeed, to Vivien Towers it was.

Scotson answered at once, "Stop your car at the corner of Forty-seventh Street and Fifth and I'll join you there. We'll arrive together."

"You're adorable, Scotson," Vivien murmured in the softest voice as she hung up the receiver.

Sears said at her elbow, "I have Miss Towers for you."

"Edwina," Vivien murmured when the connection was made, "something serious has occurred. Your father ——"

She broke off with a catch of anguish in her voice.

From the other end Edwina said, "Yes, mother; go on."

After a perceptible interval Vivien continued, "It's something about business. His loans have been called. The unions are making exorbitant demands. It means—it may mean ——" Again she broke off.

Edwina said, "Tell me, mother!"

"I don't know the details. It's terribly serious. We may have lost everything. Edwina, I don't want him to come home to an empty house."

"Of course, I'll come at once." And then in another tone, "Mother, you must be there."

"But I have a dinner engagement."

"Break it!" Edwina's abrupt voice held the crack of a whip.

"Oh, but I couldn't break a dinner engagement!" Vivien's words conveyed incredible amazement; it was as if she said a business failure was as nothing to the importance of one's social obligations. She continued, "Will you get hold of Leighton? I'm rushing away—late already. Make him understand the seriousness of the situation. But neither of you must let your father know you know anything. He'll be pretty well frayed as to nerves. Just be here spending a casual evening; accept what he tells you—don't let him know I've mentioned the possibility of failure. Leighton's at the Harvard Club or"—Vivien's voice underwent the most subtle change; it was as if she made smiling obeisance to human frailty—"or the Follies show. Have him paged. Thanks, dear. And good-by."

As she finished she drew her wrap about her and moved toward the door. Sears followed down the stairs, heeling Vivien in the manner of a well-trained dog. It occurred to her that he was worried, and so she smiled brightly at him as she passed into the darkness and wished him a cheerful good night.

At Forty-seventh Street she saw Scotson leaning in his negligent attitude upon his stick and smoking a cigarette. He slipped at once into the cushions next Vivien. She touched him with ungloved fingers.

(Continued on Page 30

7½ teaspoons of butter fat in every 16-ounce can!

Butter fat, the great enricher! In cream, in butter you know how it adds richness to your foods, gives them finer flavor.

Well, it's that same butter fat which you get in Libby's Milk. Every 16-ounce can of Libby's Milk contains 7½ full teaspoons of it.

For this is pure cow's milk with absolutely nothing added. Unlike ordinary milk, however, it comes only from selected herds in the most famous dairy sections of the country. It is exceptionally rich milk to start with.

But more than that. At our condenseries in the heart of these favored dairy sections, we evaporate more than half the water from this fine milk.

So as you get it, sealed in air-tight cans and sterilized, Libby's Milk is *doublerich* and absolutely pure.

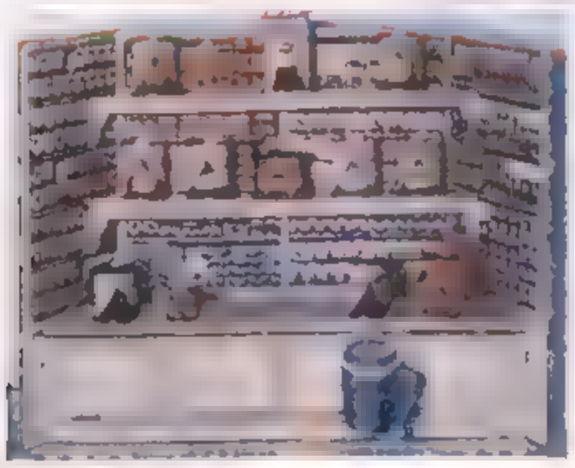
With 7½ teaspoons of butter fat in every 16-ounce can, it *must* give greater richness, finer flavor to foods. No wonder it has become the milk that good cooks everywhere are using.

Try it tonight—in a soup, for instance, in gravy, breadstuffs, pudding or dessert. Notice the finer results you get with your favorite recipes. Use it in your coffee. Notice what a rich creamy flavor it gives. Then you, like thousands of other women, will want Libby's Milk regularly.

If your grocer doesn't have Libby's Milk, send us his name and we'll make arrangements for you. Write today for free recipe folders that show the convenience and economy of this milk in daily use.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
502 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Remember Canned Foods Week, March 1 to March 8, 1924. Watch for special sales at your grocer's



Get this wonderful toy store with Libby Milk labels

The realest toy store you ever saw—17 in. wide, 13 in. tall, with shelves, a counter and 12 miniature Libby cans in actual colors. Strongly constructed, this wonderful toy will provide many days of educational fun for the children.

We will send it to any address in the U. S. for 25 cents in stamps and 12 labels from 16-oz. cans of Libby's Milk, or 25 cents in stamps and 24 labels from 6-oz. cans. Clip the coupon now; save your Libby Milk labels. (This offer is void in cities and states, if any, having local regulations forbidding exchange of premiums for labels.)

Libby, McNeill & Libby,
502 Welfare Bldg., Chicago
I am enclosing
☐ 12 labels from 16-ounce cans of Libby's Milk and 25c in stamps
or
☐ 24 labels from 6-ounce cans of Libby's Milk and 25c in stamps
Please send the Libby Toy Grocery Store to
Name
Address
City

(Continued from Page 28)

"You're a darling," she murmured. "Scotson, whatever would I do without you? To drop everything in this adorable way!"

Scotson shook his head.

"Wasn't doing a thing but boring myself to death at the club. Anyway, Vivien, you know nothing I might have been doing would have mattered, since you'd sent me a signal of distress."

Vivien smiled at him with indolent tenderness. What she was thinking was that Edwina was the completest fool she'd ever known. The charm of Scotson's personality was like a perfume to her senses.

"You've been writing," she said out of the silence between them.

Scotson nodded.

"I've some things I want to show you; these last few days I've got my old gait again."

He regarded the woman beside him with unseeing eyes. Vivien lowered her lids as a swift sensation swept her, a sensation of power; the thing that came to her occasionally and was what made existence worth while; the thing that paid her for the indefatigable toil of her life. She knew this sensation when Roger did big things, built soaring buildings and cathedral spires; she knew it when Leighton got his diplomatic appointment; she knew it in a lesser degree when her friends achieved worthwhile things—and told her she was the influence behind their efforts. Now Scotson gave her again this sensation, this illusion as of great power.

For an instant she tried to analyze what it was she felt at such times as this; she thought of a bird's wings beating the air, or an athlete when he strains every muscle and at last the weight yields to his hands. Momentarily she held in her consciousness the illusion that it was she who lifted a great weight—lifted the world. Her eyes grew large and shining, her lips parted. Almost she made some rising gesture, as those do who would follow a vision.

Scotson, suddenly seeing her beside him and not the dream he dreamed, regarded her in complete amazement. The sympathy between them was so profound that for an instant something of what she felt was in his mind. He put out a tentative hand to touch the border of her cloak.

"Goddess," he said to her

With his word Vivien's illusion passed.

"Oh," she said, and her syllables were run together on a strand of laughter—"oh, I'm just a woman."

As she finished, the machine drew to a stop.

VI

AS EDWINA mounted her father's steps she saw ahead of her, and sheltered in the vestibule of the door, a woman's figure. The woman was small and slim, and for a confused moment Edwina thought it was her mother. But at once she realized her mother couldn't by any chance be dressed in that way at this time of night; the woman wore a suit and a small turban hat.

It was the hat that caused Edwina in some inexplicable way to recognize Miss Winters. Knowledge of the woman's identity made her quicken her already quick steps. In an instant she was at Miss Winters' side.

The woman turned, startled at Edwina's approach, and immediately an expression of intense disappointment overspread her features. Edwina interrogated her for a swift instant. Miss Winters with amazing rapidity regained control of her features, banished the disappointment and returned Edwina's scrutiny with some show of equanimity.

Edwina said, "Has mother sent for you?"

Squiers opened the door as she spoke the last word, and between them a path of mellow light spread fanlike into the night.

"Come in," Edwina said mechanically.

She preceded Miss Winters upstairs and into the library.

When they had entered the room Edwina asked, "What's happened?" Miss Winters had no gloves on; Edwina noted that her hands were hard and red, with the squared nails of typists and pianists. "What has happened?" she repeated to the other's silence.

Miss Winters said, "I hardly know. There was a directors' meeting this afternoon; it lasted until after seven o'clock. There's been trouble over the labor question—snowballing of wages. Our profits have been wiped out by the forcing up of the wage scale. Today another demand came ——"

She paused in her recital and regarded Edwina with eyes blank with misery.

"How long have you been father's secretary?"

Edwina was inordinately surprised at her own question. It was, she told herself, a question her mother might have asked at such a moment, entirely divorced from the issue at stake.

But Miss Winters responded with no show of surprise, "Twenty-five years. I remember when you were born."

Edwina rewarded the information with a swift glance; she was thinking that this drab little woman, grown old in her father's service, was an ironic contrast to Vivien's fragile and exotic loveliness; the drab little woman, here tonight—in the house empty of Vivien.

She said, "Sit down, Miss Winters; I'm going up to speak to mother's maid."

She crossed the room as she spoke and was about to pass out, when Miss Winters interrupted.

"May I come with you?"

"Of course, if you wish," Edwina responded, surprised at the request.

They mounted the steps in silence. To Edwina there seemed to be something sinister in the house tonight. She disliked the padded stairs, the mellow light of the halls through which they passed. It was as if tragedy stalked here in this place of frivolity and beauty. She found herself clasping the fluted railing of the stairs to steady a dizziness that assailed her.

How could Vivien have gone to a party at such a time? Irritation with her mother exerted a restraining influence on the vertigo that threatened to swamp her.

And then they had come to Vivien's door. Brooks was moving about, putting the room to rights after the usual cataclysm of the toilet. Across her arm she held a gown whose sheer fabric was not less delicate than the curving petals of a narcissus flower. She looked up in surprise as Edwina crossed the threshold, followed by Miss Winters.

"Where is mother dining?" Edwina asked. Her eyes sought the dressing table, where jewels lay in the profusion and disorder that habitually accompanied her mother's discriminating choice. Tonight Vivien had not worn the pearls, for there they were, a long and shimmering strand, opalescently white. "What jewels did mother wear tonight?" she asked before Brooks had time to answer her first question.

Miss Winters, at Edwina's incongruous words, turned toward her, startled.

"Diamonds," the maid answered, unaware of any incongruity. To Brooks there could be no question more congruous at any time than that of jewels, loveliness.

"I thought so," Edwina remarked.

As she spoke she crossed well into the room and stood a moment looking over the space before her. Miss Winters remained near the door, as if dazzled by the beauty she saw, dazzled by the woman amid whose intimate belongings she found herself.

To Edwina this room tonight seemed the personification of her mother. She sat down abruptly at Vivien's dressing table and regarded her own image in Vivien's glass with a piercing scrutiny. For an instant she had the illusion as of looking into Vivien's eyes. She rose hastily, dropping the pearls she had lifted with instinctive appreciation of their perfection. Her gaze sought Miss Winters'. Here, she told herself, was the woman who understood and appreciated her father, shared his burdens, his life.

Irrelevantly the sight of Miss Winters in the exotic loveliness of Vivien's dressing room smote her with a sense of incongruity sharp as pain. She was about to speak, say something to the drab little woman, but the silence remained unbroken. Edwina crossed to the window; her hand touched the curtain to hold it away from the pane that she might look into the night. Fifth Avenue was deserted. Only occasional vehicles passed. Their lights flared through the night like the eyes of strangers, seen and vanishing in the seeing. Edwina was conscious of a sudden apathy. Standing there in Vivien's window at this time of crisis, she knew that nothing of all this mattered in the least. It was as if she were in a dream, and knew it for a dream.

She heard herself say, "Things can't be so very bad—father's always been conservative." And then she added, with a new note in her voice, "Hasn't he?"

Miss Winters nodded her head.

"Yes," she said. "But I don't like to remember his face as he left the directors' meeting this afternoon."

Edwina turned abruptly from the window. The curtain she had held back from the pane shook against it in the suddenness of its release.

(Continued on Page 32)

"I'm Finished With the Game"

Cadillac Presents Two New Closed Bodies

The Cadillac Motor Car Company announces two additions to its closed car group—a new Seven Passenger Sedan and a new Four Passenger Victoria Coupe.

These new bodies, produced in collaboration with the Fisher Body Corporation are mounted on the standard V-63 chassis, with its famous harmonized V-Type eight-cylinder engine and Cadillac Four Wheel Brakes.

The Victoria Coupe and the Seven Passenger Sedan list at $3275, and $3585 respectively, f. o. b. Detroit—and these prices, combined with Cadillac quality, single them out as preferred investments in their field.

Victoria Coupe
$3275

Seven-Passenger Sedan
$3585

CADILLAC

Expect Great Things

V63

(Continued from Page 30)

"You don't think he'd do—anything desperate?"

The other was so long in answering that Edwina started forward. Her movements held something of the quality of movements in a dream. She was conscious of a tremendous detachment. But Miss Winters was twisting her gloves into the tightest ball, and untwisting them. Her eyes, above the severity of her man's cravat, were wet with misery.

It came to Edwina that Miss Winters must love her father. She found herself touching the convulsively working fingers, the fingers that were red and squat nailed.

"But you mustn't worry," she said, and looked away from the misery written in her eyes.

It was then that Leighton entered upon them. He crossed at once to Edwina. There was a peculiar gravity in his bearing; it was as if the news that had brought him here held for him a particular significance.

He bowed formally to Miss Winters. Then noting the intimacy of Edwina's position—her hands still held the other's red fingers—he said with a faint constraint, "Have you heard anything from father?"

Edwina turned from the other woman; she regarded her brother with the ghost of her fear in her eyes.

"No"

Leighton said, "I heard downtown that he's to file bankruptcy proceedings ——"

It was as if the words strangled him. He stopped dead in the middle of what was to have been a long sentence.

"Oh, nothing's been done as yet. It's some unprecedented demands of the building unions. And the banks have called his loans."

Edwina's voice died into silence. Leighton turned abruptly from the two women. A feeling of tremendous chagrin possessed him; this was a possibility he had never faced, or been warned he might have to face. His thought was that he must release Helen Warrener—forgo his diplomatic career. He was aware of a bitter taste in his mouth and found himself thinking of the diamonds he had bought for Caprice Dell.

Suddenly he hated her. He hated her slim, taking white fingers, the appraising look behind her eyes.

Unexpectedly the thought of Helen Warrener's cool purity assuaged his bitter anger. This was followed by a sense of outrage for his insane disloyalty to her. Now it was too late for the things he had thought he did not want—Helen Warrener, his career.

The thought of his mother flashed upon him, bringing a sense of alleviation.

He turned to Edwina with "Where's mother?"

Edwina answered, "Gone out to dinner."

The irony in her voice was wasted on Leighton. He withdrew again into the bitterness of his thoughts, the bitterness of his vanishing engagement and his career. A disgust, definite as physical nausea, welled into his throat; he was conscious of a gagging sensation.

Helen Warrener—phrases of the letter he must write her strayed through his mind: She was to understand his love for her was finer now, more sincere and intense than it had ever been. A misfortune such as this possessed the quality of focusing one's perceptions upon true values. His true values were epitomized in her. But she was to understand he released her from their engagement and would consider no possibility of resuming it. It was an impossible thing for a girl in her position to realize the significance of the event that had befallen him and his family; in a land of hereditary titles and wealth such a misfortune was happily unthinkable. For him, with the failure of his father's business, existence would take on another face. Hers he would never forget. Might he remember it always as the one flawless thing life had held for him?

The intensity of his sorrow mounted with the thought of what he must do tomorrow, what he must write to Helen. He wanted to cry out; the choked-down sobs tore at his chest. He knew the salt taste of swallowed tears.

Edwina addressed him a remark whose significance he failed to catch. He looked at his sister, thinking that this would be what she liked. Poverty was what she admired.

"But you will like it," he said.

Edwina regarded him in surprise.

"Like what?"

"Poverty," Leighton said succinctly.

"Oh," Edwina answered, and something of the rage she felt against Leighton's affair with the chorus girl flared distortedly into her mind; the necessity for cruelty inherent in certain situations hoisted its harsh signal. "Oh, as to that, Leighton, it'll go rather hard with the buying of jewels, won't it?"

Leighton permitted himself a glare of rage. Then the absurdity of their quarreling now asserted itself.

He said, "It's not a question of jewels. I'm thinking of Vi."

Miss Winters was guilty of an abrupt gesture; her hands moved with a sudden outward motion, instantly controlled. Leighton regarded her with a glance of haughty

Vivien Paused Outside Roger's Door, Knocking Gently

surprise. But Edwina flashed him a message whose purport seemed to be that Miss Winters was one of them tonight.

He said, "I can't believe it's true. Father's always seemed so secure, solid. To think of his failing ——"

Edwina broke in with "But don't you suppose it's always impossible to realize things?"

As she spoke all three of them turned simultaneously toward the door.

A complete hush fell upon the room, upon the house. In it they heard the sound of Roger Towers' feet upon the stair. After what seemed to Edwina's distorted senses an eternity of time, listening to his mounting footsteps, her father stood before them, framed in the rose-colored light of Vivien's door. Edwina's immediate impression was of a tremendous emptiness. It was as if the man whose coming they had been awaiting with such intense strain had come at last—but empty; had come to Vivien to be filled.

She was confused with the senselessness of her impression, the ridiculousness of it. She saw that her father was tired, worn out, broken. His eyes strayed rapidly from one to the other of the faces before him.

"Where's Vivien?" he said without preliminaries.

Edwina was steadied by the tremendous change in her father's appearance. It was as if a sudden and poisonous blight had seared the vigor of his personality. His voice even was different; a quavering note was somewhere in it. Her impulse was to go forward and take him in her arms, as one does a shrinking child. She mastered the impulse.

Her thought was that by all means he mustn't know how terrible he looked. She was conscious of flashing some such message to Miss Winters and of receiving an understanding reply.

Leighton was somewhere behind her; she had an intuition that he wished to stay in the background, outside of his father's calculations.

"Vivien will be here very soon," she heard herself say in answer to his question that seemed to have been asked centuries ago. It occurred to her this was the first time she had ever called her mother Vivien. And then, "Will you come in here, or the sitting room?"

Roger Towers answered, "Yes."

And Edwina, because the bedroom was nearest, and because she doubted his ability to go as far as Vivien's sitting room, said, "Sit here, father." Her hand indicated the pillow-filled chaise longue.

Her father sank into the cushions with a gesture of relief. But almost immediately he rose, and crossing to the telephone he saw on Vivien's table called a number. Miss Winters, following him, took the transmitter from his fingers.

"I'll get them for you. Is it Mr. Peters you wish to speak to?" Roger nodded. Almost at once she was able to transmit a message to him. "Mr. Peters is out. Can't be reached tonight."

She turned again to the telephone, leaving a message to say Mr. Towers had called, then snapped the instrument into place.

Edwina said, "What has happened, father?"

She crossed the room as she spoke and sank upon the floor at Roger's side; her hands, in a gesture as instinctively tender as one of Vivien's, clasped his, entwined them, caught them to her lips. Roger suffered her caress in silence. The thought came to him that this was the first tenderness he had ever known Edwina to evince.

He said, endeavoring to keep his thoughts on the subject in hand, "I'm finished with the game."

Miss Winters turned from the telephone.

"Is it wise to talk it over again?" she asked in a professional tone. "You see, it's been rather a terrible day."

But Roger interrupted, "There's no need going over the details. The really important thing is that I'm pretty well cleaned out—finished with the game."

At the words his hands freed themselves from Edwina's twining ones, as if to say he released her from any claim on his affection, since this disaster had overtaken him.

Leighton came forward. His hand met his father's in a crushing grip. The silence between father and son lasted unbearable seconds.

At last the younger man said, "You're to do what's best for you, father. You're to think of yourself now. You've done all your life for us."

He turned away with an abrupt gesture, muttered something about having a letter to write and strode from the room.

Edwina rose to her feet. The thought of Vivien was in her mind.

"Father," she broke in, "I'm not sorry. All this ——" Her arm shot out in a gesture of instinctive disgust at the luxury and beauty that surrounded them; at the jewels on Vivien's dressing table, the pink-shaded lamps, frilled pillows, the deep carpet, the faint sweetness of her perfumes, the flowers wilting delicately here in this chamber devoted to beauty. "Father," she repeated, "I'm not sorry. All this ——"

Her words ended abruptly, failed to carry on. Roger regarded her in surprise.

Miss Winters stood in silence, listening. Edwina's thought caught a sharp echo in the other woman's heart. This was her first visit to Vivien's rooms in all the years she had served Vivien's husband; but Vivien was no stranger to her. Now there recurred the innumerable times that she had met the beautiful and flowerlike mistress of this place; a Christmas stood out in her mind, the generosity of Vivien's gift to her, of her invitation to come and see the children's toys; and her own awkward acceptance of Vivien's hospitality; the agony she had suffered in trying to get away; Vivien's cognizance of her plight; her delicate helpfulness in aiding her to go; the relief she felt when the door closed at last upon her.

(Continued on Page 125

"Like it? Of course I do; cheerfulest rug I ever saw!"

Colorful hangings and a Congoleum Rug in warm, rich tones make this room a pleasant contrast to the snowy scene outside. And how inviting and homelike it is!

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs always lend a delightful charm to any room. And they come in the most artistic patterns imaginable—dainty floral effects, richly colored Oriental motifs and simple conventional reproductions—a design and coloring to suit every taste.

And what a world of drudgery Congoleum Rugs save! Tracked-in snow or mud vanish like magic with just a few strokes of a damp mop, for the surface is smooth, firm and non-absorbent. Then, too, these seamless rugs lie flat without fastening of any kind.

And with all these advantages they cost so little that the leanest purse can afford several of them.

6	feet x 9	feet	$ 9.00	1½	feet x 3	feet	$ .60
7½	feet x 9	feet	11.25	3	feet x 3	feet	1.40
9	feet x 9	feet	13.50	3	feet x 4½	feet	1.95
9	feet x 10½	feet	15.75	3	feet x 6	feet	2.50
9	feet x 12	feet	18.00				

The rug illustrated is [illegible] large sizes. The remnant rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with it.

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

On the floor above is shown Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug No. 536. In the 6 x 9 foot size it costs only $9.00.

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Refunded!

Remember the assurance of comfort which the Gold Seal guarantee of "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back" gives you. That guarantee in itself proves that Congoleum Rugs *have the quality* to back this guarantee. That quality we pledge to you when we paste the Gold Seal on the face of every *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug and on every few yards of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard. The Gold Seal is your protection against substitutes. Be sure to look for it when you buy!

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City San Francisco
Minneapolis Atlanta Dallas Pittsburgh New Orleans
Montreal London Paris Rio de Janeiro

THE DANGER OF EUROPE

THE BUSINESS SOLUTION OF EUROPEAN TROUBLES

By Philip Gibbs

A GREAT deal of vague nonsense is talked about the European situation. Even those politicians and writers who have faced the facts without passion or illusion and who realize perfectly the extreme peril of the political and economic situation have so far failed to produce any definite plan for a general settlement of European problems on business lines. Mr. Lloyd George and General Smuts have both repeatedly given a call to the conscience of the world, especially with regard to the breaking up of Germany, but in their indictment of France they have not shown very clearly how they propose to deal with the French side of the question except by ignoring it -which is no settlement. Even H. G. Wells, with his nimble, far-seeing, constructive brain, has not, as far as I know, formulated any plan for the reconstruction of Europe and the settlement of peace, and his main thesis is that things must get worse before they get better, which is not very hopeful for the present or the next generation.

It is surely time that clear-headed men with all the facts in their possession should attempt some reasoned solution of this terrific riddle, and find out first of all what could be done by business methods, leaving on one side for a while all national rivalries and passions. Let us have the business solution first and then try to work towards it by conciliating and persuading the moderate opinion of the peoples.

I do not profess to be a business man or to have greater vision than other folk, but I propose to set out the problem in its plainest aspects and then to suggest a solution, not with any illusion that my solution is the only one or even a right one, but to present it for consideration, discussion and modification.

The Chief Factors

THE chief factors in the problem are these:

I. France, lacking security, owing to the withdrawal of Great Britain and the United States from a military alliance, is afraid of the recovery of Germany. Her need of German reparations, which is great, is subordinate to her desire for self-defense. Her policy therefore is to prevent Germany from paying her full debts, because, having paid them, she would be free and strong again; to break up the German Empire by political and economic pressure; and to secure the military supremacy of France by a strong standing army, with an unchallengeable air force, linked up with the armies of Belgium, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia, supported by French finance, and with a big black army in reserve.

II. Great Britain is unable to support this policy because her people are convinced that the downfall of Germany will still further reduce the purchasing power of all European markets, thereby preventing the recovery of British trade, and endangering peace. The British people are also out of sympathy with French policy because it does not seem to be fair play to a vanquished nation or in line with the ideals of justice and antimilitarism for which the last war was fought. They are afraid, however, that this extreme divergence of policy between France and Great Britain may one day lead to war between the two nations, which they wish to avoid by all possible concessions and friendly overtures.

III. Germany, weak and broken at present, economically ruined by the French occupation of the Ruhr, as well as by her own action in pouring out paper money from her printing presses and investing her real money abroad, is incapable of paying reparations for a long time to come while the French remain in the Ruhr, and is desperate because of widespread hunger and unemployment. The spirit of communism and anarchy is working in the minds of hungry men, but the main body of middle-class folk in Germany are looking to the restoration of monarchy and military force as their only hope of escape from French pressure and general misery. They have lost their faith in the republic because of its weakness, the old traditions call to them because of their former power and glory, and with their immense and increasing population they are conscious still of being a great people who cannot be kept forever in subjection. Their hatred of France, which was not intense after the Armistice, is now a burning flame in every German mind. They see in the secret drilling of their young manhood, using Bavaria as their rallying ground, the hope of liberation from an "injustice" which seems to them infamous on the part of France. They seek an alliance with Russia for the future war

IV. Russia is waiting and watching. A communist revolution in Germany would at once bring the Red Army across the Polish frontiers. Failing that, which is unlikely, she would join a monarchical Germany in order to obtain her own recognition as a great power and break up Poland.

V. Poland is anxious of the future. Her financial condition is deplorable. Her army is maintained by French loans. Her loyalty to France is not enthusiastic, because she has the sense of the debtor who does not love the man to whom he is under great obligations.

VI. Belgium, adhering to French policy because of her geographical position and dependence on France, is suffering severely because of the extinction of German purchasing power. Underneath the courtesies of diplomatic speech there are strained relations between the French and Belgians because of that divergence of business interests. Holland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden also behold the disappearance of their best customer, which was Germany, and of their national prosperity, owing to the drastic policy of France. They are leaning heavily to the side of Great Britain, whose policy of conciliation and fair play to Germany seems essential to their own well-being.

VII Austria, recovering from her almost mortal malady by means of the support of the League of Nations, still feels herself the victim of enormous injustice owing to the loss of territory and folk now under alien rule. Every man and woman is passionately pro-German, not because they love the Germans but because they hate the French, whom they believe to be the greatest enemies of justice and peace in the world today.

VIII. Hungary, also cut off from her old source of industry and wealth, and with many of her race under alien rule, is more passionate than Austria, and more warlike. If something slipped in the present situation of Europe, all this people would move across the artificial frontiers of the Treaty of Versailles, against the Rumanians, Czechs and Serbs, who hold their former possessions.

IX. Italy is becoming one of the great powers, jealous of France, sympathetic towards Germany, inspired with a sacred egotism of national ambition, which looks to the Mediterranean for its future expansion, at the expense of Greece and Jugo-Slavia.

X. There are a million and a half more men under arms in Europe today than in 1914. In many countries the idea of force as the one method of government and argument is being reëstablished after the emotional idealism that reigned for a little while before the end of the war and just afterwards. Parliamentary government has been superseded by dictatorship in Italy, Greece, Spain, Germany, Hungary, Bulgaria and Russia. Everywhere, except in Great Britain and some of the small states of Europe, there is a reaction against democratic ideals and a return to intolerance. Everywhere in Europe, including Great Britain, with the almost solitary exception of France, trade is languishing, capital is dwindling, and the mass of the peoples are being reduced to a low standard of life, with no immediate prospect of recovery. In millions of minds there is an anxiety, creeping nearer, that this desperate state of things will lead to new war and final ruin.

Conflicting Interests

THAT, I think, is a fair summary of the main facts in the European case today, although, of course, there are many minor complications which I have not included. Even in this simplification of mine it is a pretty tangled skein. In what possible way can all these conflicting interests be reconciled so that Europe may get back to good business and find peace for at least a good long spell? It is not beyond the wit of man, although it may be beyond the range of political possibility. There is one scheme which I have long advocated as a reasonable solution. It starts with Russia, in the following way:

Russia is one of the keys to the European puzzle, for two reasons. It is obvious that as long as the Red Army stands as a threat to Poland and to France, because of a military

(Continued on Page 93)

Trees at Night

The Orator

Maxwell has now excelled itself in wiping out vibration in a four-cylinder engine.

To the operating smoothness contributed by a stiff, heavy crankshaft, oversize bearings, and light reciprocating parts, it adds a super-smoothness that is literally astonishing.

This unprecedented result is accomplished by a simplified engine mounting which floats the front end of the engine in the frame.

There is no annoying tremor transmitted to those in the car. No engine rumble in the enclosed types. Only the steady forward pull of power.

Ride in the good Maxwell at your earliest opportunity, and see for yourself how much its superiority is increased by this latest advance over ordinary practice.

Club Sedan $1045; f. o. b. Detroit. Tax Extra.

MAXWELL MOTOR SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.
MAXWELL-CHALMERS MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONT.

CLUB SEDAN $1045

The Good MAXWELL

CALAMITY COMES BACK

By Lowell Otus Reese

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THE victim did not raise his hands at the sharp command. He was unable, being paralyzed with terror. Turk Laffoon closed and jabbed him in the ribs to emphasize the order, and the effect of the little yegg's maneuver was startling and unexpected. The man suddenly uttered a high unhuman yell that split the night air like a jagged blade; scream after scream, hair-raising, like the agonized squealing of a tortured rabbit. Laffoon swung the heavy automatic and the screams stopped abruptly.

"Lay off 'im, Turk!" said Big Jake Withrow. "Beat it! Here comes a cop!"

Laffoon arose from beside the prostrate figure, like a weasel loath to leave its kill. Up the dark street came the sound of running feet, and the two robbers fled round the corner—and bumped squarely into the big body of Officer Lafferty, running also. Laffoon repeated his former tactics, punching the policeman in the ample stomach, and the resultant grunt could have been heard two blocks away. The fugitives improved the few moments necessary for Lafferty's recovery and doubled round the next corner, with bullets spatting about them.

Down in the railroad yards they stopped to rest among the box cars.

"He recognized us!" said Big Jake, still panting from his run. "The big stiff! Now we gotta blow this town or it's us for the stone house!"

"The scared tripe!" Laffoon's mind was on the victim still. "Did you hear 'im? Yowlin' like an alley cat! Why didn't he stick 'em up nice and polite, instead of openin' his fool trap and squawkin' like a chicken! Say, whaddye think of that? Say, I ought to've croaked 'im off! The squealin' hunk of cheese!"

"Say, listen!" Withrow was shaking with fright. "We gotta beat it, I tell you! Lafferty knows us! He'll have us in the fireless cooker inside of twenty-four hours if we don't scrape our dogs! We're in bad, Turk! We gotta kiss this town good-by—and do it now!"

"Oh, all right, all right!" agreed the little yegg bitterly. "Have it your own way! That's what I get for hookin' up wit' a big, clumsy gollob like you! Always got your mouth open. If your feet wasn't so big you'd step in it every five minutes. Well, come on!"

A freight train was rumbling by, going north. Laffoon moved toward it, slinking in the shadows like some nocturnal animal. Withrow hesitated, sweating from nervousness. Then he followed. The two swung into an empty box car and jammed the door.

"Well"—Laffoon took up their previous conversation—"what summer resort are we patronizin' now? And how are we goin' to eat? Say, if you got an idea, why don't you spill it, you big spoiled fish?"

He lighted the stub of a candle and stuck it upon the car floor between them.

The big man was getting over his fright, now that they were safely aboard a car and leaving town.

"Say," he growled truculently, "you can that! Ain't no pasty-faced hophead on earth can feed the rough stuff to Big Jake Withrow, see? You get that; and get it good! For if you don't I'm going to take your chicken neck in my two hands and squeeze it till your tongue hangs out like a semaphore!"

Laffoon made no answer to this. He was a thin, undersized man of perhaps forty, rat-faced and with white lashes. His pale eyes were like those of an ophidian—cold, viperish and wholly evil. He grinned, and the grin lent a startling incongruity to the rest of his features.

"Cheap yegg!" went on Withrow. "Serves me right, though! Serves me right for takin' up with a snowbird!"

"Aw, say, Jake"—the grin was still upon Laffoon's bloodless lips and the snaky eyes hid themselves behind the wrinkles of the cadaverous face—"for the love of Mike, lay offa me! Can't you understand that I was just kiddin'?" There was murder in the eyes; for, like other drug fiends, the little yegg was possessed of insensate homicidal frenzies that came and went in flashes. "Ain't we pardners? Besides, I got some soothin' sirup here ——"

He drew a bottle from the breast of his shirt and proffered it. Withrow's bluster subsided in a diminuendo of growls and he took the bottle, hesitating as he lifted it to his lips.

"Prob'ly you've doped it," he grumbled, sniffing at the cork suspiciously. "Well, a man's gotta take chances in this life."

He tilted back his head and closed his eyes, ignorant of the fact that his companion was at the peak of his senseless murder frenzy. Laffoon shot a hand to the hidden knife and his emaciated body twitched toward the drinker. Withrow opened his eyes at the instant and sighed with satisfaction. The sinister quality left the little man's attitude like the passing of lightning, and he grinned. Withrow never dreamed that death had gone by, brushing him with its wings.

"Just kiddin'!" sniggered Laffoon, and lifted the bottle to his own lips. "Well, here's your go-to-hell." For half an hour they were silent, listening to the steady roar of the wheels clicking over the rail joints. Withrow was thinking deeply.

"Man might as well be dead," he said at last, apropos apparently of nothing. "Up all times of night, ketchin' cold and losin' sleep, stickin' up shippin' clerks with nothin' but chow money on 'em. Broke all the time and wearin' blisters all over our feet beatin' it away from cops say, it's a dog's life!"

Laffoon made no answer, but his little snake eyes regarded his big partner furtively. Withrow thought a while longer.

"I'm off it!" he said at length. "I'm goin' to get mine, all in a wad, and live like a gentleman ought. Say, listen, Turk! Up north of here is the big Herrera mine. I worked there for three months coupla years ago. I know it like a book. While I was there I doped out a scheme where two men—at least one of them with brains—could stick up that mine for maybe twenty or thirty thousand and nobody ever know it had happened. I been intendin' to go up there, but I never had a good pardner, and I been busy. We're goin' north now and that made me think of it."

"I'm leavin' it to you, Jake. You got the brains of this party."

There was a sneer back of Laffoon's words, but Withrow did not sense it. He swelled importantly.

"That's right!" he agreed. "You stick to Big Jake Withrow and —— Say, listen! This here Herrera is a big placer mine. Cave off the side of a hill and wash it through sluices six or eight miles long. I saw 'em cave down ten acres at a throw once. Average a thousand or two a day. But they don't clean up more'n two or three times a year. All that gold layin' there—the heaviest gold stops in the head box. A feller could shovel it up like wheat! Think of it, Turk! Seventy-five or a hundred thousand dollars layin' there, waitin' for a couple of good guys to come along and lug it off!"

Laffoon was grinning.

"But there's maybe a couple of dozen roughnecks watchin' it," he suggested. "They might object."

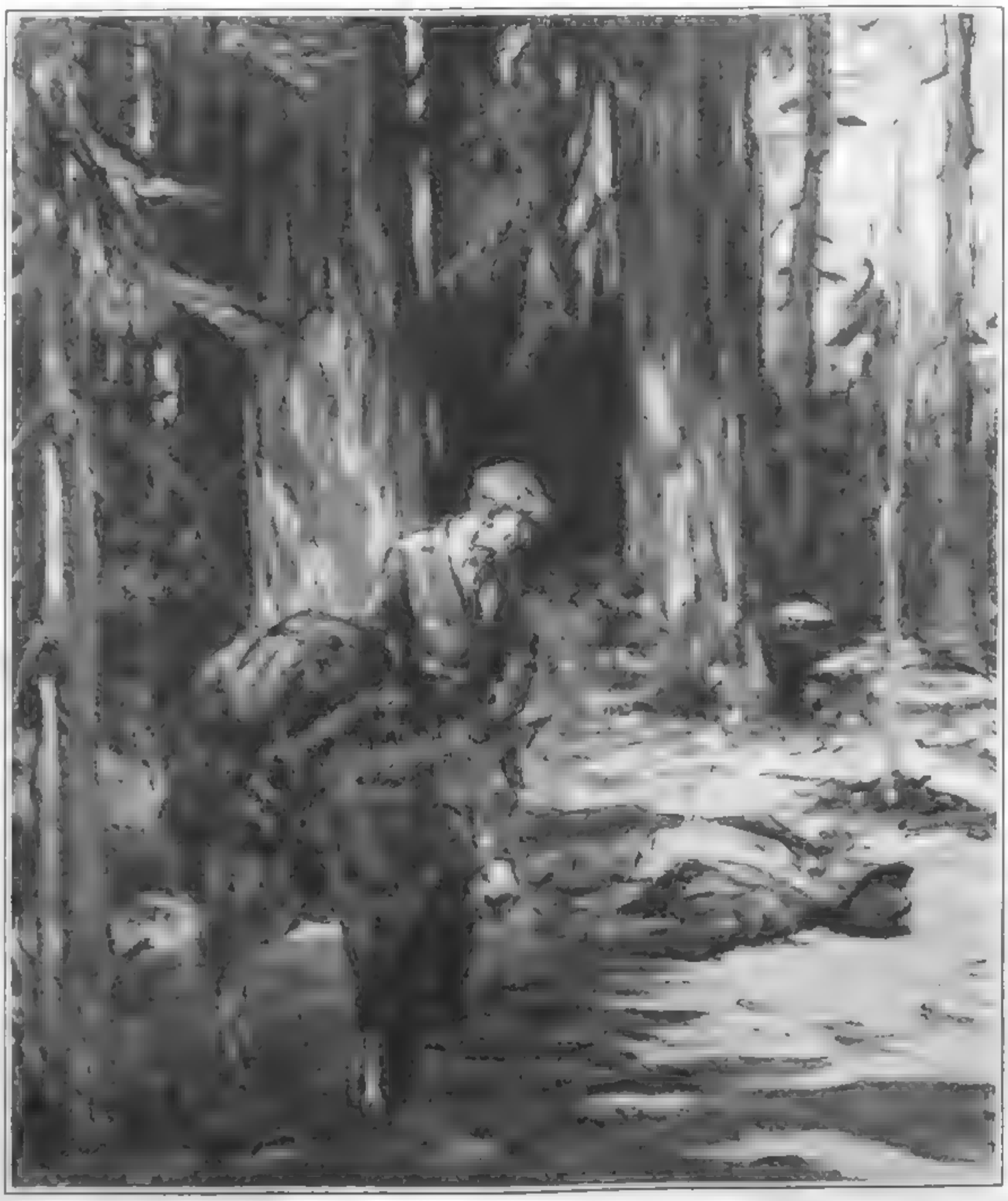
"That's just it." Withrow leaned forward earnestly. "I've doped it all out. I got brains. Every Fourth of July they pull the water and knock off and play baseball with the boys from the Aladdin mine. Only four or five men left to watch. And no water in the sluice boxes! See? This is our play: We slide down there and when they've 'most all gone to the ball game, why, you sneak round and set fire to the cookhouse. They generally got a lot of gasoline stored under the cookhouse. Well, when that fire starts, what's the watchman goin' to do? He's goin' to forget all about watchin' and break himself in two gettin' up to the fire! And right there's where I come in. I'm hidin' in the edge of a brushy gulch, with a shovel and three-four bags. And while the gang's singein' their whiskers tryin' to save the cookhouse I'm shovelin' up a fortune for you and me!"

Laffoon's grin was suddenly wiped away by his professional expression. "Where's this joint at?" he demanded.

"Two-three hundred miles north; up in the high mountains. We could make camp out in the brush and nobody'd ever know we'd been there."

Laffoon thought it over.

(Continued on Page 38)



He Arose and Started Calamity Through the Wilderness, Leaving Withrow Sprawled Upon the Ground

PEERLESS

One of the greatest superiorities of the New Peerless Eight is its unvarying dependability. It can be relied upon with implicit confidence to render uninterrupted service over exceptionally long periods of time.

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

One of our Peerless cars is a 1921 coupe, which has been driven over 20,000 miles and has never been laid up a single day. The valves have never been ground, nor the carbon removed; and yet it is impossible to make it knock.

The other is a 1923 coupe which has now been driven about 9,000 miles. The motor is very powerful and flexible and the service rendered has been extremely satisfactory.

W. B. WOOD,
43 Clinton Street
Newark, N. J.

NO AMERICAN MOTOR CAR, REGARDLESS OF PRICE, EXCELS THE NEW PEERLESS EIGHT IN PERFORMANCE, DEPENDABILITY, BEAUTY AND COMFORT

Continued from Page 36

"It sounds good," he admitted. "But instead of a fire, why not try soup?"

Withrow shuddered.

"Naw!" he said. "I was with a gang once that broke into the powder house up at Redley and lifted fifty pounds of dynamite. We was goin' to blow the bank at Corley. We cooked it at midnight, down by the Sacramento in a thick bunch of willows. There was some jackass in the crowd, and along about the time that soup was turnin' greenish, them stiffs started a rough-house, throwin' rocks around plumb reckless, considerin' that ticklish soup. So I beat it.

"I'd just got over the railroad fill when hell popped. That railroad fill was all that saved me. As it was, I got blowed flat and rolled about fifty feet, and I couldn't hear good for a month. A string of box cars was on the switch fifty yards down the line, and I saw them puffed out across the right of way like a box of matches. Folks ten miles off thought it was an earthquake. Never did find anything of the gang. But where they'd been there was a hole you could have rolled a church into. There's where I lost my taste for soup. Believe me, Turk, I'm off it for life!"

Laffoon was thinking in turn.

"But eats," he suggested, his mind on vital details. "And how we goin' to get away wit' so much gold? Gold's heavy."

Withrow cast across the dim candle glow a look of patronizing scorn.

"Leave it to me," he advised. "You leave all the deep stuff to Big Jake Withrow and first you know you'll be sittin' pretty, with so much gold in your kicks you gotta wear leather suspenders."

II

THE sun was going down behind the top of Gopher Mountain when Uncle Tommy Partridge straightened painfully, groaning. His dim old eyes peered at the thin trickle of yellow mingling with the black sand in the crease of his gold pan.

"Can't see very well," he complained. "Ever since I lost my specs a week ago I been blind as a mole. But fur's I can make out, they ain't enough in today's clean-up to buy a meal for a grasshopper."

Laboriously Uncle Tommy splashed up the few feet that lay between the head box of his sluice and the point where the trail crossed Hungry Creek. He was a bony, wrinkled little old man, with a kindly face and wearing the roach-up hair and the grizzled chin whiskers popular in Civil War days. An aged dog arose from among the brake and followed him up the trail toward the cabin.

"Hambone," said Uncle Tommy, "if we don't do better'n this, why, we're goin' to the poorhouse sure! I'm goin' to be too damn old to work pretty soon. As it is, I'm always just half a jump ahead of starvation. All my life I been dreadin' the poorhouse, Hambone."

The old dog wagged his tail cheerfully, not understanding.

"And they won't even take you into the poorhouse, pup!" he said. "You're only a dog!" Uncle Tommy sighed heavily and plodded on to the cabin. "The Lord'll pervide," he assured himself, trying to fight down his dread of the poorhouse, ultimate destiny of the failures. "'The seed of the righteous ——' Well, maybe I ain't been as righteous as I might have been. I got to admit that here and there in my hellish youth I stumbled plenty frequent; and, of course, there's my jug of whisky. Still, I reckon He'll overlook a heap when He takes into consideration that I been driving that cuss-damn Calamity jackass for twenty years. No, sir, after twenty years of Calamity a man ought to be forgiven everything he's done. He's had his hell!"

The old miner carried his gold pan into the cabin and then went to the corral to water the jackass. For this purpose he drove Calamity down to the trail crossing; but, before drinking, the ancient donkey rolled in the warm sand at the edge of the creek. For twenty years this had been his invariable custom. Every time he came to that creek crossing Calamity's back itched and he was moved to roll in the sand.

The donkey drank and Uncle Tommy drove him back to the corral. Calamity turned his eye furtively toward the little alfalfa field, lying green and inviting in a bend of Hungry Creek. Uncle Tommy saw the look.

"I know what you're thinkin', you old devil!" he said. "You're wishin' you could slip out and go wade belly-deep in that alfalfa and switch your tail! You try it once, and I'll everlastin'ly wallop the tar out of you with a pick handle!"

Calamity treated this sinister threat with complete indifference. He had been hearing it for twenty years. The old man turned the beast into the corral and forked some hay out of the window of the barn. Hambone growled. Two men had appeared, crossing the creek near the sluice, and the bristles began rising along the old dog's bony spine. The growl rose to an angry snarl.

"You stop that, Hambone!" said Uncle Tommy sternly. "Ain't no way to act when visitors is comin'!"

Hambone subsided, though he continued to regard the approaching strangers threateningly and the growl persisted, deep in his scraggy throat.

The larger man strode ahead. He was a beefy individual, florid of face and with heavy, meaty hands. Behind him came a smaller man, his suspicious weasel eyes uneasily searching the forest that bordered the trail. Laffoon was out of his element. To him life was a thing of dark nights and a system of alleyways. The wilderness was an unknown quantity. He had never before been in the mountains; therefore he was nervous and apprehensive. Withrow clumped up to the corral.

"Well, well, well!" he exclaimed heartily. "Just in time! Another hour and night would have overtook us! Say, this is what I call luck!"

Uncle Tommy grinned hospitably.

"Lost?" he asked. He had noted that neither traveler carried a pack.

Withrow guffawed uproariously.

"Sure are!" he said. "Come out here to look at some timber. Thought we wouldn't need no guide, and first we knew, we was lost—right! Say, whaddye know about that? Tenderfeet—that's us! Yes, sir, might as well confess it. Tenderfeet is right!"

The explanation was absurdly vague and unconvincing, but Uncle Tommy did not notice it. The man's voice and air of friendliness were all the old man sensed.

"Come up to the cabin, boys," he urged cordially. "I reckon you're used to better quarters than mine; but such as she is, you're welcome. You Hambone!"

Uncle Tommy halted and regarded his growling dog, perplexed and worried. "Never did see him act thataway before," he apologized. "Generally he's plumb friendly with strangers. Can't figure him out none at all!"

"Nice doggie!" said Withrow benevolently, and bent toward the dog with a spatulate hand.

Hambone snapped and barely missed. Withrow sprang back in alarm; and the dog, realizing that he had committed a serious error, slunk under the barn. Withrow flashed a malevolent look after him and glanced toward

(Continued on Page 41)

A Hoarse, Animal-Like Yell Labored Out of His Throat and He Struggled to His Feet and Stood Swaying, Getting Ready to Run

Why— Mobiloil costs less to use than other oil

A leading New York express company (name on request) writes us, from which we quote as follows:

"We have just completed a year's period during which we used nothing but 'Mobiloil, in lubricating our gas trucks.

"Previous to September, 1922, we used various other brands of oil all of which cost us less per gallon than 'Mobiloil.'

"In September, 1922, we signed a contract for 'Mobiloil' and have used no other since that time. We have just tabulated a comparative statement and have signed another contract with you. We thought the result of our experience might be of interest to you

Saving in total oil consumed	*16%*
Lubrication cost per truck per day with other oil	*25.9 cents*
Lubrication cost per truck per day with Gargoyle Mobiloil	*18.4 cents*
Percentage of saving per day	*28.95%*

"Since we have used Gargoyle Mobiloil we have not had a case of bearing failure, although we have had 490 more truck days from the same trucks than in the preceding year.

"The cost of repairs has gone down to an even greater extent. We attribute this to a great extent to the use of your oil."

Price doesn't indicate cost

For over 12 years we have repeatedly stated that no oil can be judged on the basis of price alone. This report is another striking example of the economy of Gargoyle Mobiloil when judged on the basis of *cost in service.*

Its superior lubricating quality will save the cost of many avoidable repairs and add years to the life of your car.

Fair retail price—30c a quart from bulk

When the dealer sells a quart of Gargoyle Mobiloil for less than 30c, he does not make his fair reasonable profit. Lower prices often accompany substitution of low-quality oil for genuine Gargoyle Mobiloil

Prices are slightly higher in Canada, the Southwest and the Far West

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

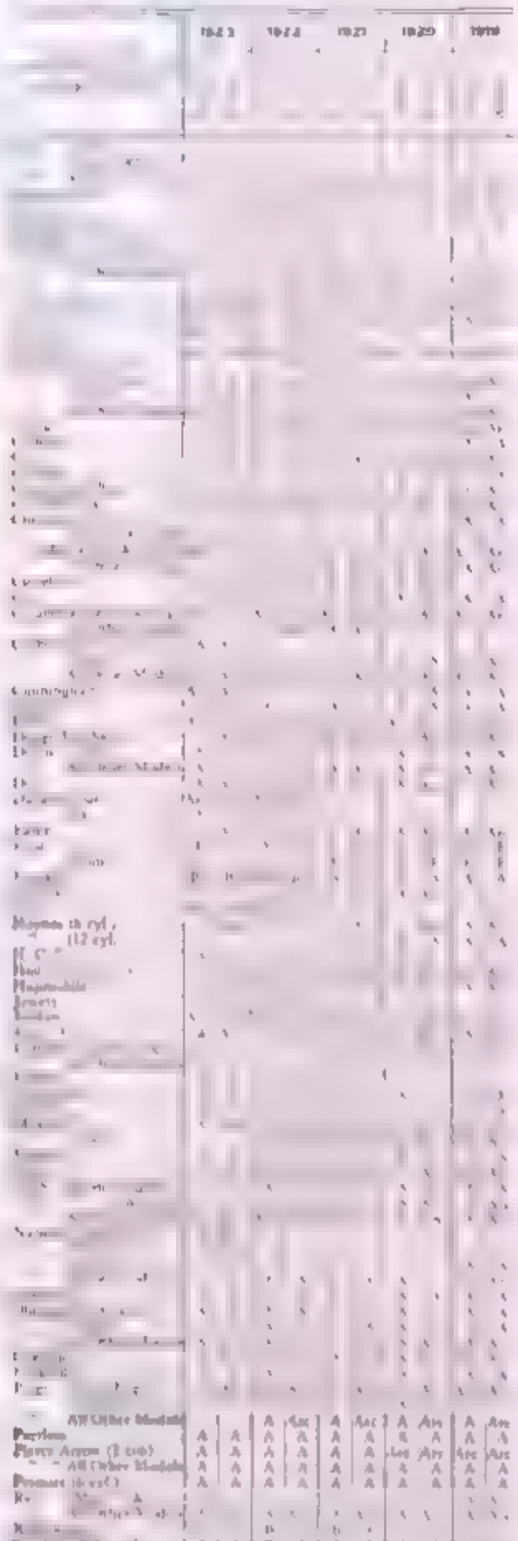
THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart:

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

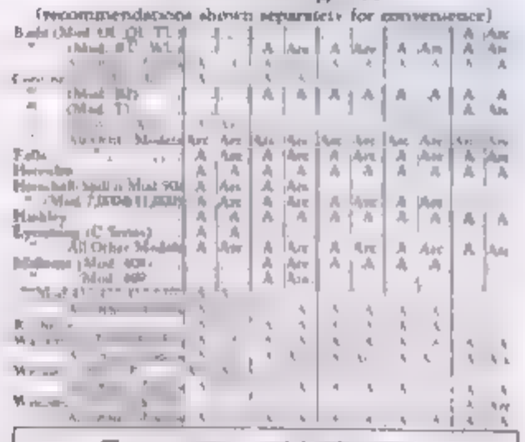
Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication



Makes of Engines

(recommendations shown separately for convenience)



Transmission and Differential:
For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

Domestic Branches:

New York (Main Office) Boston Chicago Philadelphia Buffalo Pittsburgh St Louis Minneapolis Des Moines Indianapolis Rochester Oklahoma City Detroit Dallas Milwaukee Kansas City, Mo

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!

You have discovered by now that this is more than a slogan—that it means just what it says!

There are more good pictures today than ever before and Paramount welcomes them!

The more people there are who know good pictures, the more people there are who prefer Paramount.

Individual Paramount Pictures, such as James Cruze's "The Covered Wagon" and Cecil B. De Mille's "The Ten Commandments," may add a special lustre to Paramount's fame, but a far prouder achievement is that today all America looks to Paramount as the largest perpetual supply of the finest screen entertainment.

TRADE MARK

Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP
ADOLPH ZUKOR-PRESIDENT
NEW YORK CITY

Current Releases

Zane Grey's
"THE CALL OF THE CANYON"
With Richard Dix, Lois Wilson and Marjorie Daw
Supported by Noah Beery, Ricardo Cortez and Fred Huntley. Written for the screen by Doris Schroeder and Edfrid Bingham
Directed by Victor Fleming

"TO THE LADIES"
A James Cruze Production with Edward Horton, Theodore Roberts, Helen Jerome Eddy and Louise Dresser. From the play by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. Written for the screen by Walter Woods

"BIG BROTHER"
By Rex Beach
An Allan Dwan Production with Tom Moore, Raymond Hatton and Edith Roberts. Written for the screen by Paul Sloane

"FLAMING BARRIERS"
A George Melford Production with Jacqueline Logan, Antonio Moreno and Walter Hiers. By Byron Morgan. Written for the screen by Harvey Thew.

"DON'T CALL IT LOVE"
A William de Mille Production with Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Nita Naldi, Theodore Kosloff and Rod La Rocque. Screen play by Clara Beranger. From the novel "Rita Coventry" by Julian Street and play by Hubert Osborne.

GLORIA SWANSON in
"THE HUMMING BIRD"
A Sidney Olcott Production. From the Play by Maude Fulton. Written for the screen by Forrest Halsey

"THE HERITAGE OF THE DESERT"
By Zane Grey
An Irvin Willat Production with Bebe Daniels, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery and Lloyd Hughes. Written for the screen by Albert Shelby Le Vino

GLENN HUNTER in
"WEST OF THE WATER TOWER"
With Ernest Torrence, May McAvoy, George Fawcett and Zasu Pitts. From the novel by Homer Croy. Adaptation by Lucien Hubbard. Written for the screen by Doris Schroeder. Directed by Rollin Sturgeon.

Kate Jordan's
"THE NEXT CORNER"
A Sam Wood Production with Conway Tearle, Lon Chaney, Dorothy Mackaill, Ricardo Cortez and Louise Dresser. From the novel and play by Kate Jordan. Written for the screen by Monte Katterjohn.

POLA NEGRI in
"SHADOWS OF PARIS"
A Herbert Brenon Production. Supported by Adolphe Menjou, Charles de Roche and Huntly Gordon. Adapted by Fred Jackson from the play by Andre Picard and Francis Carco. Written for the screen by Eve Unsell.

THOMAS MEIGHAN in
"PIED PIPER MALONE"
By Booth Tarkington. Written for the screen by Tom Geraghty. Directed by Alfred E. Green

"THE STRANGER"
A Joseph Henabery Production with Betty Compson, Richard Dix, Lewis Stone and Tully Marshall. From the story "The First and the Last," by John Galsworthy. Written for the screen by Ralph Block and Edfrid Bingham

WM. S. HART in "SINGER JIM McKEE"
Supported by Phyllis Haver. A William S. Hart Production

"ICE BOUND"
A William de Mille Production of the Pulitzer prize play by Owen Davis. Screen play by Clara Beranger

CECIL B. De MILLE'S PRODUCTION
"TRIUMPH"
With Leatrice Joy and Rod La Rocque. By May Edginton. Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson

(Continued from Page 38

his partner. Laffoon grinned, but inside he was quaking. He was out of his element indeed. Policemen he knew; but dogs and the great, indifferent wilderness ——

Uncle Tommy built a fire in the rickety old cooking stove and put the kettle on. He then took his gold pan and carefully removed the black sand with a pocket magnet. He squinted at the remaining yellow, his face puckered and his shrunken forehead wrinkled.

"Not more'n two bits, fur's as I'm able to see," he complained.

He took down a little bottle from beside the battered dollar clock and carefully poured into it the result of his day's labor. The bottle was half full of the yellow particles. A pitiful amount, but it represented the hard work of nearly four months.

"That gold?" asked Laffoon.

"Shore is!" said Uncle Tommy. "Nothin' to brag about though. I wish it was a ton. I'd go down in the valley and buy me a chicken ranch. Where did I put my pipe, I wonder. Lost my specs a week ago and I can't see good at all."

Laffoon was grinning again, the evil eyes hiding behind the wrinkles of the papery face. The man was becoming more at home, for he was inside four walls and nothing seemed to threaten. There wasn't even a lock on the door! He contemplated this phenomenon with amaze. No lock on a door! Could you beat that?

The old miner cooked extravagantly for his guests. He hauled out his precious bacon and unwrapped it. The greasy newspaper fell to the floor at Withrow's feet, and the man easily read the headline of the leading article:

BASEBALL

Boys of the Herrera Mine Coming to Play Against the Aladdin Team on the Fourth of July!

Evidently the ball game was a great event in this far-off district and the county journal was playing it up. Withrow handed the paper to Laffoon and winked.

"Didn't I say so, Turk?" he muttered out of the corner of his mouth. "Ain't things breakin' like I said? You stick to Big Jake Withrow, Turk ——"

Uncle Tommy was growing drowsy, for he had had a hard day. He brought out his best blankets and urged his guests to occupy his own bed, but they demurred.

"It wouldn't be right," said Withrow firmly. "No, sir; me and my pardner we'll sleep in the barn on the hay. We been livin' too luxurious and it'll be a treat to sleep on the hay. Ain't I right about it, pardner?"

He winked again at his associate and a wave of yellow wrinkles flowed across the degenerate's face. Uncle Tommy escorted his visitors to the barn and helped them spread the new blankets upon the hay, giving them a lantern with which to light themselves to bed.

"Nice friendly fellers," he muttered wearily as he laid his tired head upon the pillow. "Don't know as I ever saw a friendlier."

Withrow paused in the act of blowing out the lantern.

"Made to order!" he chuckled, his eye roving about the little log barn. A packsaddle hung upon the wall and beside it two venerable saddlebags, ragged and rotten, but held together by buckskin thongs. Outside the barn Calamity chewed his hay, his strong old teeth crunching loudly. "Made to order!" said Big Jake again, and blew out the lantern.

Uncle Tommy did not sleep well. Once he thought he heard the door creak, and he wondered dreamily about it, knowing there was no wind. Again he had a confused impression that he had heard an agonized yelp from Hambone, and he awoke with a start. The old dog was not asleep upon the hearth; but Uncle Tommy decided that Hambone considered himself in disgrace and had elected to pass the night under the barn. The old man drifted away again and the sun was high when he awoke. He scrambled out of bed, scandalized at this disgraceful treatment of his guests. As he clawed into his worn old trousers he glanced at the mantel—but his old clock was gone!

He decided that it must be the fault of his eyes. They played queer tricks since he lost his spectacles. But, no —— He looked upon the shelf where he kept his bottle of gold and his smoking tobacco. Why, the bottle was gone too!

Still the old man could not credit his senses. He left the cabin and hurried down to tell his visitors about it. As he approached the barn he was struck by the unusual silence, and noted with a stirring of uneasiness that Calamity was not in the corral. Nor was he in the alfalfa field, switching his tail. Strange!

Uncle Tommy went into the barn and looked about, astounded. Nobody lay asleep upon the hay. Nor were his precious guest blankets there, nor the lantern. His strained eyes quested hastily along the log walls and saw that packsaddle and saddlebags had joined the mysterious disappearance. Upon the hay lay his pitchfork—covered with blood!

As he stood staring, uncomprehending, he heard a low moan from behind the barn and ran out on trembling old legs. A premonition touched him, and as he rounded the corner of the building he came upon poor old Hambone, wounded nearly to death. Now he knew whence had come the blood upon the pitchfork. Now, too, why Hambone had hated the visitors from the first moment of their coming. With his mysterious dog sense Hambone had looked into the souls of these men and seen the evil there, while his master had not even suspected it! Sobbing, Uncle Tommy took the stricken dog in his stringy arms and struggled with him toward the cabin.

"Hambone," he quavered as he worked over his patient, "that wasn't no way to treat you and me—when we was doin' our damnedest to be kind to 'em. No, sir, wasn't the square thing to do, no way you look at it. I reckon we're goin' to the poorhouse now, ole pup, and no mistake."

Hambone struggled to wag his tail, but the effort hurt too much. Uncle Tommy wept the feeble tears of age and went to look for the liniment. It occurred to him that now, more than at any other time in his life, he needed a drink from the old stone jug. It, too, was gone!

Everything—even the worthless old alarm clock! Nothing had been overlooked, for it is a peculiarity of drug addicts to steal even apparently worthless objects, and Laffoon had followed the depraved instinct of his kind.

Uncle Tommy tucked the suffering dog into bed. Then he got down the old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifle, threw it grimly across his shoulder and went out to take up the trail.

"They cleaned me," he muttered as he quartered over the ground, peering about for tracks. "They took my grub and my gold and my clock, and they took Calamity. I could have stood that, I reckon. But they crippled my dog and they stole my whisky—and now there's goin' to be hell a-poppin' along the Wabash!"

He had been a famous trailer in his day. But without his spectacles he was helpless. At nightfall he came dragging home, tired and hopeless.

"Ain't no use, Hambone," he sighed as he hung the old gun upon its bracket of deer horns. "If they'd put up signs all along showin' where they'd went I couldn't have followed 'em! Blind as a mole without my specs!"

III

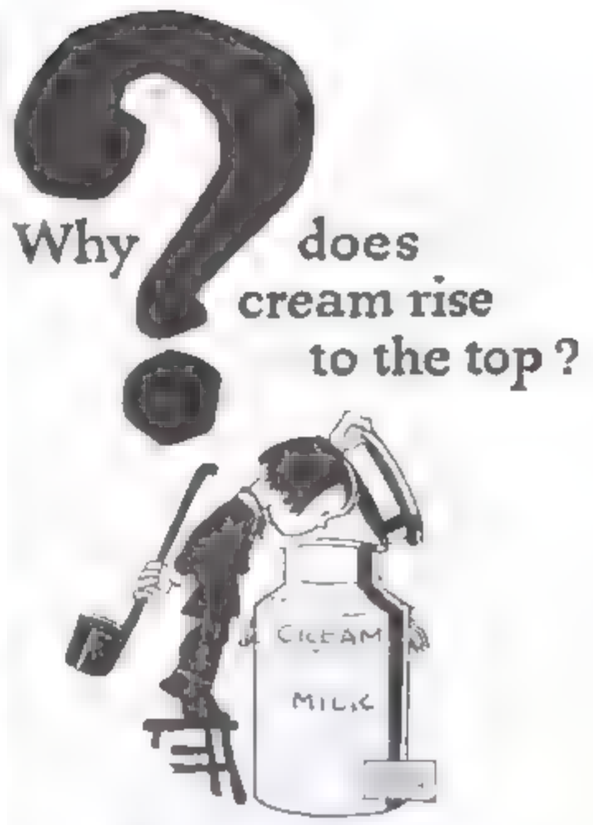
IT WAS very quiet about the Herrera mine, for the exodus of the baseball enthusiasts had occurred at daybreak, and now only four men remained. The superintendent sat in his office, bored by the inaction. From somewhere in the cookhouse next door came the song of the Chinese cook, inexpressibly wearing on the nerves. Old Jimmy Peters pottered round in the blacksmith shop.

The superintendent missed the activity of the giant nozzles, roaring incessantly and flinging their columns savagely against the breast of the half mountain that rose six or seven hundred feet in the air beyond the vast area of exposed bed rock. He left the office and wandered down toward the head box, following the great thirty-inch pipe that conducted the water to the giants from the reservoir farther up the slope. As he came to the brow of the bench he saw Fogarty, the old-timer, sitting patiently upon a rock, smoking. The superintendent scrambled down past the end of the head box and joined the watchman.

"Pretty deadly, Fogarty," he said, feeling for his own pipe.

"It'll be lively about midnight," observed the Irishman, "when the boys get home. Some of them'll be lit."

Sobbing, Uncle Tommy Took the Stricken Dog in His Stringy Arms and Struggled With Him Toward the Cabin



—because cream is fat or oil, and therefore lighter than the rest of the milk, which is largely composed of water. Likewise,

Puretest
Baby Comforts

have rapidly risen to the top because they are the cream of their kind. Pure and safe and good for children, they are demanded by millions of mothers.

PURETEST GLYCERIN SUPPOSITORIES (Infant)—Guaranteed to contain pure glycerin and to melt at body temperature

PURETEST ZINC STEARATE—A moisture shedding powder, better than talcum to prevent scalding and chafing

PURETEST SUGAR OF MILK—Specially made for the preparation of "modified milk" for infant feeding

PURETEST CASTOR OIL—The castor oil that is really easy to take. Yearly sales of millions of bottles prove its worth

PURETEST BORIC ACID—A mild antiseptic for cleansing and healing sores, cuts and irritated skin

Five of the 200 Puretest preparations for health and hygiene. Every item the best that skill and conscience can produce.

SOLD AT 10,000
Rexall
Drug Stores
There is one in your town.

© 1924 U. D. CO.

Steaming flavory oats cooked quick

Quick Quaker

cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

Creamy oats, hot and enticing, are now the *quickest* breakfast dish!

Ask your grocer for QUICK QUAKER. Cooks in ½ the time of coffee, scarcely longer than plain toast.

Same plump oats as regular Quaker Oats, the kind you've always known. Cut before flaking, rolled very thin and partly cooked. And these small flakes cook faster—that's the only difference.

Ask for the kind of Quaker you prefer—Quick Quaker, or regular Quaker Oats. But be sure you get Quaker. Look for the picture of the Quaker on the package.

All the rich Quaker flavor. All the good of hot breakfasts *quick!* Today, try Quick Quaker.

QUAKER OATS PEANUT LOAF

2½ cups Quaker Oats
2 cups flour
1 cup chopped peanuts
1¼ cups molasses
1 teaspoon salt
5 teaspoons baking powder
1¾ cups milk or water
1 egg

Put oats and peanuts through food chopper. Add flour which has been sifted with baking powder and salt. Add molasses, egg and liquid and stir well. Place in well greased loaf pan, let stand 10 minutes and bake 45 minutes in a medium oven (350 degrees)

Quick Quaker —cooks in 3 to 5 [illegible]

Quaker Oats [illegible]

The superintendent filled his pipe and the silence settled again. It smote harshly upon the ears of the two men, accustomed to the noise of rushing water. A lizard scurried past and its going sounded like the running of a horse. A rock rolled in the little brushy gully behind them and Fogarty absently looked that way. A low bunch of manzanita was shaking, then the shaking ceased. A ground squirrel, probably, making for its home in the bank of the little gully. Fogarty forgot it immediately, and his indifferent gaze strayed upward to the roofs of the buildings, showing above the rim of the bench.

"Hey, look!" he bawled. "The cookhouse is on fire!"

Both men sprang to their feet. Above the cookhouse roof a black, greasy cloud of smoke was billowing into the air. A fire robs most men of reason. Both men started running up the steep bank, forgetting entirely the unguarded wealth lying in that head box. Through the superintendent's frenzied mind panic-stricken thoughts tumbled inchoately—the company's papers in the office—the supply of gasoline beneath the cookhouse—the hundred pounds of TNT stored temporarily close by, with several boxes of detonators with it. Beside him Fogarty struggled over the rim, sobbing curses, calling down maledictions upon the Fourth Day of July and consigning to deepest hell the man who invented baseball.

The manzanita brush parted and Withrow slunk forth hesitatingly. The man's face was livid with fear, for the scheme that at a distance looked so easy now appalled him. He wanted to run away, but he did not dare. Laffoon would kill him—sure! He flung a terrified look up the gully, then ran stumbling down to the head box and began madly shoveling aside the loose rocks that covered the surface of the deposit. As he worked he could hear a fresh roaring of the flames and knew that the gasoline had caught. Above the crackling roar sounded the hoarse shouts of men and the high, thin squealing of the frightened Chinaman. Then the massed yellow began to appear beneath his shovel and he started filling his ore bags.

Two trips he made into the gully and back, each time staggering under the weight of a filled bag. He was starting up the bank for the third time when the sky seemed to fall upon him, smiting him down to the ground like a tangible weight. The echo of the cataclysm shocked back from the mountain like a second explosion, and then followed an awful silence.

Withrow roused and raised himself weakly from among the rocks, staring up horror-stricken at the black cloud of smoke and ashes that obscured the sky. Dynamite! He hadn't known of dynamite! He hadn't thought of such a contingency when he planned for Laffoon to fire the cookhouse in order to create a diversion. The old terror was upon him—the terror first inspired by the nitroglycerin explosion along the banks of the Sacramento that dark midnight. A hoarse, animal-like yell labored out of his throat and he struggled to his feet and stood swaying, getting ready to run. But Laffoon arrived at this juncture, slinking down the gully. The little yegg's eyelashes had been blown or singed away and he was a mass of cuts and abrasions. There were grime and ashes all over him, and he was spitting blood. But he grinned.

"Did you get it?" he demanded. His eyes fell upon the ore bags and he clawed into one of them. "Love of Mike!" he sniggered. "Pipe the joy dirt!"

"We gotta get out of here, Turk!" wept Big Jake frantically. "Turk, there was men up there! They're all dead now! It's a hanging job, Turk! I never knowed about the dynamite!"

"Can the weeps, you big tripe!" ordered the little man. "Grab a bag and beat it—quick! Get busy now or I'll bust in your gourd wit' a rock!"

Behind them as they left the place was silence; silence and the ashes of desolation. Where the buildings of the Herrera mine had stood was now nothing but a black, barren smudge upon the rocks.

IV

IT WAS after dark before they got their haul into camp. It had been their intention to leave immediately, putting as much distance as possible behind them before day broke again. But when they flung down their burdens they sank beside them, utterly exhausted. Withrow cast a long, apprehensive look back into the darkness, his eyes congested and staring. The man was near collapse.

"I thought I heard something!" he whispered. "Turk—say, did you hear it?"

"No."

The little yegg was sitting slumped down among the pine needles, his eyes upon the ore bags. He, too, was spent, but the fear of what they left behind was not upon him. His was not an imaginative mind. Withrow looked back again, listening. He turned about and found Laffoon watching him. A cold hand seemed to grip his heart, and he now had two fears—the fear of what was behind and the fear of Laffoon.

For was it humanly possible that Laffoon would be content with half? Absurd! Laffoon was a drug fiend. A drug fiend, he knew, would kill his best friend, on occasion, for a dollar. Withrow could sense the thought that even now was running through the little yegg's mind. Perhaps ten or twelve thousand apiece, after the gravel was washed out. Twenty or twenty-five thousand for one! He knew that Laffoon was planning how to kill him, or, in any event, how to get away with the whole of the plunder. Nor did he wonder at it. He himself had been planning the same thing, vaguely, all through his terrified trip up from the mine. Why, it was only natural!

The old stone jug was close by. Withrow reached out a hairy hand and lifted it, pulling the cork. Here was something that would put new life in him! But even as he raised it to his lips a chilling thought struck him and he hesitated, then replaced the cork and set the jug down. Perhaps Laffoon had drugged the whisky! Across the ore bags Laffoon grinned.

"Bad to drink on an empty stomach," explained Withrow virtuously.

Both were faint with hunger, but neither dared turn his back to prepare food. They sat, resting, watching each other across the rich ore bags. Laffoon was pulling together, for he had his drug to stimulate him. But Withrow had no such solace; and now added to his two fears was a third—that the sleep of exhaustion might overtake him, and he dared not sleep! He rallied by an effort.

"Well, pardner," he said, "we pulled her! We pulled her neat and pretty! Ought to be at least twenty-five thousand in them bags! Not bad for old Jake to plan, hey? Didn't I tell you, Turk? Didn't I say you stick to Big Jake ——"

"Yes—sure!" The wrinkles flowed across the little yegg's face, and behind them his ophidian eyes shot a glance at the big man. "I gotta hand it to you, Jake. You got brains. I didn't think so at first. I thought you was four-flushin'. But now I got to hand it to you. You're packin' around enough brains to fill a washtub."

"Ten-twelve thousand apiece! Just for one day's work! Not so rotten, hey, pardner?"

"Not so rotten!" agreed Laffoon. "I wish I had your brains, Jake. I'd be a rich man some day."

Withrow turned his head abruptly, staring back into the mysterious wilderness. Remembering, he jerked his face back suspiciously. Apparently Laffoon sat in the same position, but Withrow knew that he had made some sinister move.

"Well," said Withrow with assumed heartiness, "I think I'll get me a pair of naps now. Got to wake up early, because we want to be as far as possible from this place when something starts. We'll travel right through the wildest country for the first day, and after that we'll probably have to take to the trails; but then we'll only travel at night."

"Sure!" said Laffoon. "You take the lead. I'm leavin' it all to you, pardner."

"That's the stuff! Pardners, Turk! A man can trust his pardner, Turk!"

"Sure! Till hell freezes over!"

They regarded each other across the ore bags, grinning. It was the grin of two wolves placating each other. Withrow yawned again.

"Well," he said, "good night, pardner."

"Good night, pardner."

Previously they had shared the same bed. Now, however, they tacitly agreed to sleep apart, each taking one of Uncle Tommy Partridge's guest blankets. Withrow spread his blanket upon one side of the ore bags. Laffoon took the other and chose the opposite side. But the little yegg did not immediately lie down. Instead he sat upon his blanket, smoking cigarette after cigarette. Withrow affected to sleep. Indeed, his whole being cried out for sleep; but he fought the urge away, watching his partner from beneath a fold of his covering.

About midnight Laffoon put down the stub of his cigarette and looked long and steadily at his motionless companion. Presently he started to rise noiselessly, but at that moment Withrow spoke.

"Can't you sleep, pardner?"

Laffoon sank swiftly back and picked up his cigarette.

"Can't sleep none at all," he said.

"It's on account of the excitement, I reckon."

"Yes," agreed Laffoon, "that's it."

Another hour passed. The fire had died long ago and an unearthly silence was over the place, broken now and then by the hoot of a far-away owl. The figure of the smaller man was barely distinguishable in the darkness, but the glowing end of his cigarette made a sharp point in the blackness. Withrow found this bright spot compelling his reeling eyes. It would grow larger and larger until at last it filled all space, when the man would jerk back to consciousness, the hair of his head stinging at the roots. But he made no sign.

He had been motionless a long time. Laffoon listened to his breathing and then he carefully put down the cigarette again.

Withrow had reached the point where the bright spot filled the whole universe, and he wrenched himself free from it in time to discover the yellow face of his partner slipping stealthily round the gold bags within two feet of his own face. Withrow flung aside the blanket and rolled aside. Laffoon sprang to his feet.

"Hey!" called Withrow, his voice strangling in his thick throat. "What's the matter with you, pardner?"

Laffoon giggled foolishly.

"Walkin' in my sleep, I guess," he said. "Too much excitement. Well, I'll try it again." He lay down in his blanket, his face toward Withrow. "Don't mind me, Jake," he advised, and yawned ostentatiously. "I got the sleepwalkin' habit ever since I was a kid. Don't pay any attention to me. Just leave me alone and I'll be all right."

"Sure!" agreed Withrow, his voice still tremulous and the prickling sensation continuing along his scalp. "You'll be all right. Say, must be near mornin'."

"Can't come any too soon to suit me."

Until daybreak they lay thus, faces toward each other, neither daring to close an eye. At the first sign of day they arose, heavy-eyed and drunken for want of sleep. Laffoon built a fire and Withrow put the coffeepot on to boil.

"We better pack the jackass while the coffee's boilin', Turk," said Withrow. "Save a lot of time that way."

Together they went and brought Calamity into camp. Withrow understood packing to some degree and he regarded the rotten saddlebags doubtfully.

"Reckon she'll hold?" he wondered.

"She's got to hold," said Laffoon.

They put a sack of gold on either side, with the blankets on top. Between the blankets they tucked the jug of whisky, and Withrow threw on the lash rope, drawing it cruelly tight, while Calamity lifted up his voice in dismal groanings. Still true to his instincts, Laffoon lashed the old alarm clock atop, fastened securely to the forward crosstree of the saddle.

The coffee was boiling when they went back to the fire. Withrow set his tin cup upon the ground and lifted the pot from the fire, turning his back for an instant as he did so. In that instant Laffoon's yellow claw shot across and dropped something in the big man's cup; something that was part of his professional equipment. Withrow poured his coffee and sat down. Laffoon poured also. Neither dared eat, not knowing what the other might have done to the food.

Withrow lifted his cup.

"Well," he grinned, hollow-eyed but desperately cheerful, "here's your rotten luck, ole-timer!"

"Drink till you bust!" rejoined Laffoon, a wave of wrinkles hiding the triumphant gleam in his snake eyes.

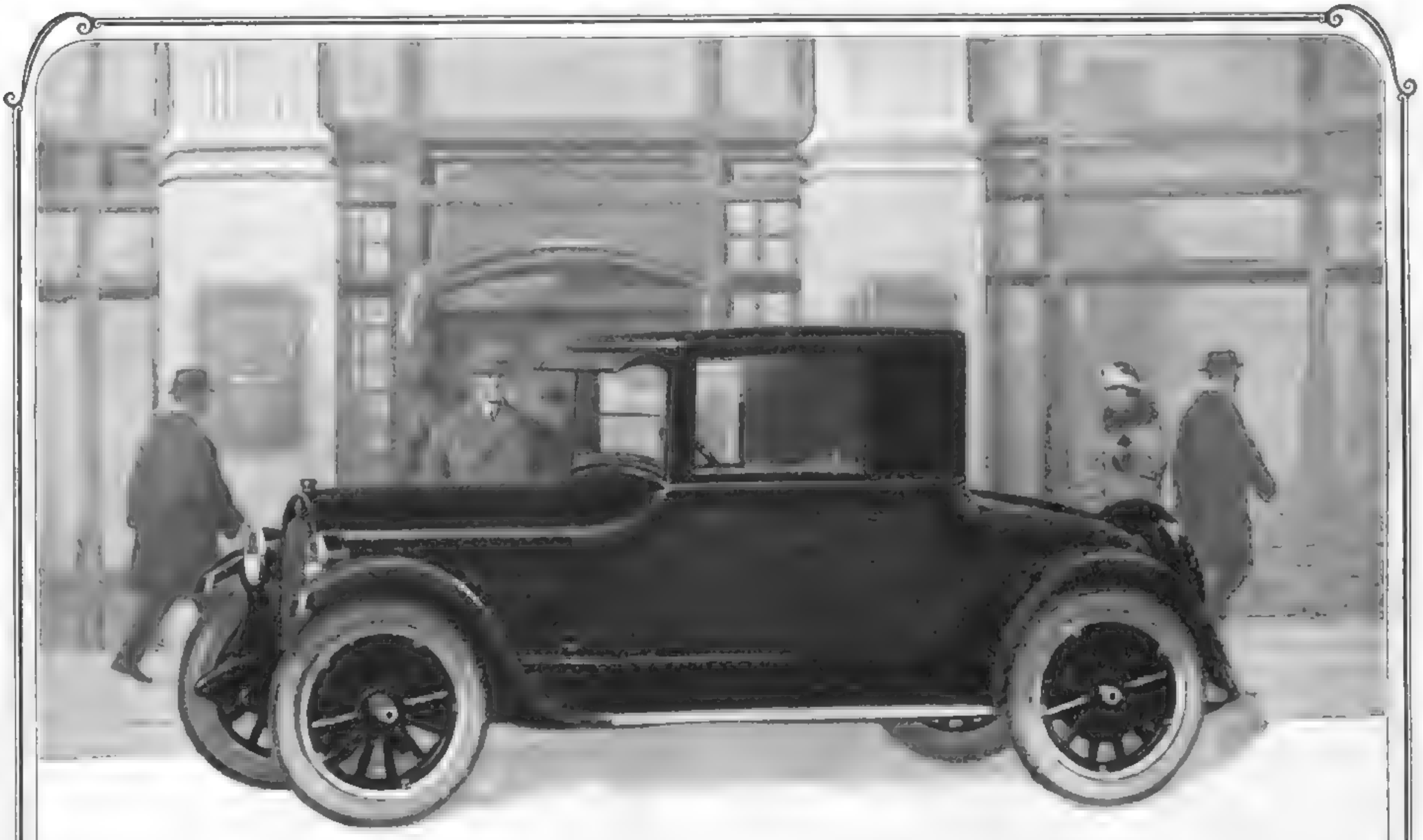
Both laughed at the jest; Withrow with hoarse boisterousness, Laffoon in the hysterical cackle of the degenerate. Withrow blew into his coffee and gulped it, nearly scalding.

"Plenty kick there!" he grinned. "Better'n whisky, at that!"

"I bet you!" giggled Laffoon.

Over the rim of his own cup he watched the other sardonically and the grin persisted. Half an hour later he arose and started Calamity away through the wilderness, leaving Withrow sprawled upon the ground, sleeping stertorously.

(Continued on Page 44)



We Built This Car to Please MEN

—Now Women Choose it as "My Personal Car"

Frankly, the Oldsmobile Six Cab was built for doctors, salesmen, and those who need a car daily in business. Such a car should be storm-and-cold-proof, six cylindered for flexibility, irreproachable in appearance, reliable, and of a size insuring easy handling, easy parking, and low maintenance cost. The Cab is that kind of a car—that's why business men are buying it.

Yet, women see more than these solid virtues in the Cab. To them its Fisher body means luxury as well as comfort—the satin-silvered fittings, the velour upholstery, dome light, and parcel compartments, mark the difference between mere transportation, and a smart personal motor car.

And liking the Cab, both men and women have been quick to appreciate its low cost—it's the first closed six to sell as low as $955, thanks to Oldsmobile's manufacturing efficiency and General Motors' contributions through its staff of experts, great engineering laboratories and vast purchasing power.

If you need a high-grade "personal car" to fill out your transportation requirements—for business, or social use—it will repay you to examine the Cab at any dealer's showroom.

a SIX Cab at

$955

Touring Car	$ 750
Roadster	750
Sport Touring	885
Coupe	1035
Sedan	1065

The G. M. A. C. extended payment plan makes buying easy. All prices f. o. b. Lansing. Tax and spare tire extra.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN

Olds Motor Works of Canada, Ltd., Oshawa, Ont.

Genuine Oldsmobile parts can be purchased from any Oldsmobile dealer in any part of the United States, at a standard price established by the factory, without the addition of any war tax, handling, or transportation charges Every Oldsmobile dealer has a master parts price list issued by us, which is always open for owners' inspection

OLDSMOBILE - SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Watch This Column

"Sporting Youth" is Dazzling

REGINALD DENNY, as usual, comes through. In *"Sporting Youth,"* Byron Morgan's dazzling story of the younger set, he has a picture of love, adventure and excitement, which, in my estimation, will put you all on your toes. The automobile race-scene in which DENNY in his character as the winning driver, is a remarkable piece of work. I hope you all see it.

To begin the New Year, I will pay $100 cash for an acceptable title for a new picture we are making at Universal City, at present called *"The Inheritors,"* from the "Good Housekeeping" Magazine story by I. A. R. Wylie. You often miss seeing a good picture or reading a good book because the title does not appeal to you. I want the best possible titles for Universal Pictures. In this story a beautiful girl and her grandfather lose their fine ancestral home through failing fortunes. The girl's sweetheart goes to Africa to claim an inheritance, hoping to help her. Meanwhile the girl becomes a famous and popular actress and the son of the rich owner of her old home falls in love with her, and offers to give her the castle if she will marry him. Word comes from Africa that her lover is lost. Reluctantly she marries the rich suitor. Then the lover comes home, financially independent and things begin to happen.

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame," it is claimed, will ever live in moving-picture history as one of the greatest spectacles ever screened. It is breaking attendance records wherever it is being shown.

Motion picture exhibitors everywhere have taken kindly to the suggestion of William Brandt, President of the Motion Picture Theatre Owners of New York State, that this month be designated as "LAEMMLE ANNIVERSARY MONTH" and that theatre owners show Universal pictures and specially selected programs in appreciation of my efforts in their behalf since the picture industry began.

Carl Laemmle

President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The pleasure is all yours"

1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 42)

He had it all now! The thought moved him to speech and he talked to himself as he went. He even sang a little and his mind wove rosy dreams of the future. He had it all! And now he could promise himself dissipations beyond his wildest imaginings. The excitement and the lack of food aroused within him the craving for the sinister drug that was his life. He stopped the donkey and felt in his pocket for the familiar little bottle. It was gone!

His fingers shook violently as he searched through all his other pockets, and a frenzy of fear crept over him. The craving had already grown fiercely insistent, now that the object of its desire was not to be found. He must have dropped it when he slipped that one to Jake! With the thought he left the donkey standing and ran back along the way he had come, sobbing, his body trembling and his facial muscles twitching.

Withrow still lay in the same position, breathing loudly. Laffoon gave him no heed, but continued his frantic search. He had to give up at last. He had dropped it along the way, evidently. So he started back over his earlier trail. He was upset and collapsing now. Before he had gone a hundred yards he had lost the trail hopelessly. North, south, east, west—all points of the compass whirled about him and he plunged aimlessly down the slope.

It was nearly night. Calamity awoke from his dozing, feeling the pangs of hunger. The tender shoots growing upon some wild lilac a short distance ahead intrigued him, so he moved over to them and began browsing. But with no haste.

No one came, and the donkey slept beneath a fir tree close by the spot where he had been abandoned. Long habit had made it an artificial instinct to continue round the place where his men people had last left him. The pack irked him, but he bore it stolidly. He was used to packs. They were a part of life, the same as blows and curses and deer flies and ticks. This pack was clumsily done, and it pained him considerably; but it clung like glue, for it had been lashed there by the heavy, brutal hands of Big Jake Withrow.

For three weeks Calamity ranged about this spot, gradually widening the circle of his ramblings. And then came a morning when something touched his slow donkey soul and he remembered wistfully the little alfalfa field lying in the bend of Hungry Creek, green and inviting. Uncle Tommy had guessed shrewdly. For all these years Calamity had been yearning to get loose and go wade belly-deep in that alfalfa and switch his tail.

He did not reason these things. Simply came the urge to go down to Hungry Creek and wade in the green alfalfa and switch his tail. He did not know where Hungry Creek was. Only the mysterious donkey sense knew. Following the urge, Calamity set off through the wilderness, going back.

His progress was quite unhurried. He even stopped frequently to nibble; sometimes at hazel tips, sometimes at an old fir log. The deer flies stung his ears and he flapped them vigorously, now and then going into the thick brush and standing still for an hour or two in order to lose the flies. But going at this indifferent gait, a donkey can cover an amazing distance in a day and two nights.

The old saddlebags were worn and frayed from dragging through the brush. The bottoms gaped open and the bottoms of the ore bags bulged through. These, too, were worn thin and bursting. Here and there the tough brush raked them and a trickle of rich yellow filtered into the ground. But a few buckskin strings still held the saddlebags together precariously. The ore bags, too, held by a miracle, though the slightest rough handling would have split them hopelessly.

It was near morning of the second night when Calamity reached the point where the trail crossed Hungry Creek. He was very thirsty and he drank. Then the soft sand invited him; but now the sand did not seem quite the thing. His back was raw and hot, feverish and aching from the three weeks' chafing of the cruel saddle. So he lay down and rolled in the shallow water of the creek instead. The cool water was bliss to his flaming back. He arose and shook himself, feeling strangely light. He repeated the delicious experiment, rolling on the other side. Once more he arose and shook himself vigorously. He was lighter still! Actually he felt like a new jackass! The saddle rode like a feather now, and Calamity stepped out of his bath, his long ears thrust forward and his skinny tail twitching in anticipation.

V

UNCLE TOMMY PARTRIDGE awoke feeling remarkably cheerful. He hopped spryly out of bed and pulled on his patched overalls, singing an ancient song in a cracked tenor that was sadly off key.

"Hambone," he said, "I'm feelin' lucky this mornin'. Yes, sir, I'm feelin' like a million dollars. I'm goin' to get reckless and give myself a smoke before breakfast." He went across to the shelf and fumbled for his pipe with one hand, scrabbling in the tobacco box with the other. "Tobacker's gettin' low," he said. "When it's gone I got to smoke pine needles, I reckon. Can't buy no more. Not on six bits a day. What's this?"

His gnarled fingers, scraping the bottom of the box, had brought up the missing spectacles!

"I remember now," he said. "When I started to town for my provisions a month ago I hid my specs in the tobacco box. When I come home I poured my new supply on top of 'em. Didn't I tell you I was feelin' lucky, Hambone?"

He put the glasses upon his nose and immediately he was in a new world. From somewhere outside came a long, raucous braying, and Uncle Tommy dropped his pipe and made for the door.

"Calamity's come back!" he cried.

His guess was right. Down in the bend of Hungry Creek, stuffed to repletion, old Calamity stood belly-deep in the green alfalfa, contentedly switching his tail.

"Old son of a gun!" cackled Uncle Tommy as he led the donkey up to the corral and tied him to a post. "Don't you remember I said if you got in that alfalfa I was goin' to wallop the tar out of you? And right now is where I'm goin' to do it!"

But he did not wallop Calamity. He was too overjoyed at seeing the companion of twenty years. He took off the pack, marveling to find his blankets and his jug and even the old alarm clock. The bottom of both saddlebags had collapsed entirely, and whatever the ore bags had held was gone, for they had burst also and now hung limp and empty. Uncle Tommy mourned over his wrecked saddlebags a while, but soon recovered.

"Never mind," he said cheerfully, "I can make me some more buckskin strings and fix them bags good as new."

He took off the saddle and regarded the big sores with wrath and a great sorrow, soothing Calamity's soul with gentle words of deepest pity and promising the aged jackass a long rest and choice rations four times a day.

Calamity did not heed these commiserations. Nor did he attempt to volunteer any information regarding his wanderings and the stirring incidents thereof. His journey was a closed incident. Perhaps he had forgotten it already. His lower lip twitched slightly and his eyes closed. He was asleep.

Uncle Tommy went late to work. But he was all steamed up with cheerfulness. During Calamity's long absence the old man's operations had progressed up the creek until now he was shoveling into his sluice box at the very edge of the trail crossing. He chuckled frequently as he labored, thinking of Calamity, congratulating himself over the fact that the donkey had brought back the blankets and the jug of whisky—which neither Withrow nor Laffoon had dared drink. He was not at all excited. Nor was he enthusiastic, for no man can work up a degree of emotion over an average clean-up of seventy-five cents a day. He was simply working for grub money, deeming himself lucky if he got that.

The old man had been shoveling but half an hour when, happening to glance down, he observed that the head of his box was clogged with a mass of gleaming yellow. Breathlessly he hurried down and examined more closely. It was true! His battered old sluice was choked, not with rocks, but with raw gold! It could not be possible! But he had his spectacles on now. He stood staring at the miracle, paralyzed with the wonder of it. Then trembling violently, he shut the water out of the box and began scooping out the mass. It quite filled his pan, and still there was more. And he had been working only an hour! Uncle Tommy emitted a cracked war whoop, set the pan down and began shoveling gravel into the box again.

"Ole pup!" he panted, addressing Hambone, who lay in his accustomed place among the ferns. "Hambone, we're made men! We've struck a pay streak, Hambone! Ole poorhouse, you can go to hell!"

Late that evening, tired but remarkably happy, Uncle Tommy sat before his kitchen table, upon which was piled all the raw gold in the world. He played with it like a delighted child, arranging it in stacks and seeing visions.

"This here," he said, fingering one yellow stack, "that's bacon and beans for life! This one's tobacker as long as I live! And this one's a thousand pairs of new pants and a new pipe every year!" He stopped, considering a dark thought. "But nobody'll ever know!" he whispered solemnly. "I'll hide it and never tell a soul! Them timber men might come back again. Hambone, you keep it dark!"

Hambone thumped a bony tail upon the hearth. Uncle Tommy could trust him! Up from the corral came a hideous braying. It was Calamity singing himself to sleep. Uncle Tommy laughed delightedly, contemplating the heaped-up wealth upon the table.

"Good ole Calamity!" he said. "I'm shore glad he come back! Calamity brung me luck!"

Which was truer than the old man dreamed, for he did not know that Calamity shed that heap of richness into Hungry Creek when he took a bath there to celebrate his home-coming.

Uncle Tommy cleaned up phenomenally every day. But when his busy old shovel passed the trail crossing his average once more dropped abruptly to seventy-five cents a day. A week or so later Jack Baines came along, riding down from the sheep camp.

"How's she running, Uncle Tommy?" he asked indulgently.

"Six bits a day," responded the old man truthfully.

"Say, you'll starve to death!" said Jack. "You're gettin' old, Uncle Tommy. You won't be able to work hard after a while, and then you'll starve right here on Hungry Creek, or you'll go to the poorhouse. Ever think of the poorhouse?"

"You bet!" said Uncle Tommy, worrying off a chew of tobacco and beginning to chew.

"And don't it skeer you to look into the future thataway?"

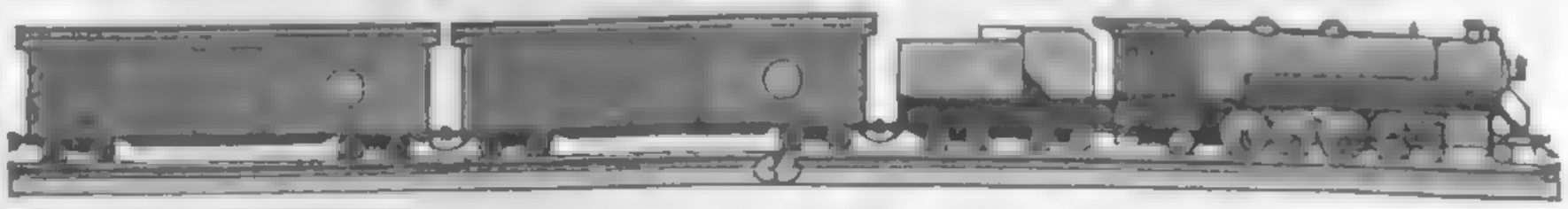
"Nary skeer!" grinned Uncle Tommy, winking slyly at Hambone and spitting clear across the creek. "The Lord'll pervide!"

In the excitement following the disaster at the Herrera mine the fact that a robbery had occurred was never detected. The clean-up was unusually large, therefore a robbery was not even suspected. On the second day after the explosion the forest-reserve lookout on top of Eagle Rock Peak telephoned down to the ranger station at Cottonwood Fork.

"Say, Bill," he said, "I got a crazy man up here."

"I got one too!" replied the Cottonwood man promptly. "He's a little yellow lizard and looks like a monkey. He was pretty bad till about an hour ago, when Doc Bastion came along and gave him a shot of dope. Now he's all wrinkled up and grinning like an ape. I'm sending him out on the stage this evening. What's your nut look like?"

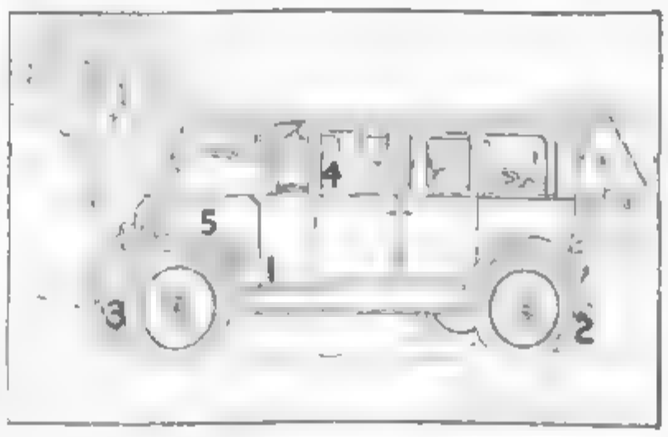
"He's a big meaty hog of a feller," said the lookout, disgust sounding in his voice. "He keeps saying that somebody doped him and he cries most of the time. I wish you'd send up for him, Bill. I like pets, but I get tired of them easy."



A Wonderful Car for Women, *Too*

Once the women of your family see this True Blue Oakland Sedan, they will give it their enthusiastic approval. And you will agree wholeheartedly!

For while they delight in the trim, low lines of its Fisher-built body (1) and the luxurious comfort of its deep tufted upholstery and easy riding springs (2)—your critical eye will have weighed and approved its advanced construction.



Mindful of the safety of the women who will drive it, you will be amply reassured by its sound and simple four-wheel brakes (3); its ease of steering, the convenience of all driving controls on the steering wheel (4) and the very easy-operating gearshift.

If mechanically inclined, you will marvel at the design and quality of its brand new six cylinder engine (5). The many new engineering features and the smoothness with which all moving parts operate assure a performance and endurance that will more than satisfy your fondest expectations.

See this car—and take the women folk with you. You will find in the True Blue Oakland more new and appealing features than in any other car announced this season.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

Touring Car . $945
Roadster . . . 945

Sport Touring $1095
Sport Roadster 1095

Oakland

Business Coupe $1195
Coupe for Four 1345

Glass Enclosures -Touring $60, Roadsters $40
All prices f. o. b. factory

True Blue Six

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Sedan $1395

Says Goodbye to "$22 a Week"

—At 27 Earns $4,500 a Year

"Three years ago," writes A. J. Klick, "I was just an average young man of 24, possessing a fair education, liking a (so-called) good time, occupying a bookkeeper's high stool and receiving $1,100 per year.

"A crisis in my affairs woke me up and I began the serious study of Higher Accountancy.

"Before the year was over, I was making progress financially. Interested in my work, advancing steadily, more confident of myself, by the time I had finished the course, I had an executive position and $3,000 a year.

"Last year I became comptroller of a good-sized corporation. My work became a pleasure; salary increased to $3,800.

"This year I accepted a similar position with a larger corporation, with broader responsibilities and an initial salary of $4,500. The future years are full of promise."

Unusual Opportunities in Accounting

Klick is *right*. His future *years are* full of promise! Never in the history of business has the need for trained accountants been so great or the rewards so attractive. The files of LaSalle Extension University contain literally thousands of letters reporting rapid advancement—incomes doubled, tripled, and quadrupled as the result of a comparatively few months of home-study training. Where these men were getting $1,500 or $2,000 a short time ago, they are earning from $3,000 to $10,000 today, *and they are on the up-grade*.

Their chance is *yours—if you will take it!*

Train by the "Problem Method"

Why let the *other* fellow walk away with the better job when the training you need is readily within your reach?

Right in your own home you can master Higher Accounting just as well as they! By the LaSalle Problem Method, you will be trained under the direct supervision of William B. Castenholz, A.M., C.P.A., former Comptroller and Instructor, University of Illinois, assisted by a large staff of Certified Public Accountants, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. You will be guided step by step through every phase of modern accounting practice—Auditing, Cost Accounting, Business Law, Organization, Management, Finance and Income Tax Procedure. You will handle practical accounting problems lifted bodily from business life. You will be given special preparation for the C. P. A. examinations.

[illegible] the opportunity in accounting; read the enthusiastic testimony of men still in their twenties and early thirties who have broken away from the low-pay ranks and [illegible] $10,000 a year. Write for information [illegible] of our *convenient-pay-ment* plan. Also [illegible] books, "Ten Years' Promotion in One" and "Get That Job." "Get that book," said a prominent Chicago executive, "even if you have to pay five dollars for it." We will send it *free*.

Mark—Sign—Mail the coupon—NOW.

LaSalle Extension University

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

Dept. 271-HR Chicago, Illinois

Please send me catalog and full information regarding the course and service I have marked with an X below. Also a copy of your book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation to me.

☐ *Higher Accountancy*

Training for positions as Auditors, Comptrollers, Certified Public Accountants, Cost Accountants, etc.

Other LaSalle Training Courses

LaSalle is the largest business training institution in the world. It offers training for every important business need. If more interested in any of these, check here.

[illegible] Management
[illegible] Salesmanship
[illegible] Management
Railway Station Management
[illegible] Degree of LL.B
[illegible] Law
Industrial Management Efficiency
Modern Business Correspondence and Practice
☐ Banking and Finance
☐ Modern Salesmanship and Executive Marketing
☐ Personnel and Employment Management
Expert Bookkeeping
☐ Business English
☐ Commercial Spanish
☐ Effective Speaking
☐ C. P. A. Coaching

Name [illegible]

Present Position [illegible]

Address [illegible]

Politicians and Prohibition

By Fred F. Sully

FREQUENTLY the strict enforcement of a law is a difficult task. It is not a very serious undertaking to enforce all traffic laws strictly. Violations are committed in the open, in the eyes of everyone. Officers of the law seeing them can and must act. To detect a continued unlawful practice within the shelter of the walls of a public, semipublic or even private building is, it will be admitted, somewhat more difficult, but it brings into the reckoning two elements that have played an important part in the development of government—politics and pusillanimity. Sometimes they are allied; sometimes they are opposed.

No broad-minded intelligent American citizen will deny that it is a physical impossibility to seize every barrel or even every quart of illicit liquor in the United States. But there are those who know that prohibition can be made to prohibit, and that the country can be made dry to the extent that the liquor traffic will be virtually wiped out. The man who has had and does today have little difficulty in getting his quart of Scotch or rye will laugh jeeringly and say "It can't be done."

If one were to make the statement that the United States could be made a literal Sahara without having some precedent to fall back on in the way of proof, the laughter might be justified. But prohibition has been and can be made a success even against greater than present-day odds. Maine struggled with prohibition problems when Mr. Volstead was still in short trousers, and its degree of success in solving them varied from time to time.

The Maine Liquor Law was passed in 1851. It was repealed in 1856, passed again in 1858, and finally made a part of the constitution in 1884. Kansas amended its constitution in 1880 prohibiting liquor traffic, and Georgia swung into line as a cold-tea state in 1907.

Maine, as extreme almost in some of its views as it is geographically, blazed the trail for prohibition. It was more than half a century ahead of the rest of the country as a whole, and a quarter of a century ahead of the next pioneer. During all the intervening years it has wrestled with the liquor traffic. Surely after all its experience it is competent to speak with intelligence and sanity on an issue that has been a paramount one in America for four years. In answer to the question, "Can prohibition be enforced?" it has answered "Yes, if freed from politics and graft."

By turning back a full decade Maine can reveal a page in its history that bears few or no stains of the rum seller's finger marks. Perhaps it is the only such page in all its history, but even then what has been done once can be done again.

The New Administration

For a few years preceding 1912 the Maine liquor traffic had been molested very little, if any, by the civil and state authorities. Swinging doors and well-stocked bars could be found very easily; in fact, saloonkeepers thrived, and so did the Boston brewers and wholesalers, who found the Pine Tree State a very profitable market.

In 1913 the people sent the late William T. Haines, of Waterville, to the governor's chair. He was a plain-spoken unassuming lawyer who divided his time almost equally between his practice and lumbering. Through the uneventful years that led up to his election he had been a churchman, but never a fanatic. His views he held to be his own and never tried to force them on others. In his campaign platform he had placed a dry plank, but that was an old, old story to the voters of Maine.

People believed that, election over, the march of events would be much the same. But with Bill Haines his word was his bond. To attempt to dry up a state that had received its liquid refreshments through well-established channels for a number of years was no schoolboy's task, but Maine was not long in finding out that its new governor meant what he said, and that he would carry into effect every policy to which he had pledged himself in his campaign.

He was not a politician; he was a governor. And now and then you find them separate entities.

Like the villain in the movies who drops the sponge into the soup of the half-starved hero and then haughtily walks out, soup in hand, leaving the hero to register bewilderment, so did Governor Haines amaze the county sheriffs and their deputies by ordering them to close every saloon and drinking place within their counties, and to keep them closed. Some of the sheriffs thought it a friendly joke and merely a move to get applause from the gallery; others proceeded in a lukewarm fashion to enforce the edict.

Sheriffs' offices in Maine do not pay big salaries, but in Penobscot, Kennebec, Cumberland and a few other counties where the larger cities are located a countenancing of the liquor traffic was looked upon to mean to the sheriff an income that could be computed in five figures. Were these politicians to forgo this and, besides, turn on their supporters to satisfy the unheard-of demands of a governor with only a two-year tenure of office? No, indeed. Gather the fruit while the harvest season is on, was their motto; and they stood by it.

The Governor's Trump Card

Realizing that the only way to check the flow of liquor was at its source the governor placed officers in freight and express stations. Carloads, trunkfuls and barrelfuls of beer, wine and whisky poured into the state; but carloads, trunkfuls and barrelfuls were seized at the railroad stations and steamship wharves, and a war between the crafty rum sellers—they weren't called bootleggers in those days—and a determined, unflinching and conscientious governor was on.

As the first year of the governor's term wore on, liquor became more and more difficult to secure. It was still available to some. The Indians from the two government reservations, finding genuine firewater scarce, had taken to cologne and bay rum, but only to find the results less gratifying and pleasant.

A decade ago automobiles were much less common than they are today, and were not such a ready aid to the rum seller and the criminal as they are now. Main arteries of travel leading into Bangor, Portland, Waterville, Lewiston, Auburn, Bath and other cities were watched day and night. Hayracks were found to hold four barrels of whisky to the load of hay. Early-rising milkmen on their way to Bangor encountered milk inspectors who confiscated their ten-gallon cans and contents—fresh from the still.

A resourceful, energetic governor had put his finger in the hole in the dike, but at the end of his first year in office he found that he could not safely take it out. Maine wasn't dry; far from it. County sheriffs had not been all that county sheriffs pledged themselves to be. The undercurrent of political activity was strong, and the funds of the liquor dealers a powerful influence.

In January of the beginning of the second year of Governor Haines' administration the senate and the state legislature convened, and close upon the heels of the opening session came the introduction by the governor of impeachment proceedings of four sheriffs. So thorough had been the Haines forces in securing their evidence that the sheriffs were removed and the governor given a free hand to select and appoint his own sheriffs in these four counties, to serve until the next state election, the latter part of the year.

This was the governor's trump card. It made evident that no halfway or lukewarm methods would be tolerated. Prohibition must be enforced, and it was. His selection of new sheriffs brought into office, in each case, a man qualified to carry out the letter of the law. There was freedom from political intrigue, and each new sheriff had the courage of his own convictions and the moral fiber to stand by his pledge to serve the people and the constitution, free from any entangling alliance with the liquor interests.

From that time on through the unforgettable Haines administration prohibition was made truly effective, but it was not made so without constant vigilance and crusading. The rum sellers realized that their death knell had been sounded, and that there was only one way to continue—buy the new sheriffs.

Men of ability and standing in their communities had answered the governor's call into the offices of sheriffs, and the liquor interests knew their prices would be high if they could be bought at all. The sheriff of Penobscot County, in which the city of Bangor is located, was offered ten thousand dollars for six months' freedom to sell over the bar or at the back door. Such an offer of course resulted only in increased activity on the part of the sheriff and his deputies.

With the governor as the commander in chief of their forces the sheriffs carried the battle right into the enemy's territory, right to his very doorstep, and he retreated slowly and doggedly. To break up a traffic that had gained almost unlimited freedom for half a century and make a thorough job of it in two years meant that no halfway methods could be used.

When the rum sellers found that their strongholds and storage houses were being raided, that the railroad and steamship incoming freight and express were being watched, and that twenty-four-hour watches were being maintained on the highways, and their own places kept constantly under surveillance, it became a battle of wits between the enforcement officers and the rum sellers, with the latter constantly losing ground.

It was here that the ingenuity of the liquor dealer came into prominence. How to keep a supply of whisky on hand and still be safe in the event of a raid was a problem that each answered according to his own ideas. One scheme, which upon discovery attracted much attention, was a gravity feed through a series of gas pipes from a copper tank near the roof to a jet in the main room of the establishment. Pints, half pints and even quart bottles were filled by merely turning on the gas. Others kept their stores under false floors, between the walls, and in caches that raiding officers could not locate unless they measured the rooms and made calculations of floor space occupied and unoccupied.

A Remarkable Well

One deputy sheriff located a barrel of whisky at the bottom of a lake just outside of Bangor. A small buoy was the guide in locating the barrel when a new supply was needed in town. Several places served liquor directly from handy coffeepots, for who would think to look into a coffeepot for whisky?

In Kennebec County a well of pure whisky was found a short distance behind a small farmhouse. The well, about fifteen feet deep, had been lined with copper to a height of about four feet, and its contents could be pumped directly into the house. Haylofts, woodpiles, old tree stumps, and even graveyards and the understructure of bridges were used as hiding places. But a corps of active and determined officers left no secure place for storage. One dealer bought up a supply of bottles of a then well-known temperance beverage that resembled whisky in color, and attempted to transport whisky under that guise.

Routed from their haunts and their trade destroyed, the rum sellers were loath to admit utter defeat. Their next step was to employ a small group of their customers—that class that would do almost anything for a drink—as street salesmen, or, as they were then called, pocket peddlers. But the street-sale scheme did not thrive. To meet and defeat these multitudinous attempts to outmaneuver the sheriffs and their deputies required unrelenting activity, but the backbone of the liquor business was broken, and the rum sellers admitted that the jig was up.

It was a long hard battle, but prohibition was made to prohibit, and the Maine liquor traffic was stopped. At that time the Federal authorities were not concerned with the enforcement of state liquor laws. Deputy collectors of internal revenue from the office of the collector for Maine and New Hampshire, then located in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, were each assigned a county in Maine to collect all sorts of delinquent taxes. It accordingly was the duty of the deputy collector to ferret out the liquor dealers and exact a twenty-five-dollar stamp tax if they carried on a retail business, and one hundred dollars if liquor was sold in wholesale quantities.

(Continued on Page 48)

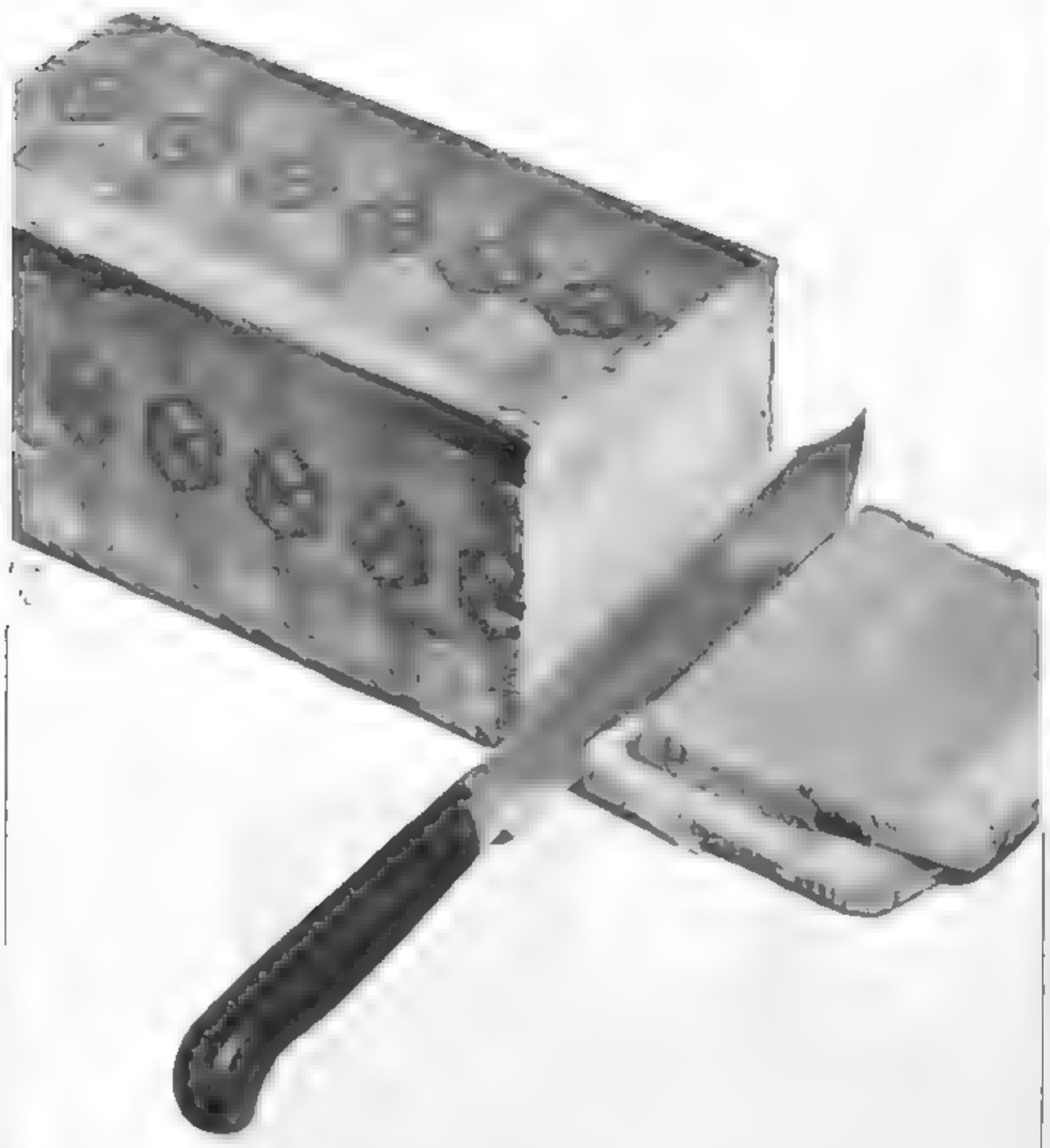
1899 – 1924

Only Packard can build a Packard

Brilliant Beauty
Distinctive Smartness
Extraordinary Performance
Economy of Operation
Luxurious Comfort
Low Upkeep Cost
Years and Years of Service
Pride of Ownership
Sound Investment
Standardized Nation-Wide Service
High Resale Value

Four-wheel service brakes; 2 additional rear wheel brakes—a total of 6—on all Packard cars

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



You'll Like the Flavor

The first taste of Kraft Cheese is remembered as a rare treat. It is the rich mellow flavor and appetizing freshness that is so captivating.

And it is this flavor, this freshness and wholesome goodness that has made the name Kraft a synonym everywhere for all that is best in cheese.

Kraft Cheese may be imitated in size and shape or style of package, but never in quality. There is no such thing as "Just the same as Kraft Cheese."

KRAFT CHEESE

Decidedly Better

J. L. KRAFT & BROS. CO.
CHICAGO—NEW YORK—SAN FRANCISCO
KRAFT-MACLAREN CHEESE CO., LTD., MONTREAL, CANADA

Continued from Page 46

Saloonkeepers and others engaged in the business fought against taking out stamps because Maine courts had held that the taking out of a retail liquor dealer's stamp was prima facie evidence, and had convicted on evidence obtained from the books of the collector at Portsmouth. At one time there were on record in the Government's books two hundred and fifty retail and fifty wholesale-and-retail liquor dealers in the state of Maine. Besides these, there were retail malt-liquor dealers who sold only beer.

Deputy collectors as a rule had little difficulty in fixing stamp liabilities, and could secure enough evidence in a forenoon to get the signatures to half a dozen applications in the afternoon. Generally when confronted with facts the rumsellers signed the cards and paid the 50 per cent penalty. Prosecution by the United States was to them far more serious than the activities of the local officials. The work of the government agents was lightened by the liquor dealers themselves. One having to pay reasoned that the fellow doing business down the street should be made to pay also, and accordingly gave the deputy collectors much valuable information. After making a full canvass of the city or town the deputy occasionally went on to the next place in his district, leaving the state officials to solve their own problems. Sometimes the sheriffs and the government agents coöperated. In this way the best results were obtained. An active deputy usually collected his year's salary and expenses from the liquor interests every month in the year.

Governor Haines, of Maine, did not live to see the Eighteenth Amendment go into effect, and for all the energy he expended in making the constitution a thing to be respected he enjoyed only the gratification of seeing and knowing that he had literally broken the back of the liquor traffic in his native state, and had proved that prohibition could be enforced. It wasn't an expensive proposition for the state either, because the fines and costs secured were almost sufficient to cover the expenses of administration.

At the expiration of his term Governor Haines retired to private life to rest after a strenuous two years. Succeeding administrations had seen the light in the clearing and had been convinced that the breaking up of the liquor traffic was a physical possibility. Conditions never reverted to the old order of swinging doors and wide-open sales, but business was eventually renewed by rumsellers, and they thrived, but always under cover.

Political influence was a mighty power in protecting the liquor interests in subsequent years. Their support at election time meant much to the candidates, and as a result they were allowed to ply their trade more or less without being molested. The unimportant proprietor of a lumberjacks' hotel was generally made the victim of the enforcement officers' activities, for the daily press must now and then carry news of raids and seizures as an indication of the activity and efficiency of the sheriffs and their deputies. The wholesalers, the men who had made fortunes out of their liquor ventures, were left alone: and so the story goes of politics and prohibition. There can be no enforcement while the two are constant companions and bosom friends. Until they are divorced prohibition will be only a theory and never a reality.

Today the part that Maine is playing in the international liquor traffic is common knowledge. Massachusetts used to ship Maine its liquor, and today Maine is shipping Massachusetts part of its supply. One man has bought a squadron of airplanes and makes frequent trips across the border: and then there is the well-known air line, or bootleggers' route, a direct road through the woods from Bangor to Canada, over which night traffic is very, very heavy, for that part of the country at least. The rum fleets off the coast vary their prices according to points of delivery—so much per case three miles out, a higher tariff for delivery on shore, and a still higher rate for placing cases safely into auto trucks.

Maine is glad to be relieved of its liquor-enforcement burden. Its only reason for existing most of the time seemed to be as a campaign issue, but it has a bright clean page in its history of prohibition, written by the steady and legible hand of William T. Haines, who proved to the people of the state, and to those who have followed its history, what an unrestricted, fearless and persevering governor can do. He has written his name indelibly in the temple of achievement, and what prohibition needs today to be a success is not so much more men, but men of the type and caliber of the late W. T. Haines.

DANIEL BOONE—By Arthur Guiterman

DANIEL BOONE at twenty-one
Came with his tomahawk, knife and gun
Home from the French and Indian War
To North Carolina and the Yadkin shore.
He married his maid with a golden band,
Builded his house and cleared his land;
But the deep woods claimed their son again
And he turned his face from the homes of men.
Over the Blue Ridge, dark and lone,
The Mountains of Iron, the Hills of Stone,
Braving the Shawnees' jealous wrath,
He made his way on the Warrior's Path.
Alone he trod the shadowed trails;
But he was the lord of a thousand vales
As he roved Kentucky, far and near,
Hunting the buffalo, elk and deer.
What joy to see, what joy to win
So fair a land for his kith and kin,
Of streams unstained and woods unhewn!
"Elbowroom!" laughed Daniel Boone.

On the Wilderness Road that his axmen made
The settlers flocked to the first stockade;
The deerskin shirts and the coonskin caps
Filed through the glens and the mountain gaps;
And hearts were high in the fateful spring
When the land said "Nay!" to the stubborn king.
While the men of the East of farm and town
Strove with the troops of the British Crown,
Daniel Boone from a surge of hate
Guarded a nation's westward gate.
Down on the fort in a wave of flame
The Shawnee horde and the Mingo came,
And the stout logs shook in a storm of lead;
But Boone stood firm and the savage fled.
Peace! And the settlers flocked anew,
The farm lands spread, the town lands grew;
But Daniel Boone was ill at ease
When he saw the smoke in his forest trees.
"There'll be no game in the country soon.
Elbowroom!" cried Daniel Boone.

Straight as a pine at sixty-five—
Time enough for a man to thrive—
He launched his bateau on Ohio's breast
And his heart was glad as he oared it west;
There were kindly folk and his own true blood
Where great Missouri rolls his flood;
New woods, new streams and room to spare,
And Daniel Boone found comfort there.
Yet far he ranged toward the sunset still,
Where the Kansas runs and the Smoky Hill,
And the prairies toss, by the south wind blown;
And he killed his bear on the Yellowstone.
But ever he dreamed of new domains
With vaster woods and wider plains;
Ever he dreamed of a world-to-be
Where there are no bounds and the soul is free.
At four-score-five, still stout and hale,
He heard a call to a farther trail;
So he turned his face where the stars are strewn;
"Elbowroom!" sighed Daniel Boone.

Down the Milky Way in its banks of blue
Far he has paddled his white canoe
To the splendid quest of the tameless soul—
He has reached the goal where there is no goal.
Now he rides and rides an endless trail
On the Hippogriff of the flaming tail
Or the Horse of the Stars with the golden mane,
As he rode the first of the blue-grass strain.
The joy that lies in the Search he seeks
On breathless hills with crystal peaks;
He makes his camp on heights untrod,
The steps of the Shrine, alone with God.
Through the woods of the vast, on the plains of Space
He hunts the pride of the Mammoth race
And the Dinosaur of the triple horn,
The Manticore and the Unicorn,
As once by the broad Missouri's flow
He followed the elk and the buffalo.
East of the Sun and west of the Moon,
"Elbowroom!" laughs Daniel Boone.

DODGE BROTHERS
TYPE-B SEDAN

A woman will usually admire one thing about a car and a man another, but there is one feature of the new Type-B Sedan which both admire equally and emphatically—its exceptional driving ease.

This is due to a combination of several important improvements—a roomier front compartment; a readier clutch response; a new steering wheel that offers a trim, firm grip; and control levers that are ideally accessible, yet conveniently out of the way of robes and luggage.

The price is $1250 f. o. b. Detroit

EUROPE

Make your bookings now!

IF you are planning a trip abroad make your choice of accommodations now before the season starts. And investigate *first* your own U. S. Government ships sailing under the American Flag, before you make any actual bookings. In the transatlantic service between New York and Plymouth, Southampton, Cherbourg and Bremen they are unsurpassed for size, speed, luxury and economy.

Free Literature

Send in the coupon below. Free, illustrated literature on Europe and ship accommodations of the United States Lines will be sent without obligation. Mail the coupon now.

United States Lines
45 Broadway New York
Agencies in Principal Cities
Canadian Office
79 Queen St. W., Toronto
Managing Operators for
U. S. SHIPPING BOARD

The Ships are

Pres. Roosevelt	Feb. 23	Apr. 19
Pres. Harding	Mar. 1	Mar. 29
Geo. Washington	Mar. 8	Apr. 5
America	Mar. 12	Apr. 9
Leviathan	Mar. 22	Apr. 12

Mail this coupon

INFORMATION BLANK
To U. S. Shipping Board
Infor. Sect. J2472 Washington, D. C

Please send without obligation the U. S. Government literature described above. I am considering a trip to Europe ☐, to the Orient ☐, to South America ☐.

If I go date will be about _____

My Name _____

Address _____

A FOOL'S ERRAND

(Continued from Page 19)

So I'm to show off my paces—play about on the course and generally show the other what fun running is, and then, when it finally dawns on him that if he follows the rails they'll bring him to the post, I'm to—well, where do I come in? I suppose I get a lump of sugar and a dazzling smile."

"Perhaps," said Athalia dreamily, "the other'll never start."

Punch set his teeth.

"Does it occur ——"

"Perhaps," continued Athalia, "when he does, you'll leave him standing." The man stared. "That's my trouble. I love him desperately now—possibly because he doesn't love me. But once he's started, you may go right away."

Fairfax fingered his chin.

"D'you really think that likely?"

"It's quite on the cards. At the moment, I like you and I love him. So I obviously can't marry you. If once he gets going I shall see him in quite a new light. And then—why, I mayn't love him at all."

"Are you sure you've got it right?" said Punch. "I mean, these 'ere love squalls are very tricky. Perhaps you don't really care about either of us. I'm sure you think you do, but perhaps you don't. I remember Dusty Bligh wabbling between Ray Darling, that was, and Monica Pump. Neither of the girls would have been seen dead with him, but that never entered his head. His trouble was that he couldn't decide which to have. It was like a billiard match. In the afternoon Monica'd be leading, and in the evening Ray'd get her eye in and fairly walk away. It might have been going on now if a widow with three kids hadn't rolled up and pinched the prize."

"Served him right," said Miss Choate. "But I'm not wabbling. Don't you believe it. If the man I love would only propose tonight, I'd fairly jump at him."

"The devil you would!" said Fairfax.

"But he won't," said Athalia sadly. "Don't be afraid." A tender note slid into the fresh tones. "I think he's love-shy. He'll want a lot of leading. And then, as I've said, perhaps it won't be the same."

Punch frowned upon his finger nails.

"You know, it's all fine," he said uneasily, "but in the course of this running-up stunt I may get fond of you." He hesitated. Then—"Not soppy, you know, but—but troubled. Go off my feed, an' that sort of thing. At the present moment I'm sorry, and there you are; but if I saw a lot of you, as you seem to suggest I should—well, I might easily get distracted. And then if the other gent comes off I'm carted good and proper, I am."

Athalia shrugged her white shoulders.

"That's your lookout. On the other hand, I may get fond of you. It's a gamble, of course; but so are a lot of things. And I've told you the absolute truth. I needn't have. Not one woman in a million would have. They'd've played you up all right without putting you wise. And you'd've blessed or cursed them according as it fell out. But I agreed to be honest—for a quarter of an hour. Incidentally, I see the time's up."

"Make it twenty minutes," said Fairfax hastily.

"Not for worlds," said Athalia with a bewitching smile. She rose and, standing a-tiptoe, peered at herself in the mirror above the hearth. "And now, which is it to be?"

Thoughtfully Punch regarded her exquisite form. Presently the girl turned her head and looked at him over her shoulder. In silence their eyes met.

At length—"I feel I'm asking for trouble," said the man, "but I may as well have a dart." He rose, stepped to her side and took her small hands in his. "I don't believe I've an earthly, Athalia dear, but, whatever happens, I'll have been with you a bit, won't I? And—when I'm hungry, I expect I'll be glad of those crumbs."

Miss Choate said nothing. Fairfax kissed her cool fingers.

II

SIX weeks had gone by, through which, so far as his secretaryship permitted, Punch had devoted his time to Athalia Choate. Three days out of five he saw her by hook or by crook. One night they danced together, another they dined. Twice, time being hard to come by, they had met before breakfast in the Row. On three out of seven Sundays they had spent the day in his car—a powerful gray two-seater, aged and greedy, but sound and good to look at. The comfort of its rubbed cushions stuck in the memory, like that of a glass of old port.

Such attention would not have been possible but for the lady herself. Athalia's parents were dead, and though she visited America every autumn the great mansion in Philadelphia was rented year after year, and its girlish landlord spent nearly all her time within hail of a beloved aunt. The latter had married one of the king's household. The engagement book of an exceptionally attractive heiress, so chaperoned, is apt to be full. But Athalia saw to it that Punch was not crowded out. More—true to the spirit of their contract, the girl never fobbed him off. Whenever he sought her company she gave it with a quick smile. If his work made their meeting difficult she helped him to find a way. If he bored her she never showed it; if another should have stood in his shoes she gave no sign. Only, though she had her own cars, she never used them once when Fairfax was there. Whatever the night, she came and went by taxi if Punch was to be her squire. And, though two or three times he came to her uncle's house, it was always to big parties, where he was one of a crowd. If she entertained, herself, Fairfax was never asked.

That this faintly surprised the latter, the following letter will show. He wrote it to his twin sister, Lady Defoe:

July 18, 1923.

Dear Judy: The worst has happened. I knew it would. I'm off my feed. As gentle a brace of kidneys as ever you saw. I give you my word. I had to cover them up—they stared so reproachfully. Well, it's my own fault. I walked slap into the cage—Athalia showed me round it: together we looked at the bars. And now I can't get out. I tell you I've got it bad. I've got to the mathematical stage—adding up how many hours before I see her again, subtracting so many for sleep and glaring at the balance as if it was a bad debt. Did you ever do that, Judy? And all the time I'm racking my rotten brain. I'm sure it's Beringhampton. I'm positive. He knew her before, of course: but he never sat up and took notice until a month ago. And now—well, Mary's lamb isn't in it. He's always around somewhere—always. I happen to know he loathes racing, but the two days she was at Newmarket, there he was. I must admit he's good-looking—I think he's the best-looking man I ever saw. But he's a queer-tempered cove. And I'm sorry if he's the man—as he surely is. You see, Judy, no one else fits. If you asked me to find a fellow who needed a lead, who didn't know his own mind, who'd keep on staring at a strawberry and thinking what a whopper it was without it entering his head that he might as well pick it—I should shout "Beringhampton." Everyone would. Oh, of course it's him. "The man I love." Aren't women funny? Of course I may be wrong. There's plenty of other lads all over Athalia: but they're not hard up for ideas. They don't need any pushing: most'd look a bit better with four-wheel brakes. Again, it may be someone who hasn't stripped: but, if it is, they're lying devilish low. I tell you I've racked my brain.

But whoever it is has done me in all right. mu king about like this. Damn it, they must love her, unless they've got tea in their veins. You've only got to see her for that. Then what's their mouth for? And while they're boggling I'm being broken up.

And there you are. If somebody said "All right: they shall speak tonight," I'd knock his face through his head. I love my tenterhooks. You know—the sweet-sorrow stunt. I tell you, Judy, I'm on the edge of poetry. I want the business finished and I don't want it finished. I don't know what I want. Yes, I do. I want Athalia. I want her as I never wanted anything before. I thought I wanted her six weeks ago. Want? I didn't know what the word meant. I'm absolutely mad about her, Judy. I don't let her see it, you know, but when she appears I have to hold on to something or I'd be jumping up and down. Her eyes, her hair, her blessed mouth—why, her little mouth'd make most women, wouldn't it? You do like her, don't you? Of course, I know you do, but just say so in your next letter. Just make up something nice and shove it in. It'll be like a drink to me.

Well, I don't know what's to happen. We never fixed a time limit, so this may go on for months. Sometimes I feel I can't bear it—only last night I damned near had it all out. But then, if I do and she thanks the other cove a warming up, everything'll be queered. I shall be fixed on the spot and my precious pretty bubble'll become, as they say, disintegrated. Whereupon I shall seek the water under the earth.

At other times I'm afraid—terrified, Judy old girl, that the very next time I see her she's going to say "He's won" and wring my hand and thank me for working Beringhampton up to the scratch. You see, she's no idea that she's shortening my life. She knows I'm out to marry her, but she doesn't dream that I'm nearly off my head. I hide it all right, you know. Most casual, I am. And when she isn't looking, I kiss her blessed gloves.

She doesn't ask me to dinner. That shows how little she knows. Of course she'd ask me if she thought I'd care to come. It just doesn't occur to her, Judy. I admit she asks Beringhampton—at least, she did last time.

I suppose you couldn't write and suggest that she come to Biarritz. Wrap it up, you know. Say the bathing's a treat and it's the first time you've been warm since the war, and all that sort of wash. You see, I can get leave in August, and what more natural or pious than that I should come and see you? Incidentally, that'd show us whether Beringhampton means business. If he follows her to Biarritz he simply must speak. So long, Judy love,

PUNCH

P. S. Of course it may be all over before August. I don't think B's going strong, but, except for Sundays, I never see her by day. From ten to six he's got the course to himself. These cursed idle rich! I tell you I'm seeing the Labor point of view.

P. P. S. What an *histoire* this letter is! I've just been reading it through, and it's shaken me up.

I'm coming unbuttoned, Judy. Poor old Punch is coming unbuttoned at last.

Seven days later Miss Choate confided to Fairfax that she had heard from Judy.

"Not my twin sister?" said Punch, with a daring display of amazement.

"The same," said Athalia. "Why shouldn't I hear from her?"

"No reason at all," said Punch, "except that she never writes. I've had six letters from her since she was married: that's seven years ago. Mole says she's a vegetarian, thinks it cruel to use ink, but speakin' as one who's known her all her life except the first twenty minutes, I incline, as they say, to the view that she's labor shy. What does she say?".

"Suggests that I come to Biarritz. By way of inducement she adds: 'The bathing's a treat and it's the first time you've been warm since the war, and all that sort of wash.'"

Mentally Fairfax consigned Lady Defoe to a resort where the warmth would be still more remarkable.

"Must be losing her mind," he said shortly. "What wash?"

"Can't conceive," said Miss Choate innocently. "Never mind. The point is, shall I go?"

"Why not?" said Punch. "It's about the only place in Europe I know where you can bathe in comfort without a fleece-lined wet-off bathing suit and a sealskin towel. I shouldn't faint with surprise if I rolled up there myself. I want to see Judy, and my leave starts on the sixth."

"I'm not sailing till the end of September," said Athalia musingly, "so I could put in a month. I must confess I'd rather like to get warm. When's your bank holiday?"

"Sixth of *août*," said Punch. "I should give that a miss."

"If I went on the fourth." She sighed. "At least, it'll be a change. After all, life's rather like a frock. If it's to be a success you must see it from every angle. Besides, to tell you the truth, I think it'd be a good move—my suddenly leaving the stage. Nature abhors a vacuum."

Fairfax's heart stood still.

After an awkward silence "Is is he showing any signs of life?" he said uncertainly.

Athalia looked away

"I—I think so," she whispered.

III

UPON being approached Sir Charles Grist could see no reason at all why his secretary's leave should not commence at five on Sunday afternoon instead of at twelve o'clock on Sunday night.

It was therefore 8:30 o'clock of a pleasant August evening when the old gray two-seater slid through the streets of Newhaven and down to the idle quay.

Two other cars were waiting to go aboard. One was a green cabriolet with red wire wheels. Fairfax knew it at once, and stopped in his tracks.

It was a powerful touring car, the property of a nobleman—that, in fact, of the Most Honorable the Marquess of Beringhampton. For a moment or two Punch stared at the equipage. Then he took out his case and lighted a cigarette.

"They're off at last," he said. "After seven weeks at the gate, at last they're off. If I wasn't a blinkin' fool I should turn

(Continued on Page 52)

Nature's Laboratory Produced Sillimanite for Wonderful Champion Cores

Back in the distant ages when the world was young the mighty internal earth fires and terrific pressures fused certain mineral ingredients into compact masses of crystals known today as sillimanite.

Through the centuries this mineral lay unused, known only to scientists as having peculiar shock-resisting properties.

Working in a fine modern laboratory, Champion scientists succeeded in artificially approaching natural sillimanite. But they had to use temperatures far in excess of what would be practical in manufacturing processes.

They found that the substance they produced was the finest insulator ever known; that it could be formed into a spark plug core that was practically immune to breakage. Further tests convinced them that sillimanite was really nature's great advance over their own laboratory efforts.

So they sought through the world for sillimanite in practical quantities. They discovered it at last in the Inyo Mountains of California and now Champion controls the only known commercial supply of this exceedingly rare mineral. That is why Champion is the better spark plug and is outselling throughout the world.

The Double-Ribbed Champion sillimanite core is far superior to the finest porcelains. It always provides complete insulation which makes certain that a full, intense spark is delivered to the firing points.

Power and pickup are improved. Gas and oil are saved. Better all around engine performance is certain. You will know new motoring satisfaction and you will save money if you install dependable Champions—by the full set.

The seven Champion types provide a correctly designed spark plug for every engine. More than 90,000 dealers sell Champions. The Blue Box is 75 cents. Champion X 60 cents. (Canadian prices 90 and 80 cents.)

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio
Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

Ernest Pechin, famous cornet soloist, long with Conway's band, uses and endorses the new Victor Cornet.

The CONN CORNET is Superior

Foremost artists, also the great soloists, use and endorse Conns.

FEATURES

Hydraulic expansion of tubing;
Perfect graduation of bore; accurate scale;
Easy blowing;
Most accurate tuning device; exclusive valve tuning mechanism;
Patent valve spring tension adjuster, enabling the player to set tension desired;
Perfect balance, correct weight, handsome design;
True cornet tone—pure, brilliant.

FREE

"Success in Music and How to Win It," an interesting and valuable book. John Philip Sousa and other world-famous musicians give valuable advice. Send coupon for your copy and details of

Free Trial—Easy Payments

on any Conn instrument. Conn is the only maker of every instrument used in the band. Free written lesson for beginners.

C. G. CONN, Ltd.
236 Conn Building Elkhart, Indiana

CONN BAND INSTRUMENTS
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS

Send for this Free Book

C. G. CONN, Ltd.
236 Conn Building
Elkhart, Indiana
Please send "Success in Music" and details of Free Trial of _____ Instrument
Name _____
St. or Rural Route _____
City, State _____
County _____

(Continued from Page 50)

round and drive straight back. As it is ——" He shifted uneasily. "Why shouldn't I have a run? Why shouldn't I have it out before he comes—get there and have it out? An' tell her he's coming an' then push gracefully off? I've nothing to lose, and I'd like her to know how much I really care." He sat up suddenly. "By George, I will! When she knows he's really off perhaps she won't ——" He stopped short there, took off his hat and carefully wiped his face. Then he put on his hat, adjusted it carefully, thrust his cigarette between his lips and folded his arms. "The art of life," he announced, "is to keep one's bullet head. If I go, it's simply because I've got nothing to lose."

As the A. A. man came up—"Last on the boat, first off—am I right?" said Fairfax.

"You are, sir."

"Then put me on last, please"

"I will, sir"

Punch handed over his papers and sought for a drink.

As he passed into the hotel Beringhampton came out.

"Hello," said Fairfax cheerfully. "Come and have another."

The other stared.

"Are you crossing?" he said.

"I am that," said Fairfax: "complete with automobile. Destination, B-B-B-Biarritz—where the rainbow ends."

"What are you going there for?"

"Pleasure," said Punch shortly. "And you?"

For a moment Beringhampton looked him in the face. Then the peer's eyes fell to the mat at his feet.

"I never talk," he said. "I never talk."

He spat the words rather than spoke them.

"All right," said Fairfax, laughing. "But come to the harbor bar and have a ——"

"'Sdamned bad form to laugh," flashed Beringhampton, and went his way.

Fairfax looked after him.

"The man's mad," he murmured. "Staring mad. Face like a Greek god, an' a kink in his brain. And to think she thinks she loves him!" He raised his eyes to heaven. "Oh, where's the bar?"

That night in his cabin Fairfax remade his plans. Between Dieppe and Biarritz lay five hundred and twenty miles. He had intended to stay one night on the road, and had chosen Tours as his lodging. From Dieppe to Tours the distance was two hundred miles. Thus, traveling at ease, he would have come to Biarritz on Tuesday afternoon

His meeting with Beringhampton had altered everything. Generally, it suggested that any avoidable delay should be avoided. Specially, it emphasized the desirability of extreme haste; first, because Beringhampton would naturally propose to reach Biarritz before the gray two-seater, and secondly, because his car was far and away the faster car.

Punch knitted his brows. The boat would reach Dieppe at four A.M.; with luck his car could have passed the customs and be actually on the road at five o'clock; and then—five hundred and twenty miles.

Rejecting travelers' tales in favor of the report of personal experience, Punch decided that if he could maintain an average of thirty-five miles an hour he would do extremely well. If he allowed two hours for meals and rest, that would bring him to Biarritz by ten o'clock. To shave, bathe, change and locate Athalia would take the best part of an hour. Eleven o'clock. Punch wrinkled his nose. Mercifully Miss Choate kept late hours. Mercifully. And this was assuming that he ran to time.

With a sigh Fairfax took out tobacco and lighted a pipe

By what hour the Beringhampton touring car could reach Biarritz he deliberately declined to calculate. The answer could do no good and would be discouraging. Given a car which can average fifty upon the open road and a chauffeur to take the wheel when you feel tired —— But then, who was to say that Beringhampton would go straight through? Besides ——

Fairfax folded his map and took off his collar and shoes. Then he lay down on the seat and wished for the day

This came in due season, fresh and cloudless; but other things first—the port of Dieppe, for instance, and shouts and clangings of the telegraph.

A press of miserable passengers—cold, heavy-laden, white-faced—squeezed and fought its way towards the steep gangway, stumbled up the rude slope, clattered over setts and metals and swarmed nervously into a grisly custom house, there to protest despairingly that it had nothing to declare. Blue-jerseyed porters, frantic with excitement, panted and screamed and staggered under stupendous loads. A steam crane swung to and fro about its business, responding with an uncanny intelligence to the medley of confused directions constantly hurled at its cab. Trucks, seemingly designed for uproar, bumped and rumbled and crashed from quay to platform, their governors bawling for *attention* in a monotonous drawl. A man in charge of a refreshment wagon was crying his wares; another shouted recurringly that the train would not depart for thirty minutes and urged the prudence of a meal at the buffet; a boy was dismally chanting the names of newspapers; a porter who had lost his patrons was howling "*Soixante-dix*"; four Frenchmen were arguing explosively about summer-time; a terrier was barking like a fiend. Over all, the deafening roar of escaping steam strengthened the resemblance of the scene to the evacuation of hell.

As if to clinch its identity, here and there stood the cloaked and hooded figures of authority, motionless, silent, indifferent to the bustle and hubbub, smoking contemptuously, sinister, lynx-eyed. Their deliberate detachment from struggling humanity, their sullen observance and studied disregard of a thousand needs were arguing a stony misanthropy, malicious, satanic.

Fairfax watched and waited with an eye on the clock. So did Beringhampton. The latter's chauffeur had a very bad time. It was not, of course, his fault that the officials declared their intention of disembarking the cars as they came. Neither, indeed, was it his fault that, when the cars were ashore, a certain necessary officer was not forthcoming. Yet he paid for this, as did the A. A. man—generously. The idea of waiting till seven did not appeal to Beringhampton; nor, for the matter of that, to Punch either. Still, the latter kept his temper and cursed with a smile on his lips.

While Beringhampton stalked off the quay in search of a lodging Fairfax took off his coat and went over his car. Not so the marquess' chauffeur. After asking Punch if he could be of any assistance the chauffeur climbed into his charge and endeavored to sleep. Injustice makes a bad servant. It also may do a rival a very good turn. It did—that Monday morning. Of the five cars to be cleared the gray two-seater was the first inspected and the touring car the fifth. Beringhampton raged. Then a tire was found flat, and the wheel had to be changed. Though Punch was clear of Dieppe by 7:15, it was half past eight ere the other took the road.

A start of fifty miles was not to be sneezed at, but the ghastly delay of more than two hours had altered everything. Fairfax knew in his heart that his chances of reaching Biarritz upon the right side of midnight were very small. If he could average forty the whole of the way, well and very good. Otherwise, any interview he might have with Athalia would take place the following day. She kept late hours, certainly, but not so late as all that. On the other hand, barring accidents, there was no reason at all why a clear eye and a determined arm should not bring Beringhampton's car to Biarritz by nine o'clock. The devil of it was that Beringhampton must know that, if he but pleased to hurry, he could have the field to himself. The three hours lost would have been of no use to him. Had he arrived at six, by the time he had changed Miss Choate would have gone to dress, and thence to dinner. Not till, say, half past nine would he have had a look-in. And by then Fairfax might have come up to cramp his style. But now, if he pleased, he could have the field to himself.

Punch swore beneath his breath and coaxed the gray two-seater to sixty-two.

He ran into Rouen as clocks were striking eight and, meeting the river, followed it out of the town. Past a quarry and up through the rising woods, over the glittering Seine, through Pont-de-l'Arche, by Louviers' precious church, into mitered Evreux, where the broad road splits into a delta of aged streets, up over the railway and on to the rolling plain the gray two-seater flung like a thing possessed

The first real check came at old Dreux, where it was market day. Horses and cattle and carts lumbered and lurched and sprawled and backed over the pavement, thrusting and being thrust, lorries panted and stormed, insistently demanding passage and finding none; little groups of peasants stood in the fairway, absorbed in discourse, shifting mechanically as the raving traffic pushed its way by; gossiping eagerly, old women plunged and bundled from side to side, apparently oblivious alike of time and place until dragged from under cartwheels or overthrown by collision; urchins were baiting dogs, set to guard tailboards; gentle-eyed calves stared over sides of gigs; chickens, pinioned and thrown, eyed the welter with indignant surprise.

Ere he had time to withdraw Punch was engulfed, and ten precious minutes went by before he was out of town.

Troubles are gregarious. Ten miles from Chartres a tire burst. Fairfax changed the wheel and then looking over his engine found that his fan strap had gone.

It was past ten now, and becoming immensely hot. Not to repair the defect there and then would be the act of a fool. Punch shook the sweat from his eyes and sought for a spare.

The sight of Chartres' exquisite spires, rising like toy steeples out of the hazy plain, was comforting, but his relentless wrist watch and the thought of a useless tire jabbed viciously at Fairfax's nerves. He could not make up his mind whether to stop at Chartres and fit a new tire or to take what risk there was and go his way. As he swept up the boulevards he decided to stop for water and nothing else.

He must pass the Place des Epars and he knew a garage was there. The next moment he saw its pump. He drew up to the gap in the curb with a swift rush.

While they were drawing water he ran across the *place* and purchased a pie. The *pâtés* of Chartres are famous, and a meal in themselves. Then he bought two bottles of Evian and hurried back. He found the mechanic regarding the near fore wheel. There was a gash in the cover through which you could see the tube.

It was a quarter to eleven by the time he was out of Chartres, and Beringhampton passed him five miles beyond Vendôme. Punch marked his passage mutely, with stony eyes. Then he slid under some trees and took out the clutch.

He broke his fast quickly and then lay down in the grass by the side of the road. He knew what it meant to feel sleepy over the wheel. For perhaps ten minutes he dozed. Then he rose, bathed his face and swung himself into the car.

The road was wicked now—broken to bits. The gray two-seater leaped like a young ram. But Fairfax let her have it and went like the wind. He had nothing to lose.

The broken road took its toll, and when he slid into Tours one of his wings was flapping and his number plate hanging by a thread.

He pushed up the Rue Nationale, to see Beringhampton's colors crawling ahead. With a hammering heart Fairfax drew very close.

As he slipped by he glanced round. The chauffeur saw him and smiled and touched his hat. Except for him at the wheel the car was empty.

Punch pulled into the side, and the other slowed up.

"Where's his lordship?" said Fairfax.

The man's lips tightened.

"He's just taken the train, sir."

"Why?"

"We 'ad a very near shave, sir, a mile or two back." He passed his hand over his eyes. "As near to death as ever I want to be." He paused. Then he burst out, "I've given 'im notice, sir. I've only got one life. If they mark a bend over 'ere, you can bet it's a turn and a 'alf. I pointed 'im out the sign, but 'e didn' care. An' a steam roller waitin' the other side." He wiped his face. "I thought we was done, I did. When we was through, I told 'im I'd leave 'im at Tours. 'E asked me if I was afraid, an' I said yes, I was. 'Then drive,' says he. 'An' be cursed an' 'ounded,' says I, 'till I can't think straight? Not much, my lord,' I says. 'I'll leave at Tours.' When we got 'ere 'e drove to the station an' asked if there was a train. Some train was there—movin'. They 'auled 'im in and I pushed 'is dressing case up. 'Deliver the car,' he cries; an' there you are."

"What filthy luck!" cried Punch, half to himself. "What filthy luck!"

The man looked at him curiously. Then he glanced at the car.

"You're coming to pieces, sir. Are you going far?"

"Biarritz," said Punch.

The fellow glanced at his clock.

(Continued on Page 54)

Published every other week. Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc

The purpose of this nation-wide cooperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

The Noblest Friend of Man

Such is Strongheart, loyal and steadfast, untangling the skein of Fate in two human lives in the gripping drama "The Love Master," the newest picture of the most beloved dog in the world

SOMEWHERE in the North land Strongheart peers away into the forests and listens to the cry of his cousins—the timber wolves. Beside him Lady Jule, her ears cocked at the plaintive wail. Ahead is the wild land of their wolf ancestors; behind the civilization of man and the master they love. And by the ties of love are they bound and held fast and the call from the forest goes unanswered

Strongheart powerful but gentle, kingly but obedient, is back on the screen in a new picture, "The Love Master," presented by Jane Murfin and Lawrence Trimble

Out Where Dogs Are Dogs!

THE crack of a pistol; twenty whips snap as one; twenty voices shouting "mush"! Twenty dog teams start their race over the limitless snows, speeding across the level spaces, straining up steep mountains; growling, crying, fighting as they lose their footing and fall!

Sometimes I wonder if we of the big cities, cheering racing autos, urging on the ponies at the home stretch, understand what a real thrill is. When I saw "The Love Master" and watched that race over mountains and through the valleys with six animals straining under the crack of each whip, it seemed that the test of brawn and skill in the North is a truer and sterner test than any of the Southland. And here—in "The Love Master"—it is a race for something more than glory; the happiness of two young people depends upon that strong heart of Strongheart, leading their team across the snows

It's different kind of entertainment, is "The Love Master." Different in story, in scenery, in thrills. Such pictures are destined to etch themselves on the memory—and in the heart

"Cytherea" Cast is Selected

"CYTHEREA," Joseph Hergesheimer's well known novel, is to be enacted by a worthy cast. Samuel Goldwyn (no longer connected with Goldwyn Pictures) and George Fitzmaurice, who will produce the picture have already selected Alma Rubens, Lewis Stone, Mary Alden and Constance Bennett, a daughter of Richard Bennett, for the important rôles

All of which indicates that another dramatic treat is on the way, a worthy successor to "The Eternal City"

"Till the Sands of the Desert"—

"A CALUMNY!" writes Director Edwin Carewe from Algiers, "a calumny indeed about the sands of the desert never growing cold. I believe they freeze solid every night." Carewe and his company of stars—Bert Lytell, Claire Windsor, Rosemary Theby, Montagu Love, Walter McGrail and Paul Panzer—are packing up to return to America, and "A Son of the Sahara," which they have been filming abroad, will soon be ready for your theatre

The Thrills of "Torment"

HOW long before we know the full story of the travail of Russia since 1917? A decade or a century? What dark deeds and what glorious deeds were performed and are still unwritten? Heroism and cowardice shot the history of the present in that vast country and the vaster Orient

Here, in this fertile fiction field, did Maurice Tourneur find the subject of his next picture. In "Torment," a story by William Dudley Pelley, he discovered an imagination to supplement his own and the result is a vivid picturization a flash in a dark night revealing fierce adventure and strong romance The characters move through three countries, facing danger and mystery in Russia, America and the Orient until the story culminates in a powerful scene showing the recent Japanese earthquake

Here, too, Tourneur paints his character like the master artist. Entombed together in an underground vault, the robbers and the robbed display hidden traits of meanness and unknown courage and sacrifice

There's a neat little package of thrills awaiting you when "Torment" shows at your local theatre. Owen Moore and Bessie Love have the leading roles

"The Sea Hawk" is Found

AT last! That delightful character of Sabatini's story The Sea Hawk," which Frank Lloyd will bring to the screen. This colorful figure of a hundred fights and a single love will be—Milton Sills, one of the most popular actors of the screen You see him on the right as he will appear in the rôle of the fearless corsair of the sixteenth century Barbary Coast

It will be several months before Lloyd completes this gripping tale of sea and land, but you who have read the novel know it is worth watching for

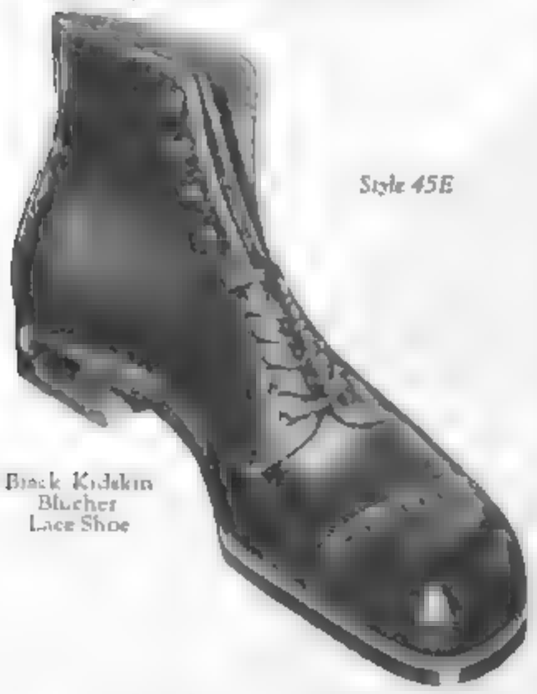
"Meet the Family"—

OUR little family is growing. I speak editorially, of course, of the First National family. We now have seven gifted young ladies; three magnetic men and one remarkable kid—all of whom will be seen in pictures presented through First National Here are the ladies you know them all Colleen Moore, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Corinne Griffith, Sylvia Breamer Virginia Brown Faire, and—the latest addition beautiful Barbara La Marr. The men are no less popular—Richard Barthelmess, Milton Sills and Ben Lyon. And the kid? None other than that lovable "reg'lar fellow," Ben Alexander, featured in "Boy of Mine."

On the left meet Milton Sills, selected by Frank Lloyd to play the title rôle in "The Sea Hawk." In the center we have a scene from Maurice Tourneur's "Torment," a melodramatic story that moves with lightning speed through Russia America and Japan. Owen Moore—as you see him on the right—has one of the leading rôles.

THE
Hanover Shoe
FIVE DOLLARS

This price is possible because we are the only shoemakers in America who sell exclusively through our own stores, in 62 cities.



Style 45E

Black Kidskin Blucher Lace Shoe

If there is no Hanover Store near you—

we will fit you from Hanover. Look for the nearest store or write for catalog.

AKRON, OHIO	59 S. Main Street
ALBANY, N. Y.	463 Broadway
ALLENTOWN, PA.	724 Hamilton Street
ALTOONA, PA.	1328 11th Avenue
ATLANTA, GA.	4 Whitehall Street
ATLANTA, GA.	52 Marietta Street
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.	1106 Atlantic Avenue
AUGUSTA, GA.	826 Broad Street
BALTIMORE, MD.	125 E. Baltimore Street
BALTIMORE, MD.	16 E. Baltimore Street
BALTIMORE, MD.	108 W. Baltimore Street
BALTIMORE, MD.	122 W. Baltimore Street
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.	1918 Third Avenue
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.	1258 Main Street
BROOKLYN, N. Y.	537 Fulton Street
BROOKLYN, N. Y.	508 Fifth Avenue
BROOKLYN, N. Y.	4... Broadway
CAMDEN, N. J.	... Broadway
CANTON, OHIO	244 N. Market Avenue
CHAMBERSBURG, PA.	101 N. Main Street
CHARLESTON, S. C.	319 King Street
CHESTER, PA.	521 Market Street
CHICAGO, ILL.	99 S. Dearborn Street
CINCINNATI, OHIO	3 W. Fifth Avenue
CLEVELAND, OHIO	530 Superior Avenue
CLEVELAND, OHIO	Cor. Pub. Sq. & Ont. Street
DAYTON, OHIO	26 E. Fifth Street
DETROIT, MICH.	1241 Farmer Street
DETROIT, MICH.	42 Monroe Street
DETROIT, MICH.	611 Woodward Ave.
EASTON, PA.	245 Northampton Street
ELIZABETH, N. J.	136 Broad Street
ERIE, PA.	1029 State Street
HANOVER, PA.	26 Baltimore Street
HARRISBURG, PA.	115 Market Street
HARTFORD, CONN.	408 Asylum Street
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.	18 N. Illinois Street
JACKSON, MICH.	109 E. Main Street
JOHNSTOWN, PA.	418 Main Street
LANCASTER, PA.	112 N. Queen Street
LEBANON, PA.	4 South Eighth Street
LORAIN, OHIO	646 Broadway
LOUISVILLE, KY.	405 S. Fourth Avenue
McKEESPORT, PA.	314 Fifth Avenue
MACON, GA.	361 Second Street
NASHVILLE, TENN.	34 Fifth Avenue
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.	3 George Street
NEWCASTLE, PA.	228 E. Washington Street
NEW ORLEANS, LA.	617 Canal Street
NEW ORLEANS, LA.	142 St. Charles Street
NEW ORLEANS, LA.	1013 S. Rampart Street
NEW YORK, N. Y.	1... Broadway
NEW YORK, N. Y.	... Broadway
NEW YORK, N. Y.	... Broadway
NEW YORK, N. Y.	28 W. 125th Street
NEWARK, N. J.	2... Market Street
NEWARK, N. J.	1... Market Street
NEWPORT NEWS, VA.	Washington Ave. at 29th Street
NORFOLK, VA.	... Granby Street
PASSAIC, N. J.	58 Lexington Avenue
PATERSON, N. J.	201 Market Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	1105 Market Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	10... Chestnut Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	...9 N. Eighth Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	21... N. Eighth Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	216 Kensington Avenue
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	30... Lancaster Avenue
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	2732 Germantown Avenue
PITTSBURGH, PA.	10 Smithfield Street
PITTSBURGH, PA.	934 Smithfield Street
PITTSBURGH, PA.	647 Smithfield Street
PITTSBURGH, PA.	20... Sixth Street
PLAINFIELD, N. J.	109 E. Front Street
READING, PA.	525 Penn Street
RICHMOND, VA.	609 E. Broad Street
ST. LOUIS, MO.	304 N. Sixth Street
ST. LOUIS, MO.	19... Olive Street
SCRANTON, PA.	410 Spruce Street
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO	24 E. High Street
STAMFORD, CONN.	281 Atlantic Street
TOLEDO, OHIO	305 S. Erie Street
TRENTON, N. J.	5... State Street
WASHINGTON, D. C.	919 Pa. Ave. N. W.
WILKES-BARRE, PA.	9 E. Market Street
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.	12 W. Fourth Street
WILMINGTON, DEL.	60... Market Street
YORK, PA.	5 E. Market Street

THE HANOVER SHOE, Hanover, Pa.
Exclusively for Men and Boys

(Continued from Page 52)

"I suppose you'll be needin' your car, sir, or I—I could give you a lift."

Fairfax's heart leaped. Then he shook his head.

"I can't use his car," he said.

"It isn't 'is car," cried the man. "'E sold 'er a week ago; sold 'er to Mr. Fairie. 'E's at St.-Johndylose. An' as 'e was goin' to Beeritz, 'is lordship made the offer to bring 'er out." He dived at a pocket. "Why, 'er papers an' all's in Mr. Fairie's name."

"Mr. Fairie, of Castle Charing?"

"That's right, sir. Is he a friend of yours?"

"I should think he was!" shouted Fairfax. "But I say—I want to move."

The chauffeur smiled.

"She'll move, sir. D'you know the way?"

"I do. D'you want any petrol?"

"I was just going to fill the tank, sir."

"I know a garage here. You follow me."

Ten minutes later the faithful gray two-seater had been worthily bestowed, the touring car's tank had been filled to the brim, and Fairfax had taken his seat beside her driver.

As they moved off—"She's better nor any train," said the latter shortly.

If the surface was none too good, at least the way was straight and the road open. The reaches became gigantic; after each bend you could see for miles ahead. The traffic, too, was negligible. It was, indeed, the exception not to have the road to yourself.

With the roar of a lion, the great car leaped at her prey. Time and again the illusion of the frantic approach of things stationary was almost irresistibly real. Time and again, when the road rose and fell, the sensation of using a switchback was painfully acute. Time and again, as they passed another vehicle, the fierce cuff of uproar made Fairfax wince. Time and again pace dislocated sight and left the brain fumbling.

Villages sprang into being out of flat places; a huddle of distant dots shivered into a town; as for the eternal trees beside the road, they seemed no farther apart than a ladder's rungs.

The windscreen was open, and the warm air tore at their ears; the thunder of the engine became a stock background of resonance against which other sounds stood up as against silence; it seemed that hearing was going the way of sight.

Presently came Poitiers. They skirted the ancient city and streaked up the Ruffec road.

Punch began to wonder what time Beringhampton would arrive. If it was the Spanish Express which he had caught, he might, he reckoned, reach Biarritz by seven o'clock. That meant that at eight o'clock he could take the field; not a very convenient hour, but better than nine. Oh, infinitely better than nine. And if Athalia could help, of course she would. He had only to send up a note and ask her to give him ten minutes before she dined.

Punch began to construct the interview with narrowed eyes, and presently, being very tired, he fell asleep.

The chauffeur roused him, to point to a fine old city piled up on a hill. Fairfax could only stare. It was Angoulême. They swept the hem of her garment and on to the Bordeaux road.

It was during this lap most of all that the burden and heat of the day made themselves felt. The sun seemed to know that they were fighting with time, and to take up the cudgels upon his captain's behalf. The fury of light and heat punished them mercilessly, scorching their faces, keeping their eyes hooded, and making the muscles of their eyelids ache hideously with the strain. But the chauffeur never complained or slackened speed. The man understood well enough that Fairfax and Beringhampton were riding some race, and the memory of the stripes which the latter had laid upon him made him strain every nerve to bring the former home. Punch was certainly well horsed. The fellow knew his engine pretty well, besides, he had done some racing and remembered the tricks of the trade.

There were times when the car swept like a blast of the wind; at others she whizzed like a shell shot out of a gun; now she swooped and sailed like a ranging gull, and now she soared up a hill with the rush of a lift; and once, on a good piece of road, for three long minutes she seemed to be standing still, heaving gently like a ship riding at anchor—while five miles of the countryside slid into and out of sight.

They ran into Bordeaux at a quarter to six. There they took in petrol and ate and drank.

Fairfax called for a time-table and studied it while he fed. He might have spared his labor. The table was two years old, and the pages he needed were gone. They were in the car again by six o'clock.

There was pavement to come now—some of it pretty bad. Who went by Salles avoided the very worst—and tacked ten miles onto his journey. Fairfax went by Salles; it was not his car.

He had his reward. The sun had retired now and was well on their right; the air was cooler, and a faint tang of salt hung in its breath; the blessed evening was coming to ease their progress.

Fairfax never forgot that last long stretch. The sun was going down, and the shadows were growing long, and distance was creeping close. Ahead and on either hand the countryside was gone. Earth seemed to have thrown back to the days before she was tamed; Nature ran wild. Forest and furze and broom had the world to themselves. And the car shore them in two as a draper's scissors shear stuff—league after shining league, with a steady snarl. Twice they met a lorry and three times a touring car and twenty carts, perhaps, in nearly a hundred miles.

They swept through St. Geours with twenty-five miles to go.

They dropped down into Bayonne, slipped across the Adour, swung to the right at crossroads and followed the tram lines out.

They had to go slowly then, for the road was narrow and full. Still, they edged their way along, passing when there was room.

They floated into Biarritz at twenty-five minutes past eight.

There was no room at the Carlton, but Lady Defoe was there, so they promised to squeeze Punch in.

As a porter picked up his suitcase—"All right, sir?" queried the chauffeur.

The eagerness of his tone touched Fairfax's heart.

As he gave him a note—"Thanks to you—yes," he said, smiling. "Good night—and many thanks."

It would have been brutal to tell him anything else.

IV

AT LAST Punch found Athalia, by going from pillar to post. She was staying at the Palais, had dined out and come back to dance. They danced a few steps. Then he led her out of the ballroom and into the August night.

"What is it?" she said.

"He's here somewhere. Has he spoken?"

PHOTO BY H. M. WEST, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

The Suspension Bridge Over the Colorado River, Grand Canyon

Athalia looked away. "Not yet," she said slowly. "Not yet, but—I think he will—any moment, now."

Fairfax stared at the sea lazily shifting to and fro, and the line of miniature breakers curling and roaring as gently as sucking doves.

He had done it—achieved his purpose. It seemed impossible that only that morning he had stood on the quay at Dieppe and gone over the car. Yet he had done so—that morning. And now—here he was at Biarritz. And there was Athalia looking at him with steady eyes. And Beringhampton had not spoken. He—was—in—time.

The tragedy of it was he had nothing to say.

There was nothing to say. He had meant to have it out. He had torn across France like a madman to have it out. Have what out? There was nothing to have out. Athalia had said as much. "Any moment, now." In the face of that, how could he——

He began to wonder whether such a giant fool's errand had ever been run before.

Athalia was speaking.

"What is it, Punch? You didn't start a day early to ask me that."

"I didn't start a day early."

A puzzled look came into the great brown eyes

"But you can't have——"

"Yes, I did," said Fairfax. "I got to Dieppe this morning and came down by road. I started from there at seven and got here at half past eight."

Athalia stared. Then she caught at his arm

"Punch, Punch! You might have broken your neck! Why—why did you come so terribly fast?"

The man hesitated.

"Why?" breathed Athalia.

Punch swung round and caught her hands in his.

"Will you forgive me if I tell you?"

"I've asked you to."

"Why, then—it's because I had to—had to get here and see you before he came. I couldn't stand by, Athalia, and watch you step out of my life without a word. I'm mad—crazy about you. I can't think of anything else. When I'm not with you everything's dull and flat, and the only way I get through is by thinking of what you look like and how soon I'll see you again. Your hair, your eyes, your temples, your precious darling mouth—I know every tiny look of them. If I could paint I'd paint your portrait from memory without a slip. I know your hands and the shape of your tiny nails, and I'd know your step from a million if you were going by. Oh, my lady, I do love you so. I thought I did when I asked you to be my wife, but I didn't at all. I hadn't begun to love you. But now—— Oh, Athalia, my sweet, I've tried to play the game. You don't know what it's meant to sit by your side in the car and see your face at my shoulder and hold my tongue. I've had to hold on to myself to keep my head. When I said that but for your money I wouldn't have opened my mouth I must have been mad. If you hadn't a bean—why, I'd go across Europe on my hands and knees and beg and pray you to let me bring you down. Yes, I've got to that, my lady. Bringing you down or no—I'd beg and pray. You see, I've turned selfish. You've come to mean too much, and that's the truth." He stopped short there. Then he let fall her hands and turned to the sea. "And there you are, sweetheart—I can call you that this once. You asked me why I hurried, and now you know. If he'd spoken before I got here I couldn't have told you this. And I felt I wanted you to know. That's all. I just wanted you to know—how very much I cared."

For a moment the girl said nothing. Then—"I'm glad you did," she said gently; "awfully glad. And now I'll tell you a secret. The Athalia Stakes have been won."

"Won?"

"Won. Listen. The result was a dead heat."

Fairfax started.

"But you said he hadn't spoken."

"I know. Never mind. He has. And you've dead-heated—you and—the man I love."

Punch put a hand to his head.

"Well, here's a go," he said. "What do we do now? You can't marry us both."

With a half laugh, half sob Athalia slid her arms round his neck.

"Yes, I can, my darling. You see, you're both called Punch."

Closed car comforts at open car cost mean greater value than ever in the New Hudson Coach.

It has won instantaneous admiration everywhere. Not only is it one of the most beautiful cars ever created by Hudson, but roomier seating, wider doors and longer body give marked increase in passenger comfort.

To its more attractive body the Coach also adds a new and finer Super-Six chassis. It is the top step in eight years' development of exclusive Super-Six advantages. Everyone knows what they mean. They give Hudson a place of its own whenever performance, reliability and economy of operation and maintenance are considered. Now are added an extra ease of driving operation and smoothness of performance that only a ride can tell.

The Coach $1475

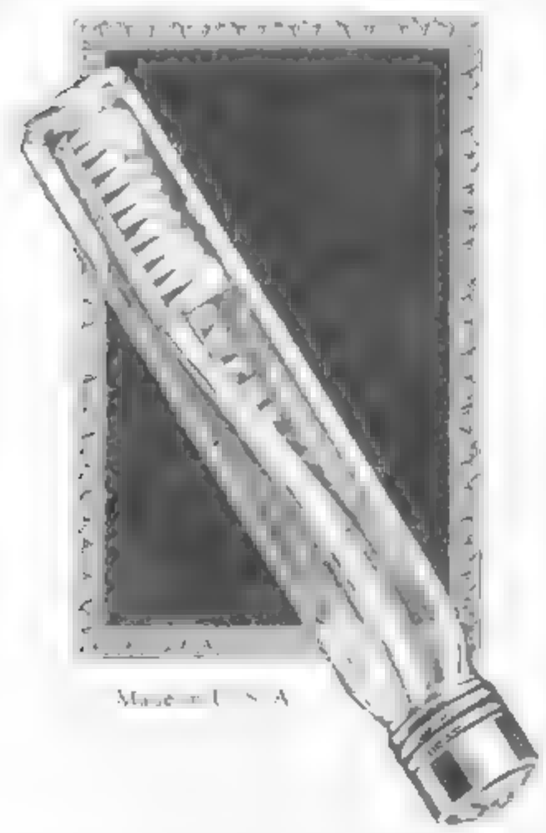
New Models

Speedster	$1350
7-Pass. Phaeton	1425
Coach	1475
Sedan	1895

Freight and Tax Extra

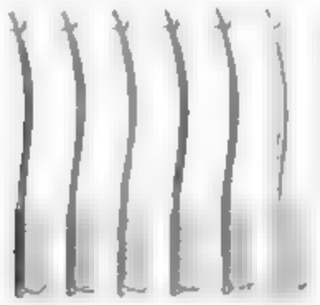
HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

HUDSON



Only the OWENS is made for you, personally

The Owens Staple tied Tooth Brush comes to you protected from careless, unsanitary handling. Each one is packed in a clean, transparent glass container. People can see it without thumbing or fingering.



There is a colored handle for you—personally. Six different colors in all—white, red, blue, purple, amber and green. Every member of your family may own an Owens. The colored handles make each one personal and easy to identify.

The Owens Tooth Brush cleans your teeth—*completely.* Its design is not only approved by dentists—but is declared by many to be the best ever devised.

Each bristle tuft is permanently tied into the handle by a hidden staple, thus preventing the danger of bristles coming out in your mouth.

Improved in every way, and sold in the glass container, the Owens costs only 30, 40 and 50 cents each in child's, youth's, and adult's sizes. See it at your druggist's.

OWENS

Staple tied TOOTH BRUSH

THE OWENS BOTTLE COMPANY, TOLEDO

BOOTH'S LETTER TO GRANT

(Continued from Page 20

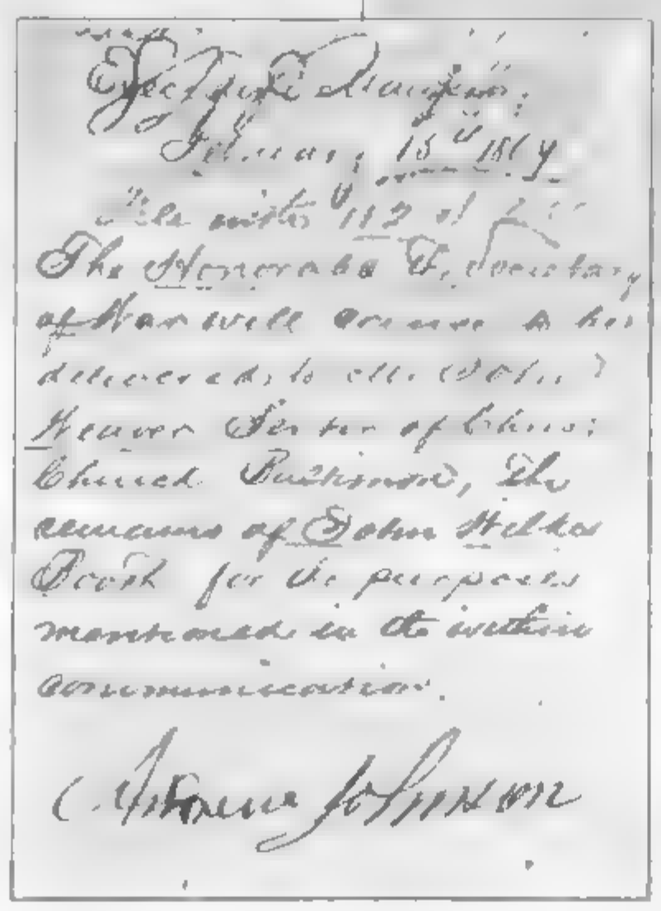
through the courtesy of Maj Gen Robert C. Davis, Adjutant General of the War Department, Mr. Jesse H. Powell was instructed to search the files of 1867 and after, but no reference to the letter to General Grant could be found; but Mr Powell did find a copy of a letter written by Edwin Booth to President Andrew Johnson February 10, 1869, as follows:

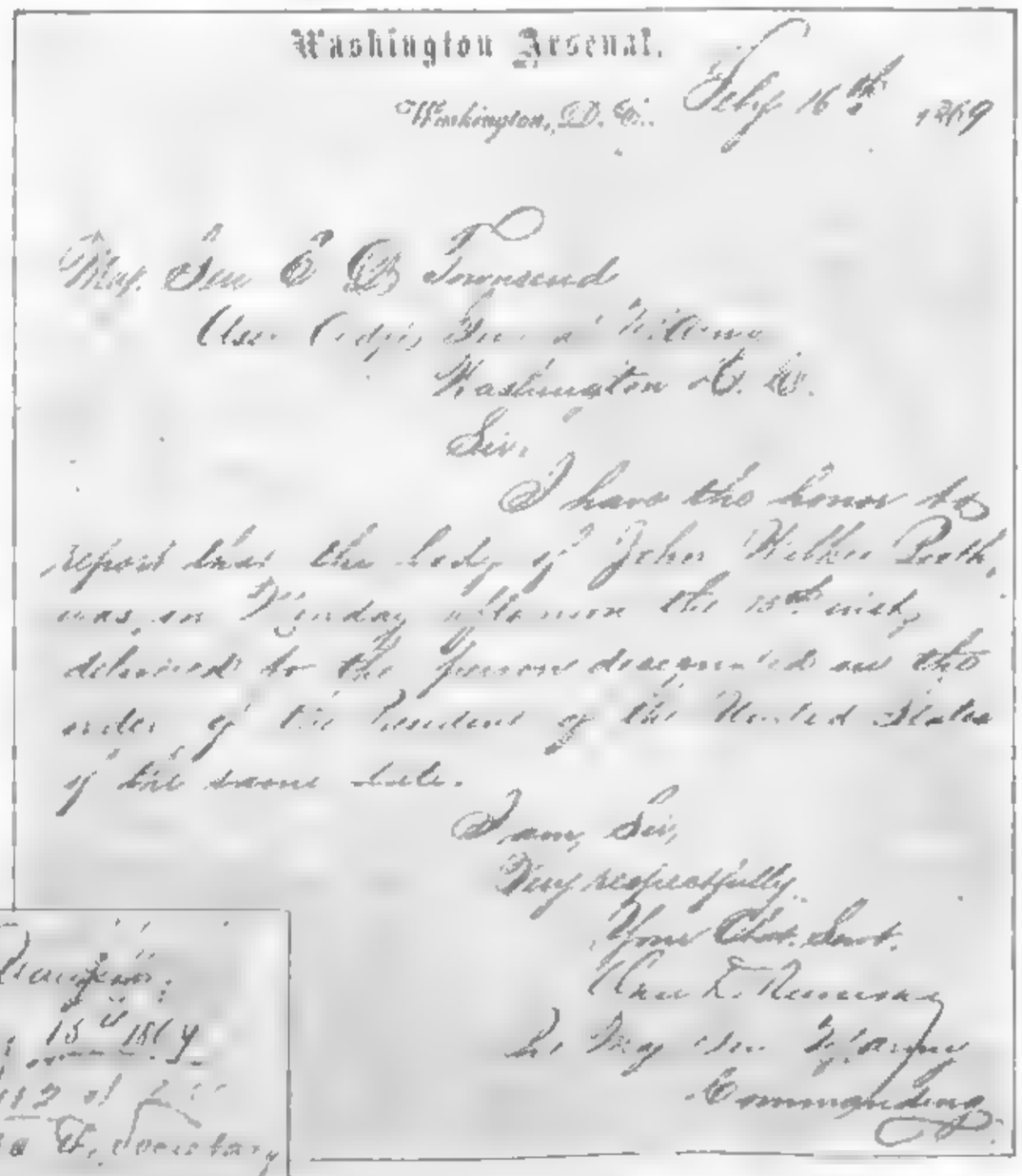
NEW YORK,
February 10, 1869.

ANDREW JOHNSON, ESQ.,
PRESIDENT UNITED STATES.

Dear Sir: May I not now ask your kind consideration of my poor Mother's request in relation to her sad bereavement?

The bearer of this—Mr. John Weaver—is Sexton of Christ Church, Baltimore, who will observe the strictest secrecy





Washington Arsenal,
Washington, D. C., Feby 16th 1869

Bvt. Maj. Gen. E. D. Townsend
Asst. Adjt. Gen'l U.S. Army
Washington D. C.

Sir,

I have the honor to report that the body of John Wilkes Booth, was on Monday afternoon the 15th inst. delivered to the person designated in the order of the President of the United States of the same date.

Very respectfully,
Your Obt. Servt.
Geo. D. Ramsey
Brevt. Major General,
U.S. Army, Commanding.

the grave by giving immediate orders for the safe delivery of the remains of John Wilkes Booth to Mr. Weaver, and gain the lasting gratitude of

Yr. obt. servt.,
(Sgd) EDWIN BOOTH.

February fifteenth, President Johnson gave the Secretary of War, General Schofield, an order directing him to surrender Booth's body. Maj. Gen. E. D. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant General, wrote the same day:

BREVET MAJ. GEN.
GEORGE D. RAMSEY,
COMMANDING WASHINGTON ARSENAL.

SIR: The President directs that the body of John Wilkes Booth, interred at the Washington Arsenal, be delivered to Mr John Weaver, Sexton of Christ Church, Baltimore, Md., for the purpose of having it removed and properly interred. Please report the execution of this order.

I am, &c.,
E. D. T.,
A. A. G.

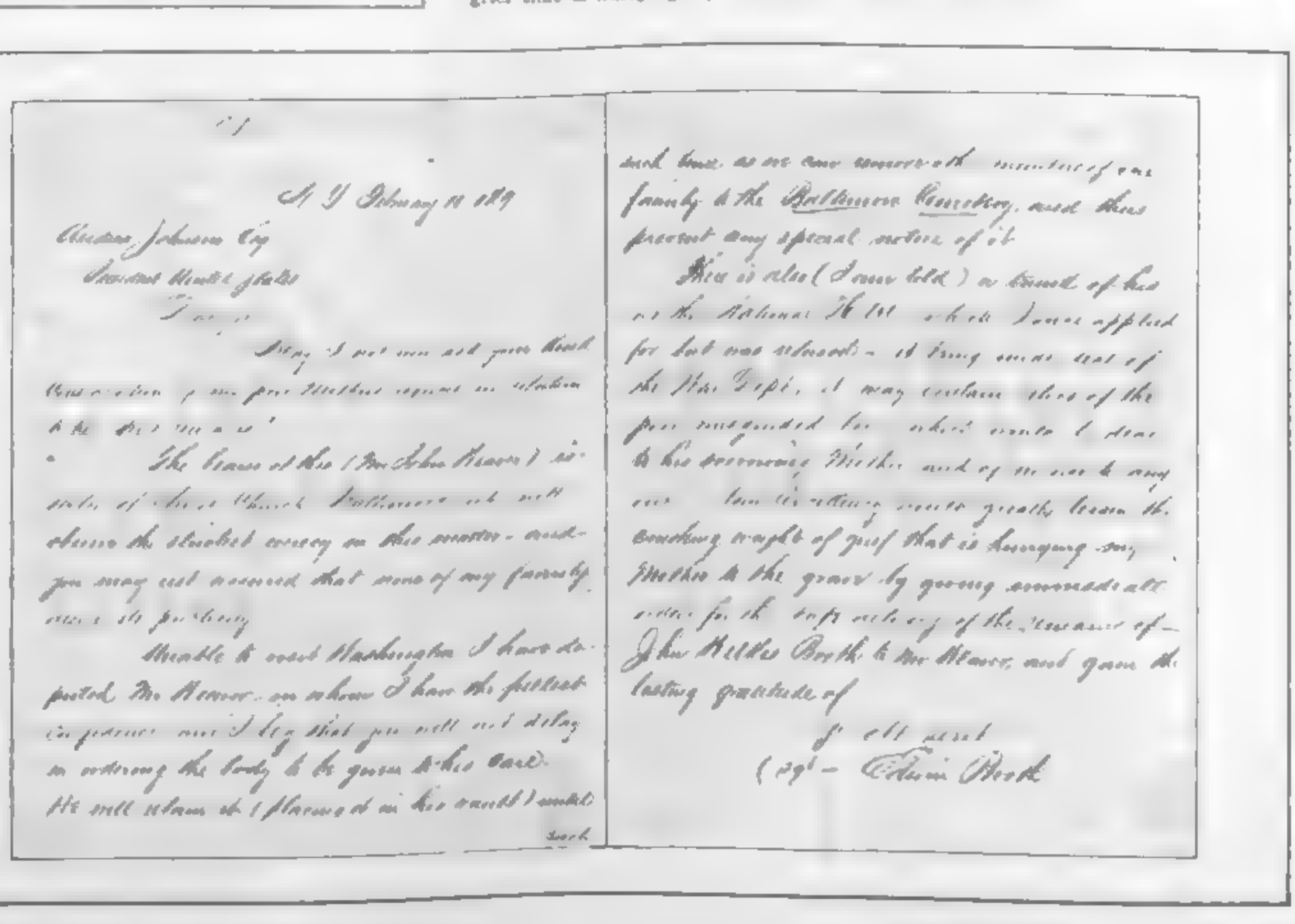
General Ramsey replied as follows:

MAJ. GEN. E. D. TOWNSEND,
ASSISTANT ADJUTANT GENERAL, U. S. ARMY,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

SIR: I have the honor to report that the body of John Wilkes Booth was on Monday afternoon, the 15th inst., delivered to the person designated in the order of the President of the United States of the same date. I am, sir,

Very respectfully,
Your Obt. Servant,
GEO. D. RAMSEY,
BREVT. MAJOR GENERAL,
U. S. ARMY, COMMANDING.

Sexton Weaver conveyed Booth's body, wrapped in an army blanket and placed in a pine box, to a Washington undertaker, where it was put in a casket and carried to the Booth family burial lot in Green Mount Cemetery, Baltimore. I visited the cemetery and was told that under a plain marker of marble about sixteen by eighteen inches in a far corner of the lot, with no lettering of any kind on it, was the last resting place of John Wilkes Booth.



THE *New Way* OF BUYING SILK HOSIERY

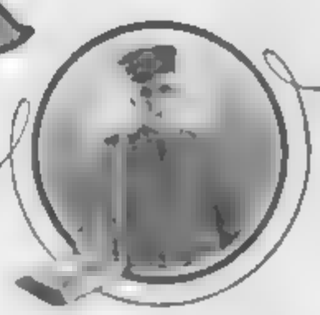
Our Representative calls at your home with samples

You *save money* by buying fine, perfect-fitting silk hosiery *direct* from our mills at manufacturer's price

Every pair is guaranteed

REAL SILK
HOSIERY MILLS
INDIANAPOLIS · INDIANA

Our Representative calls at your home with samples and takes your order —



Your regular postman delivers the hosiery —

Save it with

Kyanize

MOTOR CAR ENAMEL

You can do it—
for less than $5.

Thousands of car owners have refinished their cars with KYANIZE Motor Car Enamels. Just spend an afternoon or so in giving the old car a new finish yourself You can do it, too, and with absolutely satisfactory results.

KYANIZE Motor Car Enamels come to you all ready for instant use—allow under average conditions, a good twenty-four hours to dry and the job is done. Your total outlay for everything, including a good brush, sandpaper, etc., will not exceed a *five dollar bill.*

KYANIZE Motor Car Enamels *paint* and *varnish* in one single operation. Sold in ten distinctive colors, also black and white. They level out to an absolutely ridgeless smoothness with a highly brilliant, waterproof surface that will not crack, peel or chip.

KYANIZE Top and Seat Dressing—a waterproof, elastic, wear-resisting coating easily applied with a brush and dry in a few hours. Gives the appearance of "newness" to leather and imitation leather tops, seats and cushions.

MOTORISTS! Write for our free instruction booklet, "How to Paint Your Automobile".

Satisfactory Results Guaranteed

If any KYANIZE product when properly applied to the proper surface fails to give absolute satisfaction, the dealer who sold it to you or we will refund the purchase price for the empty can.

BOSTON VARNISH CO.
11 Everett Station
Boston 49, Mass.

A MAN IN THE HOUSE

(Continued from Page 15)

all night to be afraid. They believed he slept on the cold porch and that made them uneasy.

"Even if he's a dog, he has feelings. I wish he would go in some warm place," said Betsey as they sat sewing.

"I wish he'd go altogether away from us," said Tilly. "I don't care where he goes from here. There are plenty of places where he can get warm. I just wonder where that woman is."

"She looked like an outlander," said Betsey. "I wonder is it true that they eat rats? She seemed like a learned woman, she spoke so proudlike."

"'*Je gelehrter, je verkehrter,*'" quoted Tilly. "'The more learned the more perverse.' I do not trust any of them. I——"

"Rap-rap-rap!" echoed on the door. The sisters became motionless.

"Oh, please let me in!" said a pleading voice.

"It's her," said Tilly.

"I'm not well," said the pleading voice. "I must have help!" It was as pathetic as the voice of Cathy Linton crying in the night, "Oh, please, let me in!"

To the authentic appeal of anguish no Shindledecker was deaf. Promptly, though in desperation, Betsey undid the bolt and then turned the ponderous hand-wrought key. It was the woman who had twice visited them. She was inside before one could draw breath, and she sat down on the cat's cushioned chair, her eyes going round and round.

"I was passing and I was taken with a sort of faintness. May I sit here a while?"

"Yes," said Betsey. Hospitality and concern struggled with distrust and won. "Shall I make you a little tea? It's good for such feelings."

"How kind you are!" said the stranger, her eyes going round and round. "It would certainly revive me."

"It will take only a few minutes. The water boils already."

Betsey put a large portion of the bitter thoroughwort into the pot—large because there was little time for brewing. She meant to get this woman revived quickly. To her guest tea meant English breakfast or orange pekoe; she had never heard of *durchwax* and *quental.*

"What beautiful things you have!" she said, her eyes still going round and round.

"They are all old," said Betsey. "We have nothing new, except we sometimes make new quilts."

She was proud of her skill and that of Tilly, and she showed a little leaf and explained how there would be thousands of them. Meanwhile the stranger's eyes still went round and round. They paused upon the old walnut cupboard and lingered upon the luster ware on the mantelshelf and flitted over the rocker with the Dutch roll and sparkled with a sort of bright horror at the sight of the old glass dish from which the gray one lapped his drinking water.

"Are all your things old?" she asked.

"Yes," said Betsey. "Old beds and old bureaus—everything old." She spoke as though she were ashamed of her things; she was determined to show this stranger that they had nothing in common with her prosperity. "They are only fit to be thrown out."

"Would you exchange this cupboard for a kitchen cabinet, all fitted out?" asked the stranger. She tried to speak lightly, casually, indifferently. "I know someone who likes old things and I believe he'd be foolish enough to exchange." Greedy and excited, she looked round and round. "He has a fancy for all sorts of old things—jugs like that, for instance. If I could get him to give you other jugs in exchange, would you do it?"

Betsey came forward with the steaming brew.

"It might be," she said politely. "Here; this will make you feel good. I put a little cold water in; it's not too hot."

In her excitement the stranger did not notice the odor, pungent as it was. She took a large swallow and an expression of agony came over her face. She believed that she would be turned inside out and sit a woman reversed before their eyes. But she was not disconcerted even by this misadventure.

"I feel better," she said, rising and setting the cup down. "I must go."

She thanked them and went away and Betsey locked the door.

"Do you think she liked our old things?" asked Tilly.

"No," said Betsey. "That was put on."

"Do you think she felt bad?" asked Tilly.

"I don't like to think she would lie," said Betsey.

"Do you think she'll come back?" asked Tilly.

"I don't know," said Betsey. "I think she's a little queer, and you can't tell about such people. Oh, how I wish they would leave us alone!"

V

IN THE evening the sisters went to prayer meeting. The little meetinghouse stood just across the road and they never missed a service. William Hershey, a faithful member, came early and started the fire and lit the two coal-oil lamps, and they went over at once. This evening there was a large attendance. William had brought his little wife and his three children in his buggy, little Amos sitting between them, little David on a stool on the floor and the baby in her mother's arms. William was a most devout and cheerful soul; it was good to be in his company. In addition, there were three others, Eleazer Herr, Lucy Erlenbaugh and John Steckbeck. Lucy Erlenbaugh was not cheerful; she was seen to weep through the service, and when William had concluded his final prayer they all turned to inquire her trouble and comfort her.

"It's my grandmother's clock," she sobbed.

"What?" said William, thinking she was losing her mind. "Why do you cry about your grandmother's clock, Lucy? Has it stopped?"

"It has gone away," explained Lucy. "A woman came and she bewitched me and took it away."

"Not bewitched you," corrected William. "There is no such thing."

William held this bold and advanced opinion in defiance of his friends.

"She hypnotized me," said Lucy. "She brought me a new clock instead with chimes and I took it. When I saw the old one going down the road I could of screamed. But she took it in an automobile and it's gone. She got my old settee that my gran'pop made. Oh, they will turn in their graves!"

"It's too bad," said William. "What did she give you instead?"

"A rocker with a spring," wept Lucy. "I already put my fingers down the side and pinched them. I hate it."

"Was she a good-sized woman?" asked Betsey. "Tall, with black eyes and sort of mourning spectacles?"

"Yes," said Lucy. "Was she by you?"

"Yes," said Betsey

"She'll take your things. She's so smooth-spoken you don't know what you're doing."

"I'll know what I am doing," said Betsey firmly. But she was filled with fear. She took Tilly by the arm. "Come," she said; "come quickly."

The house was as they had left it, lovely in the moonlight.

"I believe she would do anything," declared Betsey. "It's not safe to go off."

"Not to meeting?" said Tilly, astonished.

"No, nor to bed," said Betsey. "I thought I was all the time discouraging her, but I was leading her on. She does want old things—for what, heaven knows. She will surely come back. I'm going to sleep here on the settee."

"Your bones will wear through!" protested Tilly.

"I don't care," was the grim response. "Better that than she should get our things."

"The dog might scratch through!" cried Tilly, aghast.

"I would rather be eaten by him than that she should get our things," declared Betsey.

VI

THE March twilight, late as it was, fell before Betsey painfully completed her milking. Tilly had a cold and she had not gone with her. Tilly had caught the cold creeping from her warm bed down to the kitchen to see that Betsey was safe, and Betsey was stiff because of the hardness of the boards upon which she lay. The settee was narrow and she was broad; she had not been able to shift her position all night long for four nights. There had been no scratching outside; the lazy purring of the gray one and the little whispers in the stove were all that broke the quiet. The gray one purred as though he thought Betsey endured this misery to keep him company. The dog had gone, probably for good. Betsey was certain he was not there, because once or twice in each night she had gone to the door and had made upon it, low down, a scratching sound with her own fingers. There had been no response, but she was clearly not quite reassured as she went back to her hard couch, for she looked vaguely disappointed and unhappy.

As she sat on her milking stool, her forehead laid affectionately against the comfortable side of her cow, a shadow fell upon her and she looked up. A figure stood in the doorway; against the dim sky it appeared gigantic. It wore a long cape which made it appear shapeless. Betsey sat paralyzed. A hand reached out from the formless mass and seized hold of the key of the barn door, a very ancient and remarkable key which wound and unwound.

"How extraordinary!" said a voice which Betsey recognized at once. Still paralyzed, she did not respond.

"And look at the hinges!" said another voice. "You've struck it this time, Cora."

Betsey discerned a second figure behind the first. The cow touched the pail with her foot.

"Is anybody in here?" asked Cora's familiar voice.

"I'm here," said Betsey.

"I have brought my friend to see your things." Honey seemed to drip into the still cold air. "You're willing, I know. You were so kind to me."

Betsey lifted her pail and came out into the brighter light. The second figure, which was that of a man, stepped forward.

"Let me carry it for you." Honey dripped again.

"No, thank you," said Betsey. "I can carry it."

A lump came into her throat. She was outside her house and she would have to go in, and they would go in with her. The sun had set, but its light shone suddenly up against a cloud and the world brightened. She could see at the gate an automobile and behind it a truck. In it were large objects; one might be a kitchen cabinet, others bureaus with swinging mirrors. She staggered a little and the stranger put out his hand again and spoke in accents of learning and refinement, also in the accents of a great desire.

"You must let me carry it, madam."

The milk pail was passing from her hand, and with it all her hopes of being able to resist, when there was a new sound, not at all honeyed, in the still air. Something moved at the corner of the barn and a dog came and stood by Betsey. His wirelike hair stood on end, his stump of a tail stood straight out, his white teeth showed.

"Is this your dog?" said the man quickly.

"Is he cross?" asked the woman with a little break in her voice.

Betsey answered the second question.

"I'm afraid he's very cross," she said.

The stranger seized her pail firmly, as if to hasten their entry into the safe house. The dog came forward and again he spoke, this time more loudly.

"Now, Ponto!" remonstrated the strange woman called Cora.

If Betsey had had breath she would have said "We must run, he will eat us!" But she had no breath. Her mind still worked, however, and she heard and understood an astonishing remark uttered by the man.

"He thinks he must defend you from us. I guess I'd better let you have the pail."

While they moved along, Betsey's mind continued to work. The dog stepped close beside her; she could hear him breathe and feel his body.

"Is he very cross?" asked the woman, hesitating at the porch step.

"Yes," said Betsey positively and with a slightly dull tongue; "wery, wery cross."

"He won't object to our coming in, surely, if you are with us?" said the man.

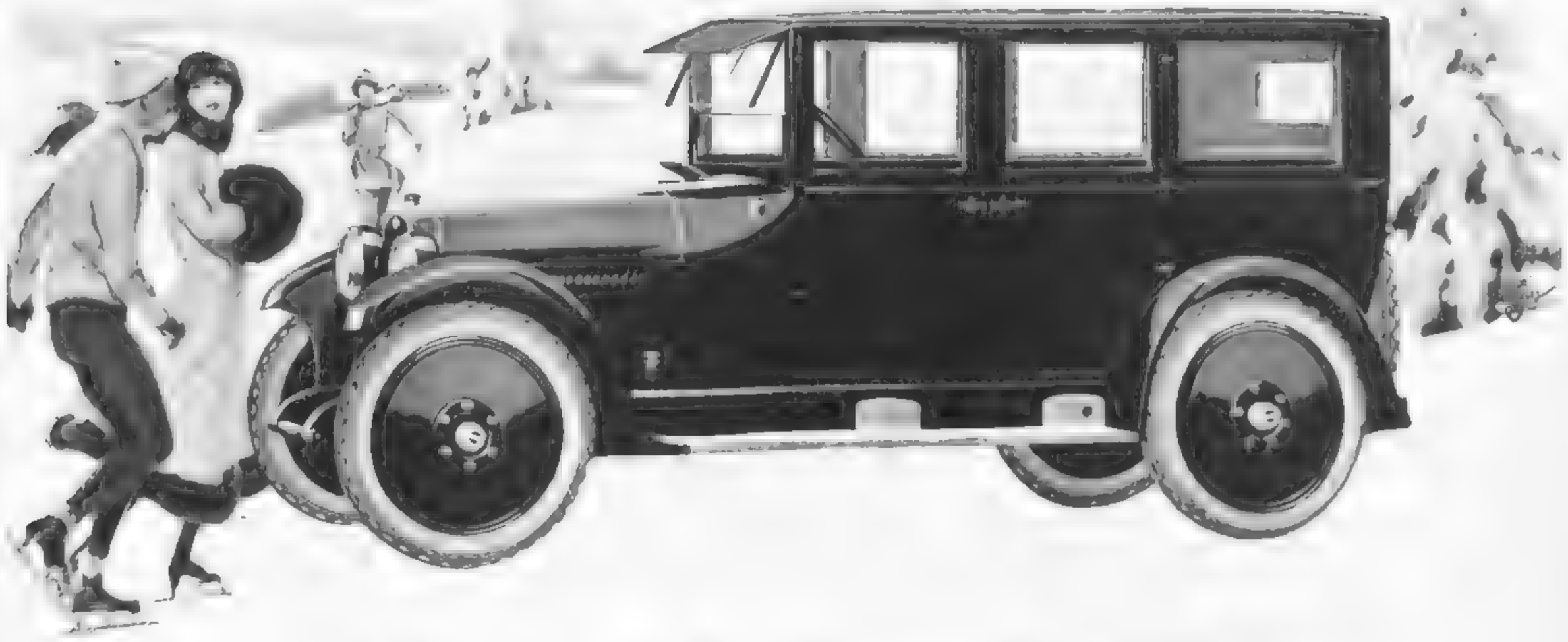
"Oh!" cried Betsey as if in a passion of mortification and embarrassment. "Oh, I would be afraid for you to come in. His teeth are very sharp; he has clawed the door almost through."

As if to emphasize her remark, the dog uttered a growl which shook her very bones.

"You oughtn't to keep such a dog," said the man, a little impatiently. He had taken at least four steps away from the porch.

(Continued on Page 60)

NASH



The Nash Four Sedan

It cannot escape even the casual observer that Nash has traveled far in the development of this Four Sedan with its smartly shaped, low-swung body and its richly tasteful appointments.

Immediately the car is in motion there is borne in upon you a conviction that you are experiencing a brand of performance far above that of the usual Four.

The pleasing quietness; the greater smoothness; the finer flexibility—these are definite, concrete qualities of the Nash Four Sedan that cannot be denied.

These, plus an economy in operation and a rugged solidity of construction that are reflected in lower gas and oil and upkeep costs, stamp the Sedan as a car sure of the most pronounced preference among buyers.

Features and Appointments of Four Sedan: Low-set, attractive body roomily arranged for five passengers. Finished in lustrous Nash Blue. Fine mohair velvet upholstery. Deep upholstery. Compact arrangement of spark and gas control. Kick plates. Windshield wiper. Sun visor. Heater. Increased brake efficiency. Unusually quiet power-flow. Heightened flexibility. Added rigidity of frame due to additional cross-member of tubular type. Robe rail. Foot rest. Arm rests. Platinum finish hardware. Silk curtains. Dome light illumining the interior with soft radiance. Greater economy in operation.

FOURS The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wis. (2543) SIXES

Why Buy Batteries More than Once?

When you buy Willard Rechargeable B Batteries you're through going down into your pocket for B batteries every little while.

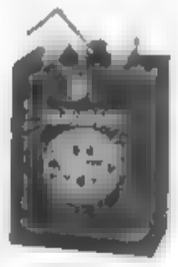
For unlike the ordinary battery which lasts only a few months, Willard Rechargeable B's are *good for years*—with average care at least five, and probably more.

Just figure up how much you'll save if you don't have to spend a cent for B batteries in the next five years.

The real value of Willard Rechargeable B Batteries, however, is to be measured not in dollars and cents savings but in improved results.

That's why they are not only the leading batteries for receiving, but also for broadcasting, having been adopted by 98 broadcasting stations.

For Peanut Tubes
A leak proof, noise-free storage battery that costs little and lasts for years



Willard A Batteries sell at a wide range of prices.

Willard B Batteries are made in 24 volt or 48 volt units, each in two capacities, 2500 and 4500 m. a. h.

Your Willard Service Station or Radio Dealer will be glad to demonstrate the superiority of Willard B Batteries. Ask him, too, for the free booklet, "Better Results from Radio", or write direct to Willard Storage Battery Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

Willard
Rechargeable Batteries for
Radio

(Continued from Page 58)

"We will come by daylight," said the woman determinedly. She, too, was moving down the walk. "We'll go now, but we'll come again."

Betsey made no polite response; the amenities of civilization were not, of course, understood in this lonely and benighted community.

"Perhaps you'd better go with us to the gate," said the man nervously. "You know, you're responsible for a savage dog."

"Oh, you won't hurt us, will you, Ponto?"

Cora apparently meant to depart with dignity and in a spirit which would make a return possible, but there were frightened runs and trills in her voice.

Suddenly great courage and a great calm spread through the mind and soul of Betsey

"He will stay by me," she said. She gave the dog a queer name, but one which was common in the neighborhood. "You stay by me, Whisky." She felt him against her and a thrill went through her whole body. The thrill was transformed into a sort of mischief. "Go quick, though."

VII

BETSEY and Tilly sat up late, beside the beautiful and ancient kitchen table. Before them was a square of wood measuring about two by three feet which had once been the lid of a box. Tilly, as artist, was putting words upon it. They had a little black paint, and fortunately the lid was white. Their cheeks were red, their hands trembled, and occasionally they exchanged a troubled sentence. The gray one also seemed to be troubled. He lay upon his cushioned chair, moving his tail and now and then uttering an angry miaow.

"'Cross' is a *keppish*"—insipid "word for this," said Betsey.

"But 'savage' is such a bad word," said Tilly "Herr, he might be afraid to stop for the can."

"We will tell him, of course. But I believe there's yet a better word."

Various problems were discussed and settled; but for the most part Tilly worked intently, and Betsey watched her admiringly. Presently a subject was opened which brought a brighter flush to their cheeks.

"It was all the time that he liked us!" said Tilly as if incredulously. "That was why he came."

"There's one thing I'm glad of," said Betsey. "That is, we had such good, fresh sausage to give him."

"Do you think he will be willing to eat all the time pork?" asked Tilly solicitously.

"No," said Betsey. "I thought of that. There's something you can buy called dog cake. William Hershey will get us some of that in the store."

"I wonder if he's yet out there."

As if in answer, there came a little scratching.

"I know what he wants," said Tilly timidly. She turned and looked at the cat in a humble way.

"What good did that one ever do us?" said Betsey grimly. "Are you done?"

"Yes," said Tilly with an excited gasp. "You're not going to put it up tonight, though?"

"I am," said Betsey. "It'll stand on the fence rail and lean against the tree. If they come in the early morning they'll see it. I'll not smear it. Tomorrow when it's dry I'll nail it up."

As if excited by the motion within, the creature outside scratched gently, but with a determination like that of a terrier after a mole.

Betsey held up the sign. The Shindledeckers sewed exquisitely, but they were not expert spellers. The lettering, however, was not bad, though the letter S was reversed.

"You're sure you're not afraid?" asked Tilly in uneasy admiration.

"Sure."

Betsey lifted the sign and Tilly opened the door. It was touching to see with what eager affection their guest and protector regarded them. Eyes were a-shine, teeth a-grin, tail a-bob.

"Come on," said Betsey, stepping out on the porch and off.

The dog uttered a whine of joy and gamboled beside her down the path. It was as she had anticipated; she could place the sign securely on the crossbar of the paling fence and lean it against the tree. It scarcely needed to be nailed. In the moonlight the words were plain and she read it with satisfaction before she went with her dignified rocking step up toward the house. It said:

BEWAIR
THE ANGRY DOG
ADWISE
DO NOT COME IN

Back on the porch she stood still. Tilly waited in the doorway, shivering in her shawl. Within, the gray one stood on his throne, aghast, his back arched in a narrow parabolic curve. Without, were the eager eyes, the shining teeth, the palpitating tail These Betsey addressed, very humbly, a little fearfully, but more hopefully than fearfully. The amenities of polite society were, after all, not unknown.

"Will you come once in," she said, trembling, "and sit a little while by us?"

The dog walked in; he grinned with the rapture of a patient lover surprised by a bliss in which he had never dared to believe; there was something about him at once human and delightfully idiotic. The gray one abdicated. Ascending as on wings, he sat among the luster ware on the mantel. To him the new arrival paid no heed; uttering a long sigh, he lay down before the stove. There was a little silence, as the sisters returned to their multitudinous leaves.

"They say dogs bath themselves in summer," remarked Tilly, a little absentmindedly. "He will doubtless bath himself back in the pond." Then, as if she had said something a little impolite, she hastened to add, "He is fine company. He will take care of us. We have now a man in the house."

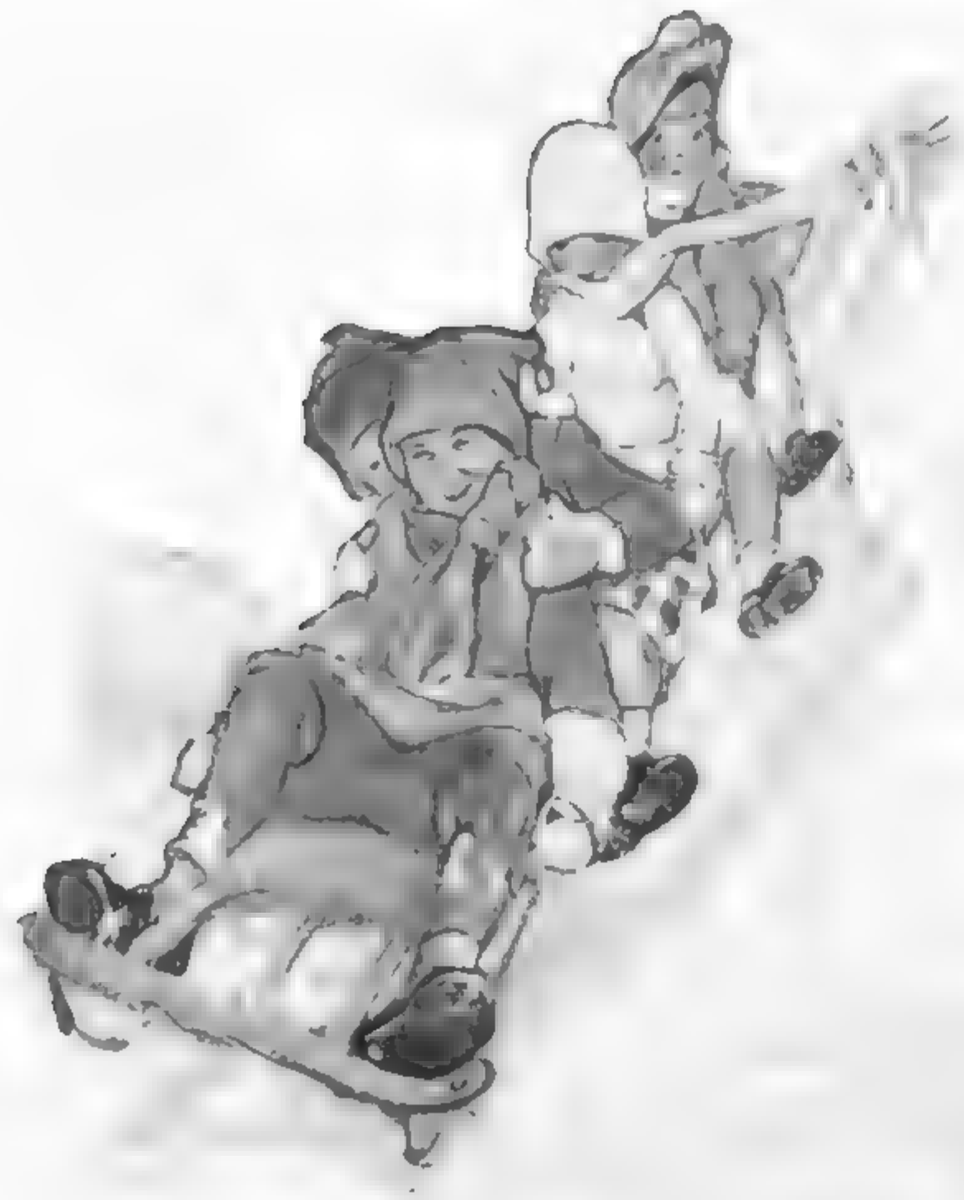
"He is better than a man," said Betsey with conviction. "He takes up less room, and he cannot talk and he will do as he's told" Suddenly, a grimly humorous expression brightened her soft eyes. "I don't believe any man would bite that Cora, but he would bite her in a minute. *Ach*, how I shall sleep tonight!"

The Tarn, Lafayette National Park, Maine

FRANKLIN

One of the delights of owning a Franklin is the unusual comfort it gives over the road

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N.Y.



The smallest feet give them the hardest wear!

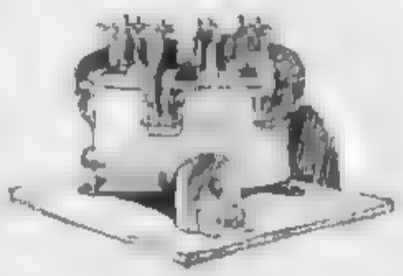
Seventy-five pounds of humanity dashing about on size nine and a half feet—it's an unbeatable combination for wearing out rubbers and arctics!

"U.S." Rubbers and Arctics are built to stand this kind of hard wear. Their wearing quality, their actual length of life, is *scientifically measured and tested before they leave the factory.*

On the right is shown one of the many remarkable machines for measuring wear used in our testing laboratories.

These tests insure the high quality which has made "U.S." Rubbers and Arctics the recognized standard of value today. Whether you want Rubbers or Arctics for men, women or children, it will pay you to ask for "U.S." brand.

Look for the "U.S." trade mark. "U.S." Rubbers cost no more and wear longer.



Wearing rubbers out by machine

This remarkable machine gives rubbers the same test for wear they get in actual daily use. In it, sections from the sole and heel of "U.S." Rubbers are tested for wear to the finest fraction of an inch.

United States Rubber Company

Ask for

"U.S." Rubbers

All styles and sizes for men, women, and children

Trade Mark

RUIN

(Continued from Page 5)

bay in a staunch old tub of a sloop; and sometimes Carolyn went with them, and sometimes she stayed at home.

Once Creig and Lois were caught by fog and a dying wind half a dozen miles from Grindstone and did not get home till the wind freshened at dawn. The girl enjoyed the adventure.

"Of course I know my reputation's shattered," she told him when the eastward sky began to color. "But if I take a dip I won't feel so much like a boiled owl anyway."

He descended into the cabin and left the deck to her till she summoned him to take advantage of the coming wind. He found her dressed again, scrubbing at her bobbed hair with a towel. They got home in time for breakfast, and a worried Carolyn met them at the dock and took Lois home, with no glance toward Creig. The incident interrupted their companionship for a few days; but in the end this was renewed on the old footing.

"She was wild at you," Lois told Creig frankly. "But I made her see she couldn't blame you because the wind died."

A few days afterward she confided to Creig the reason why Carolyn was content with solitude.

"You'd never think it to look at her," she assured him. "But she's in love with a married man." She giggled at the joke on her sister. "Has been for years. She never told me till last winter, though."

Creig asked questions and Lois answered them readily enough.

"I'm a pig to tell on her," she confessed. "But I know you won't tell her I told." She said her sister had met a man in France. "He was a Red Cross man, a doctor; and he was stationed right in the same town, at a hospital there, for just five weeks. And they fell desperately in love with each other. Oh, I guess it was the real thing, all right. He told her right away that he was married. He said his wife had wanted to divorce him, and now he would let her. They wrote to each other for a year after they came back, and then one day he just stopped writing. Then he came to see her, a year or so after that, and said his wife did not want to divorce him; said she wanted him to make it up. He and Carolyn talked it all over and decided he had to stick with his wife." She puffed the hair over her ears with a thrusting gesture of her fingers. "I'd have held onto him if it had been me; but Carolyn was always so conscientious."

He asked, a sudden interest in his tones, "Didn't he tell your sister who his wife was?"

Lois shook her head, looking at him quickly.

"No, he didn't."

"Do you know his name?"

She shook her head again, and Creig began to laugh.

"It's too good to keep," he assured her. "But don't let her know I told you. I know who he was. I knew Carolyn in France, you remember. There was only one Red Cross man who answers her description—Doctor Paugh—David Paugh."

Lois' eyes widened.

"I've heard of him," she cried. "Isn't he——"

"Yes," he assured her. "Yes. He married Maddelin when she was a kid, just making her first big hit. They've been separated for years. But I'll bet a dollar he was the man."

Lois was frightened at what she had done.

"Lordy, I didn't think it would come so close home," she exclaimed. "For goodness' sake keep it under your hat!"

Creig had promised to do so, but he did not keep the promise.

The joke seemed to him too good to keep, and a fit of irritation at Carolyn prompted him to tell Maddelin. Maddelin laughed till she cried

"Poor old David," she protested mirthfully. "Would you believe it of him? Going off to France and picking up a girl and having a romance, and giving her up for me and everything. Was ever anything so funny?"

Between them they contrived a plan to push the jest farther. Maddelin would write her husband and insist that he come and see her.

"He'll come," she assured Creig. "Then we'll invite the girls over to dinner without telling him a word, or her either." She laughed maliciously. "Dave was always so stern and just. Oh, I'll rag the life out of him about this!"

She had duly written and he had replied that he would come. Creig wondered whether to share the joke with Lois. More than once in the last few days he had been on the point of telling her, but he had refrained for fear she would warn her sister. This afternoon, when he approached the Ridgely cottage with his play under his arm and found her on the veranda, he thought of the matter again; but she rose to meet him with a cry.

"Hi, do look at this!" And he forgot his own affairs in what she had to show him.

It was a Boston paper, a day old, come on the mail boat an hour ago, and the left-hand columns of the first page were filled with a featured story of recently discovered burglaries among the big summer places in the bay about them. At Dark Harbor two cottages had been rifled; at Southeast Harbor another had been ransacked; depredations unreported to the police were said to have occurred at Camden and at Seal Harbor.

The theory was that the thieves used a fast motorboat, capable of running across the bay and back again in a night. There was a column of mingled fact and conjecture; and Creig and Lois read it through together; and Creig commented and Lois exclaimed.

They spent half an hour in this wise. Carolyn had not appeared; and when he asked for her Lois said she was in her room, lying down.

Creig said his play was done and Lois made him open it and read the final scene in the second act, which he had rewritten during the past three days. In this its final form she gave it her approval.

"It's great, all of it," she assured him. "I'll bet Maddelin will be wild."

He shook his head condescendingly.

"It will tickle her vanity as much as anything," he told her. "And even aside from that, she'll like it because it's a sure-fire hit for her."

She asked when he was going to read it to her and he said he was on his way to Old Hump now.

"Tide was out and I didn't want to drag the dory down. I thought I could borrow your canoe," he explained.

Lois nodded.

"Sure can." As they started toward the float she added, "I wish I were going to be where I could hear what she says."

"I'll tell you," he promised.

They launched the canoe and he stepped into it and laid the manuscript at his feet and dipped the paddle.

She lifted her hand in farewell, then called a question:

"Are you staying over there for dinner?"

"I don't know. Are you going over?"

"Maddelin sent over to ask us this morning," she explained.

He wondered if Maddelin had heard from her husband.

"I'll be back beforehand, anyway," he told Lois. "You'll want to go over in the canoe."

"I expect so," she agreed. He nodded his understanding and swung the bow around. She called, "Remember to tell me every word she says." And he lifted his hand in good-natured promise. She swung back up the path as he went on his way.

III

THE thoroughfare that divides Grindstone from Old Hump is narrow, yet even at low tide sufficiently deep to permit the passage of the small steamers which serve the islands in the bay. On the ebb or the flood a strong current pours through this northeastern end of the gut; but it was now slack tide, and Creig had no difficulty in driving the canoe straight toward the float ahead of him.

He noticed the figure of a man, silhouetted against the sky in the observatory atop the stone water tower which crowned the Hump; and he guessed this must be Dick Gregor, Maddelin's personal press agent, whom she had engaged since the end of her contract with Grierson.

Gregor lifted a hand in greeting and Creig replied with a wave of his paddle. As he slid in alongside the float and drew his canoe up on the platform he decided to go to the house by way of the Hump, in order to tell Gregor that the play was done.

(Continued on Page 64)

REMY

STARTING MOTORS, LIGHTING GENERATORS, IGNITION SYSTEMS
for MOTOR CARS

Excellence seeks like company. There are Excellent reasons why the motor cars you like and depend upon, depend in turn on Remy Excellence.

REMY ELECTRIC COMPANY, ANDERSON, INDIANA

In the oscillogram shown at the top of this page the actual air vibrations which make up the Klaxon tone have been accurately registered and photographed. The full even wave lengths account for the distinctive Klaxon note of full continuous power and penetrating quality.

The horn that can say "PLEASE"

Slowly rolling along the boulevard—your speedometer hardly registering—but a thoughtless group obstructs your passage. Courtesy forbids a screeching blast from your horn. Yet you must warn them!

Sound Klaxon! Touch it only lightly and its pleasing, gentle and yet unmistakable "town roll" courteously asks and gets the right of way.

Make sure your horn is a Klaxon. No other possesses the wide range of uses possible with Klaxon's flexible note. A courteous "roll" or a penetrating blast of sound is always at your service. You operate it *instinctively*—its note always meets the occasion; it is always understood, and always obeyed. Drive safely—buy *your* Klaxon today!

KLAXON-7

KLAXON-8, $7.50
KLAXON-12A, $10.00

KLAXON *quality is safety insurance*

Genuine KLAXON Horns made only by
KLAXON
Company, Newark, N. J.

Continued from Page 62

Creig was intoxicated with the completion of his own task; he felt like shouting out the word to everyone within hearing. He was full of a certainty that his work was good, and as he started up the path toward the water tower he hugged the paper-wrapped manuscript against his side with an uncontrollable delight. His nerves were frayed by the long strain of continued toil; he had not been in physical condition to endure it without fatigue. A good many years of irregular living had thickened his waistline, loosened the muscles of his throat and his cheeks. He was flushed and hot this afternoon, and his eyes had a curious, brilliant gleam in them; the drink that he had taken still tingled in his veins. As he breasted the steep ascent to the rounded top of the Hump his heart began to pound, and short of the crest he stopped for breath, leaning against the heavy railing which was set along the side of the path as a guard against wandering into the old quarry hole.

This vast pit lay on the side of the Hump away from the big house. The workings had been abandoned when the island was bought for a summer place, and the very tools and gear lay rusting where they had been dropped. From Creig's feet the wall fell eighty feet as a pebble falls. At its base lay a dark pool above whose surface discarded blocks of granite lifted their heads. Beyond the pool there was a slope of rubble reaching to where the thick young spruces crowded in. The pit, invisible from the sea, was like a gaping wound in the northwest flank of the Hump itself. It was so deep that the very water in the pool was brackish, caught there with no escape except the slow processes of evaporation. Creig had heard Maddelin say that attempts had been made to stock it with white perch; but the fish had starved for lack of proper feed.

When he had caught his breath he went on toward the summit and met young Gregor at the foot of the stairs which led spirally around the stone water tower to the platform atop. Gregor had been a good newspaper man before Maddelin persuaded him to undertake the task of keeping her name before the public. She had suggested, then insisted, that he spend a month or two with her so that they might become better acquainted, and he accepted the invitation, his eyes open for good copy. Old Dan Gavin, Maddelin's father, liked him immensely.

The two became cronies and spent much of their time together. Mrs. Gavin approved of him; Maddelin herself thought him a nice boy.

Creig and Gregor had known each other in New York, more or less casually, for a number of years, and Creig sometimes resented the youngster's attitude toward him, reading into it the cool and merciless condemnation of youth. He had been amused this summer to see that Gregor was attracted by Lois Ridgely, and he and Lois had laughed together at Gregor's devotion. Creig had schemed to monopolize Lois when Gregor was about, had enjoyed watching the younger man's uneasy distress. There were times when he disliked Gregor heartily; but he accosted him now with a loud joviality, for in this hour Creig was at peace with all the world. Gregor answered his greeting casually enough.

"Hello, Creig."

"Where is everybody?" Creig asked.

"I'm due for pinochle with Mr. Gavin in a few minutes," Gregor explained. "I guess Maddelin and Mrs. Gavin are lying down. What's on your mind?"

Creig lifted his manuscript.

"This thing's off my mind," he retorted. "Done! Finished! Complete!"

Gregor saw the man's relief and triumph, and said courteously, "That's fine! I expect you're glad."

"It's good too," Creig cried. "Man, it's fine! There've been times when I wasn't sure; but when a job's done I can always judge it. This is going to knock 'em dead, Dick."

"That's the stuff," Gregor applauded generously. "Has Maddelin read it yet?"

"I'm on my way to read it to her now."

Gregor nodded and they turned down the path toward the enormous cottage together. The bay, islands like gems across its lovely bosom, spread below them, and Gregor's eyes rested on it with delight; but Creig was all absorbed in his manuscript. In a dozen words he told Gregor what its purport was. The young man looked uncertain, but he nodded.

"Sounds good," he agreed.

They found Dan Gavin, Maddelin's father, on the broad stone veranda. He was a short, round little man with a pointed beard and puffy cheeks and heavy white hair, and he greeted them with impartial cordiality. Cards and tables were ready, and he and Gregor sat down to their game, while Creig stepped inside and found a servant and sent word to Maddelin that he was come. While he waited for a reply he went to the buffet and poured a drink and swallowed it; then chose a cigarette from a silver tray. This was the sort of thing he liked. A well-appointed house all the comforts of home. Well, he had had them; would have them again, now that the play was done. He counted upon an immediate advance from Maddelin. She had always wanted to be her own producer, but she would need his help. There would be immense profits for them both. He poured another drink.

Then the maid returned and bade Creig follow her; she led him upstairs to Maddelin's sitting room, an apartment that combined the functions of dressing room and boudoir. Maddelin, in the great chair before the wide windows that faced the bay, was having her hair done; Monica Betts, her gaunt and iron-faced maid, was busy at her back. She greeted Creig's entrance with a disapproving sniff, her big nostrils tightening.

Maddelin smiled over her shoulder and bade Creig sit down.

"You'll find cigarettes on the table," she told him. "I'm letting Monica take particular pains with me. Davie's coming this afternoon."

Creig had wondered if this were the case when Lois told him she and Carolyn were to dine here.

"I thought he wasn't due till next week," he remarked.

"He found he could get away. I had a wire early this morning. I've already invited the lady to dinner."

She smiled maliciously and they enjoyed the prospective jest together.

"Lois told me they were coming," he replied. "I trust I'm permitted to be a spectator."

She nodded indifferently.

"You really deserve all the credit," she told him, studying in a hand mirror the progress of Monica's manipulations. Her own countenance seemed to please her; she smiled into the glass and then at Creig. "Don't you think Davie will be wild about me?" she challenged.

"No man could help being," he told her, with that mechanical gallantry which had long ago replaced a more genuine ardor in their relations. "You're immense."

"You're so reliable," she assured him. "But I am lovely, it seems to me."

He said in a cool tone: "You're quite right, Maddelin. You're the loveliest person I ever saw, and I've seen a good many. Your skin is as blooming as it was twenty years ago, I'll swear; and your eyes are as bright."

"Sleep, sleep, Horatio," she told him with mock solemnity. "That's what does it. If I were standing up I'd give you a pretty curtsy." She held out her hand. "Cigarette, please."

He brought the silver box in which they were kept and she chose one and lighted it from the match he held. He said, as he sat down again, "I've got the play."

She glanced toward the parcel he had laid on the table.

"I see you have."

"It's a knock-out, Maddelin."

"I'm anxious to hear it. Have you got a good title yet?"

"Not finally. Something from Proverbs, I think it will be. The Strange Woman or something of the kind. Plenty of time for that."

"It's got to have some sort of a title for the publicity," she reminded him. "Gregor's all ready to put out a story about it. He's had the papers primed with advance stuff, you know." He picked up the packet and started to unwrap it, but she shook her head. "No, wait till Monica's through with me. We'll go downstairs. But you ought to pick on a title."

"That reminds me," he said casually. "Speaking of newspapers, have you seen a paper today?"

She shook her head.

"Why?"

"There's a Raffles of sorts loose in these parts," he told her amiably. "He's pulled off two or three good hauls in the big summer places in the bay—fast motorboat and

(Continued on Page 66)

PIERCE

Women call the Pierce-Arrow Seven-Passenger Sedan the most comfortable motor car in America. Whether it serves for a day of sport in the open, or for a summer's week-end run, they are grateful for its spaciousness and the luxury of its cushioning.

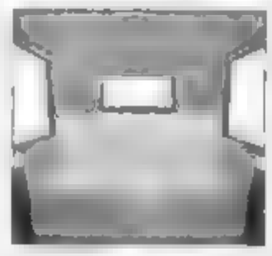
It is true that nothing can approach the riding qualities of a low-swung car of great length. Pierce-Arrow designers have taken full advantage of this in creating an interior of unusually commodious proportions.

Outwardly, the car is a picture of grace and beauty—a beauty that endures, for the Pierce-Arrow finish is famed for its permanency.

To the driver of this car, the new Pierce-Arrow Four-Wheel Safety Brakes bring an added measure of comfort, for control now is safer and easier.

If you have not yet had the refreshing experience of driving one of the latest Dual-Valve Pierce-Arrows, request the nearest Pierce-Arrow Distributor for a demonstration.

Pierce-Arrow Four-Wheel Safety Brakes are offered as optional equipment at an additional charge.



The rear seat of a Pierce-Arrow Sedan is like a luxurious lounge. The broad cushions, comfortably tilted, the yielding backrests and unobtrusive arm supports, invite relaxation

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Buffalo, N.Y.

"Pride of its makers makes you proud in possession."

When in Buffalo, visit the Pierce-Arrow factory. Courteous guides will show you how Pierce-Arrow cars are built

ARROW

551

The Black Selector Picks Out the Color Harmony

Possibly the Greatest Development in the Motor Car Industry Since the Perfection of the Self-Starter!

A SWEEPING change is about to enter the automobile industry. Cars are pretty well standardized as to structure and mechanical parts—but there is plenty of room for improvement in automobile decoration.

THE era of sober black and conventional blue is drawing to a close. Color is King. In his train he brings color problems, clamoring for solution. For while most of us are partial to radiant colors, we are not color specialists. Given a body color for our cars, our choice of additional colors for wheels, striping, upholstery, etc., is apt to be unwise.

AND here is where this new discovery—the Auto Color Harmony Chart—steps in. In a twinkling it solves the whole important question of color harmony in the painting and re-painting of motor cars.

THE Chart presents a range of 65 beautiful, accurate and tasteful colors—selected and graded by experts in the science of color harmony.

BY means of the already famous Color Harmony Selector, it is now possible to discover, at a moment's notice, what additional harmonizing colors to employ with any body color. Not only that, but you have *a wide choice of harmonizing color schemes for each individual body color.*

Your car has "personality"—the right color scheme will bring it out

YOUR car has a personality all its own. The right color scheme will make this as evident to others as it is to you.

TODAY every motor highway is ablaze with color—but the discriminating motorist wants more than mere color—he demands *color harmony.*

WHEN your car needs refinishing, tell the local Murphy Finish specialist you want a color scheme that will bring out the best in your car. Ask him to show and demonstrate his Murphy Auto Color Harmony Chart. With its help and his service, you can instantly select a color scheme for your car that will be artistically correct, and what is every bit as important, *different from that of every other car in town.*

PAINTERS

You have heard of the celebrated Taylor System of Color Harmony. The Murphy Auto Color Harmony Chart is based on it. The Murphy Varnish Company has purchased the exclusive rights to this Chart and is distributing it to painters who use Murphy Materials. Your Murphy Auto Color Harmony Chart is now ready for delivery. A quick, safe guide to scientific color selection in the painting of motor cars. Write for full particulars—now.

AT THE AUTO SHOWS

The Murphy Auto Color Harmony Chart, greatly enlarged, was on exhibit at the Murphy Booths at the Automobile Shows held last month in New York and Chicago. Thousands of visitors saw the chart demonstrated and expressed amazement at the ease with which new and effective color schemes could be selected with the help of the chart and selector.

Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

Murphy Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canada
Successor to The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited

(Continued from Page 64)

all that stuff. They don't seem to know much about him except that he's gathered a small fortune in half a dozen tries." She was interested, asked questions. "Jewelry mostly," he replied. "Oh, he's a particular chap. Doesn't seem to care for anything but the best. In some cases he has left the settings behind—just taken the stones. He got three diamonds at Bar Harbor that are reputed to be worth a hundred thousand. It's a wonder he hasn't tackled you."

Maddelin smiled.

"That would be a lark. But he wouldn't get anything for his pains."

He looked at her quizzically.

"Think you're too smart for him?"

She nodded. "Of course I haven't much here, anyway."

"You've enough to satisfy a poor man," he told her. "Just your rings would be worth a slight effort, and that pearl necklace."

"I shouldn't have brought that," she confessed. "But I thought the sea air might do it good. That's why I've worn it so much."

"It's safe to say he knows it's here."

"He'll never get it," she assured him.

And Creig asked idly, "How can you be so positive?"

"Well, in the first place, he wouldn't know where to look."

"Haven't you a wall safe somewhere around?"

She nodded.

"Oh, yes; elaborately hidden and all that. It would take him hours to open it. And that's part of the joke, because I only keep the replicas in there—the duplicates."

"And the real stuff somewhere else?"

"Yes, sir," she told him positively. "Near me. They're in the bureau drawer now, in their case. They're always where I can watch them, and I'm a light sleeper and a good shot."

He threw up his hands in amusement.

"Good Lord! A gun too!"

"Where I can reach it most easily," she assured him. "Oh, I'm not a bit afraid of being robbed."

Creig, indolently relaxed in his chair, a cigarette between his fingers, watched her smilingly. He thought it quite true that she was still beautiful. She must be nearly forty, for all her protestations; but her face was innocent of cosmetics and vivid with what was at least a good counterfeit of youth; and, even while she was at ease as she was now, there radiated from her the emanations of her powerful and magnetic personality. He had been so long exposed to these rays that he was in a sense immune; she no longer stirred his pulses; but he had a clear appreciation of her abilities and thought with satisfaction how vividly she would play the part he had written for her—how compellingly she would charm or alarm or disgust the audiences. There could be no doubt of the thing's success, not with her to do with it what she was competent to do. He knew Grierson's plans for her; knew that Grierson believed she could be maneuvered into the position of a great legitimate actress. And Creig was inclined to think Grierson was right. By and by she dismissed him with a word.

"I'll slip on something and come down," she said. "We'd better shut ourselves in the library. I'll leave word we're not to be disturbed."

Downstairs, alone, waiting for her, he found himself for the first time a little nervous; and this nervousness grew upon him. He unwrapped the play, riffled through the manuscript, satisfied himself it was in order; then his complacent certainty of success steadied him again. He left the library and went to the dining room for another drink; he liked the soft rugs under his feet and the sheen of polished wood and bright silver and crystal. He confessed to himself that a few months ago he had been afraid these things were slipping away from him; now, with those heaped sheets of untidy manuscript in the other room, he had claimed them for his own again.

He met Maddelin in the hall. She wore a dark gown of some rich fabric, and her fair hair shone. They went into the library together and she locked the door and chose the big chair by the table. He sat nearer the window.

"You may fire when ready," she told him cheerfully, and he prepared to begin.

IV

THE library in the big house on Old Hump was on the right of the door as one entered the hall from the veranda. It was a library in the sense that the walls were lined with shelves, and the shelves filled with books; but the books were seldom read. They had been chosen for their decorative value; and if the decorator, with some sense of the fitness of things, had accumulated editions of the great dramatic classics of all literature, it was not because his patroness demanded them. The rich bindings of these volumes filled the room with the faint fragrance of old leather; the panels and facings which divided the shelves were polished to a warm luster. A window filled one end of the room, looking out over a wide sweep of the lower bay toward the open sea where, when a southeast wind drove in toward the island, great surges marched in orderly procession to shatter themselves against the granite fragments along the shore. This window contained a cushioned seat; but Maddelin, who knew that she was beautiful and that she could endure the illumination, preferred to face the light.

Creig sat at one end of the window seat, his manuscript beside him. Maddelin waited for him to begin.

Creig divided the disorderly sheets of manuscript into three sections, each representing an act of his play, and two of these he laid aside.

"This is a rough copy," he explained. "I may have to fumble about a bit while I'm reading."

He was as nervous as a novice might have been.

Maddelin saw this and laughed at him, and said, "You act as though you'd never read a play before."

"This is the best thing I've ever done," he reminded her, his voice unaccountably shrill with his own excitement. He seemed to feel that the mere assertion was hollow. "It's a knock-out," he insisted.

"Well, you might let me in on it," she drawled, and he began to read.

The first act was laid in the dressing room of the theater in which his heroine was—so ran the fable—achieving her first triumph. The opening scene occurred during the intermission between the third and fourth acts, at a moment when her fortunes were still in doubt. She was there, this heroine of his; and her manager was there, and her playwright, and the young doctor whose demeanor sufficiently evidenced his devotion.

The scene was finely drawn, and as he fell into the swing of it Creig's confidence returned to him; he read with a fire and a certainty that carried conviction, and before he had turned half a dozen pages Maddelin cried, "But that's me!"

He looked up at her, quick triumph in his eyes.

"I wondered if you would remember," he replied.

"Me and you and David and Grierson," she assured him. There was no displeasure in her tones; there was even something a little wistful. "Was I as charming as you've made her, even then?"

"We were all mad about you," he told her thickly, and a surge of that worn old emotion welled up in him so that his eyes became suffused. He would have risen to step toward her, but she recovered herself and laughed a little and bade him go on. Thereafter she listened in silence till he finished the first scene. "The curtain falls then, for a minute," he explained, "while you're playing the last act, while they're still uncertain how things will go."

"I like it," she told him. "It's good. It will catch them right from the start."

His heart leaped exultantly.

"I told you it would," he reminded her.

She nodded.

"Go on," she said. "What are you going to do with me now?"

He had no qualms.

"Just wait," he bade, and took up the manuscript again.

The second scene of this first act followed her triumphant moment; it showed this heroine of his flushed with delight at her success, full of love for all the world, surrounded by men and women who admired and praised.

Creig had begun in this second scene to plant his signposts, to hint what was to come. He had a moment in which the playwright and the actress were alone together; a moment in which the playwright permitted the actress to see more than a professional admiration in his eyes. And in Creig's play she was disturbed and uneasy at what she saw. Then the manager entered, with his report that the sale of advance tickets had already taken a jump.

(Continued on Page 68

Friedman at his Steinway interpreting the Liszt arrangement of the Tannhauser Overture

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

"SINCE I have played your piano," wrote Ignaz Friedman, "I have come to the conclusion that it is easy to be a good pianist, if one has a Steinway at one's disposal." . . . This is Mr. Friedman's gracious acknowledgment that the development of the Steinway piano has resulted in mechanical and structural improvements which are as valuable to the amateur musician and the music lover as to the master pianist. The Steinway loved so many years ago by Liszt and Wagner was but the herald of greater inspiration for musicians of a later day. A finer Steinway was ready when Paderewski, Rachmaninoff and Hofmann came to power. Still finer is the Steinway of to-day. . . . Through this development the original principles of Steinway construction have been so expanded and refined that the tonal beauty of the concert grand is now perfectly reproduced in a smaller piano for the home. It is the matchless tone of the concert grand that prompted Ignaz Friedman to write as he did about the Steinway piano. It is this same tone that is an inspiration and a delight to those who have a Steinway in their homes.

There is a Steinway dealer in your community or near you through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a cash deposit of 10%, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

Prices: $875 and up; plus freight

Prices somewhat higher in Canada

STEINWAY & SONS, Steinway Hall, 109 East Fourteenth Street, New York City

This WON!

Makers of some of the finest radio instruments sought the perfect panel. They tested every material they could find. They burned it, bent it, cut it, cracked it, sawed it, soaked it, tooled it, electrified it and abused it in many ways.

Bakelite-Dilecto won!

This remarkable material is now used as paneling for radio sets designed to give nothing short of *perfect results.*

bakelite dilecto

A Laminated Phenolic Condensation Material

[X-X GRADE FOR RADIO]

Depend on Bakelite-Dilecto! It is the flawless radio panel material. Its handsome, sleek black finish gives distinction and attractiveness to "store" outfits and makes home-made sets look professionally smart

Being highest in dielectric strength, Bakelite-Dilecto protects all units from "capacity" effects. It is unbreakable in any usage as radio paneling, yet can be machined readily Resists heat, water, steam, oil, solvents and milder acids

Radio manufacturers are invited to write for detailed description of Bakelite-Dilecto and samples.

Tough, yet readily machined

Amateurs can learn from radio and electrical men how to get Bakelite-Dilecto cut to size and drilled. Dealers can learn of advantages in handling Bakelite-Dilecto by writing our nearest office

THE CONTINENTAL FIBRE CO.
Factory: Newark, Delaware

Service on Bakelite-Dilecto (also Continental-Bakelite, Conite, Contex and Vulcanized Fibre) from

NEW YORK, Woolworth Building
CHICAGO, Wrigley Building
PITTSBURGH, 301 Fifth Avenue
SAN FRANCISCO, 75 Fremont Street
SEATTLE, 1041 Sixth Avenue, South
LOS ANGELES, 307 South Hill Street

(Continued from Page 66

that the agencies were buying. Even in the flush of her triumph the heroine had a moment's gratification at this more mercenary aspect of her success. The act ended when she threw herself happily into the arms of the young doctor; the curtain fell as in the rapture of their first delight they fled away, intent on the immediate marriage for which the intoxication of success had prepared her.

When Creig laid down the manuscript and looked at Maddelin he saw that she was crying; and he smiled, pleased with his own powers. Maddelin could always weep when she chose, but these were tears of delight.

"She's a darling," she assured him. "Oh, she's a love! They're going to be wild over her."

"I think it's good," he assented. He could afford to be modest in the face of her praise; but Creig was not a modest man. "I think it's mighty good."

She dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief.

"Every woman likes a thing that makes her cry," she reminded him, "and that will wet every eye in the house."

"It's a good part," he remarked, "and you can do it. There aren't many your age that can still look slim and young and ardent; but you can. Just a well-chosen costume will do it; you won't even have to make an effort."

She asked whether he had thought of a cast and he named a man or two.

"The rest of the thing is actor-proof," he explained. "We can save money there. You've got the big part; you're on the stage practically all the time, and dominating it."

"Go on," she urged. "I want to see what you've done with her. You might do anything."

He nodded, tapping the manuscript of the second act.

"It's here," he said, and began to read.

An interval of six years—an interval filled with continued successes; this was what his first score or so of speeches registered. The scene, the apartment of his heroine; the actors, at first, her husband and her manager—and discord between them.

Creig had devised in the person of this manager a Machiavellian sort of villain. He was to be the evil genius of the heroine, forever reminding her of the business aspect of her work, keeping always before her eyes the necessity of playing to her audience, of considering her career before everything else. And Creig had made plain that the man did this, not from any sense that the stage had a right to demand the best of her talent, but because there was money in success.

He was not scrupulous, this manager in Creig's play; and there was here and there a line which would be interpreted as a direct identification of Grierson. Oh, those who knew Broadway would recognize the truth of the picture he had drawn!

Maddelin, amused at one line, remarked, "That's Grierson. Everyone will know him."

And Creig replied, "They will—yes. And there's nothing they like better, you know; nothing that pleases an audience more than to think it has recognized someone."

Before the second act was five minutes old, the prospective audience had been permitted to see the husband's discontent, the manager's shrewd insistence; then the heroine took the stage again. Toward the middle of the act the playwright appeared. Through a succession of scenes between husband and wife, husband and playwright, playwright and manager, playwright and star, it was set forth that an infatuation had developed between the writer of vehicles and the woman who played in them. The three skeins of plot—the manager's insistence on what was good business, the husband's resentment of the demands upon his wife's time, and the swiftly ripening intimacy between actress and writer—were deftly handled, interwoven, dropped and picked up again and carried relentlessly forward. The act ended in a scene that blazed with passion; the curtain fell upon the actress and playwright tempestuously embracing.

Maddelin had listened for the most part in silence while Creig read thus far; when at last he laid the manuscript aside and looked up for her praise she said doubtfully, "I don't like that so well."

He had for a moment a cold tremor of fear, a dreadful and appalling terror lest she disapprove the thing he had done. He rallied, asked with what was meant for an assured smile, "Why not?"

"They're not going to like her so well. She's changed."

"Changed—exactly!" he exclaimed. "That's the beauty of it. That's what the play is about. It's the story of the effect of success upon her—the story of her enslavement by the forces she herself has put in motion. The story of how long counterfeiting of all the passions on the stage robbed her—she was shallow, you see—of any real capacity for emotion; left her cold and hard."

She asked steadily, "Do you mean that for a picture of me?"

"I mean it for a great play," he retorted; but he felt the sweat upon his brow.

"People will say it is me," she insisted.

"What do you care what people say?" he countered. "It's the finest part you ever had; the biggest thing you ever had; the biggest thing I ever did. It's going to make you." He saw her eyes harden and tactfully amended that. "It's going to give you a chance to establish yourself," he corrected. "Grierson's idea was to establish you by press work and maneuvering; but after this you won't need to maneuver. Everyone who sees it will recognize the actress you are."

She was momentarily silent; then abruptly said, "Go on; read the rest."

His mouth was dry; he got up for a drink, unlocked the door and went to the dining room.

Turning back toward the library, he had a moment's panic, a moment when he was afraid to face her. But he reminded himself the play was so big it would win her—could not fail to do so. She might be angry; he was ready to admit that possibility now. But she would see, she must see, the possibilities in the thing.

He found her with a fresh cigarette, thumbing the pages of the last act, and he took the manuscript from her almost hurriedly. She resumed her seat, while he began to read. He read more swiftly, careless of expression, impatient to hear her verdict, fearful what it would be, but so desperately anxious that he was unwilling to protract his own uncertainty. And, as he read, the fable swiftly shaped itself toward the final moment. He painted a woman dry and hard and shrewd and cold; painted a lover in whom love had cooled to a perfunctory habit; introduced the manager to emphasize the fact that a new play was being built for her. So at last to the dénouement in which the fact of her disloyalty was revealed to her husband. He had his moment then, a moment of towering passion which left his wife unmoved. He had come upon them together, this wife of his and the man for whom she had betrayed him; the lover stated his case, counterfeiting an honest ardor, while his mistress stood by with an undeceived smile. Then the final scene when decision was forced upon her; when she put aside her husband's protests with a phrase. Creig had wished to make plain that her decision was based, not on devotion to her lover, but on calculation; he did this by bringing down the final curtain on a stage where she sat alone, telephoning her manager, assuring him that all was well, that the playwright would still write the play. She returned the receiver to the hook, lighted a cigarette, hummed an idle and contented little tune, and the curtain fell.

He had snatched a glance at Maddelin now and then as he read; had seen her countenance pass from doubt to anger, and from anger to a cold and furious rage. Toward the end he read more and more swiftly, his muscles tense as though to avoid a blow; but he was not prepared for the bitterness of her rage when he was done. She came from her chair with a movement like that of an animal, and her face was distorted out of all semblance of beauty. The manuscript she ripped from his hand and crumpled and twisted and tore at it till he wrenched it away from her; then burst into a profane tirade, pouring out upon him in coarse and heedless terms the measure of her resentment and her fury. He could not at first force her to listen to him; but the man was desperate. In the end, when she stormed at him, he caught her wrists and held them; and this—when she found herself unable to tear free—seemed also to constrain her tongue to silence.

He said hotly, "You've lost your head. What's the matter with you?"

She swore in his face, and it was as though she spat upon him.

"Do you think I'd appear in such a thing as that?"

"It's a big thing, Maddelin."

"You're trying to make me the joke of New York. Why don't you ask me to throw mud on myself in the face of the world?"

"It's not you." His voice shook on the lie. "Don't be so conceited, so sure everything must center around you. Can't a man conceive a character of his own?"

She grew calmer; managed to laugh at him.

"You poor fool!"

He argued with her desperately.

"Wait till you cool off. It's a big part, Maddelin," he insisted. "You'll make the hit of your life in it. What do you want to do, play namby-pamby parts forever? You can't always be a sweet young thing, you know. You've got to grow up sometime. Look at it as a play. Don't try to twist it into an insult."

His own heat cooled her. She released herself with a little gesture.

"It's no use," she said wearily. "I guess you're getting old, losing your touch. It won't do. I don't want to quarrel with you. Old friends and all that. But that ——" She made a movement of amusement. "I'm afraid you lost your head, my dear."

He was more shaken, more alarmed by her calmness than he had been by her frenzy. His arguments became pleadings.

"But, damn it, Maddelin, you're wrong. Can't you see the possibilities in it? I can. Why, it will knock even the critics out of their seats!"

She touched his hand soothingly.

"No, it won't, my friend," she said, and shook her head. "It will never be produced."

He felt his very foundations crumbling; he had counted so confidently on success.

"I'll produce it anyway!" he cried. "I'll get someone else."

She held his eyes with hers.

"No, I won't stand for that. It's libel, we'll say. Or say that Grierson has more power than you. He has, you know."

"You're not going back to him, Maddelin!"

"At least, he's sane," she reminded him.

"He'll put on this play himself," he told her; but she only shook her head.

"It reads well enough, but it won't act," she replied; and, with a movement he recognized as final, she unlocked the library door. When he did not move, she said lightly, "Don't forget, you're coming to dinner tonight. Seven o'clock." And went out and left him alone.

His senses were in confusion and his knees were shaking. He gathered his manuscript with trembling, hurried fingers. Damn the woman! How he hated her! But he found himself unable to hate her long. After a moment he found his thoughts already at work, automatically toting up the table of his debts. He had counted on paying them with her check—an advance, a loan. Now his hopes were dust. The sum of his obligations suddenly seemed to him staggeringly large.

"Five hundred, and eleven hundred, and three thousand, and seven fifty, and ——"

His thoughts went mumbling on, over and over the long tally, again and again. He would have to do something; but what was he to do?

Then he heard Maddelin's low laugh outside, and her voice. "Hello, Davie." So he knew that Paugh had come, and tried to stiffen himself to meet her husband.

V

DR. DAVID PAUGH was an eminent man, and deservedly so. He had already begun to make himself known, and his name was familiar to the members of his own profession, before he married Maddelin Tueset. They had met each other during the days of her struggles in minor parts; they were married in the very hour of her first great triumph, when the town was filled with her name, and the name of her husband was submerged in hers. But she was gay and audacious and vividly alive, and Dr. David Paugh was cool and thoughtful and absorbed in his profession; and, when the first raptures of mutual possession began to lose their poignancy, matters took the course that might have been expected.

Doctor Paugh pursued his profession; his wife pursued her career. There had been hot and angry scenes between them; for Maddelin was fiery, and beneath Paugh's steady exterior there was hidden a capacity for swift and terrible anger. But there had

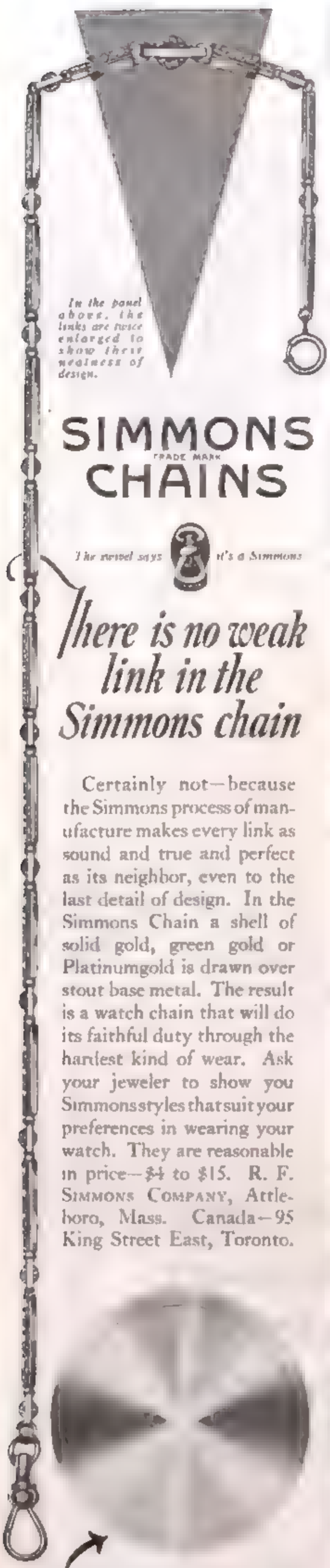
(Continued on Page 70)

You pay no premium for the extra quality of Goodyear Tires and Tubes. Nor for the special advantages of the famous All-Weather Tread. Nor for the worthwhile Dealer Service that backs up Goodyears. You get these added features at no added cost.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1924 by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.


In the panel above, the links are twice enlarged to show their weakness of design.
SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS
The jeweler says it's a Simmons
There is no weak link in the Simmons chain
Certainly not—because the Simmons process of manufacture makes every link as sound and true and perfect as its neighbor, even to the last detail of design. In the Simmons Chain a shell of solid gold, green gold or Platinumgold is drawn over stout base metal. The result is a watch chain that will do its faithful duty through the hardest kind of wear. Ask your jeweler to show you Simmons styles that suit your preferences in wearing your watch. They are reasonable in price—$4 to $15. R. F. SIMMONS COMPANY, Attleboro, Mass. Canada—95 King Street East, Toronto.
This substantial shell of gold

(Continued from Page 68)

never been any final and irrevocable dissolution of their union. Maddelin's absences when her company went on tour lengthened into a complete separation; Doctor Paugh was three years in France and saw her there only during her single flying visit to the entertainment huts. He came back from that long service with another image set above her in his thoughts and a wild hope that he might yet come to some happiness; but she would not let him go. Maddelin would not let him go. He would never be able to forgive her this—must always hold it as a charge against her account. Nevertheless, when, as now, she summoned him, he felt himself bound to answer her call; so he was come.

Creig, absorbed in the contemplation of the catastrophe which Maddelin's disapproval of his play had precipitated, had not heard the first stir of Paugh's arrival. The doctor had come by steamboat to one of the near-by islands, where a power cruiser sent by Maddelin met him. Young Gregor and Gavin gave over their game of pinochle to walk down to the landing stage and meet him; and the three men came back up to the big house together, walking shoulder to shoulder and talking amiably. Gavin himself, in spite of his daughter's whims, had always liked Paugh; Gregor knew his reputation and admired him highly, but this was their first personal encounter. The older man, in introducing them, had said to Paugh, "This is Maddelin's new press agent"; and Paugh smiled, and met Gregor's handclasp with a warm reply, and liked the young man at once. The doctor had a heavy bag beside his small professional case, and Gregor relieved him of the bag. Paugh explained that he had come near missing connections.

"A hurry call at the last minute," he told them. "As long as I was there, I felt called on to respond; but it turned out to be of small importance, so I was able to get away. That's why I have to lug this thing around." He indicated the case in his hand.

As they came up the wide steps to the stone-flagged veranda, Maddelin appeared in the open door and greeted her husband with a cool "Hello, Davie!" She had at first adopted this as her pet name for him; and when she later discovered that it irked him she persisted in it for that reason. He responded in a low tone, and then saw as she came toward him that she meant to kiss him. Gregor stood by; Paugh was uncertain how much the young man knew, and he had made it a policy to give Maddelin as much or as little as she seemed to demand. So now he met her kiss halfway. The contact of their lips faintly shocked and startled him; hers were soft and hot. She was but just come from her parting with Creig; the emotions aroused in that moment had left her blood swift and her eyes warm. But her husband could not know this, and he was puzzled, and watched her with a curious eye when she drew back from him.

Maddelin seemed to understand that she had in some way betrayed the fact that she was disturbed. She met her husband's eye with a laugh, then spoke swiftly, pouring over him a web of swift words, inquiring, demanding, praising, cajoling. Her arm hooked through his. Young Gregor stood by and smiled a little at the pretty picture she made, till her father called him to resume their game. Then Mrs. Gavin came downstairs and greeted her son-in-law with a stern majesty. While they stood together Creig brought his courage to the point and came out of the library to join them.

Mrs. Gavin was saying to the physician, "You're to be in the west room, David. I know you like the sleeping porch there, and you can sleep late because the sun doesn't strike in."

He said "That's very attractive."

And Maddelin, still holding his arm, laughed and exclaimed, "Mother always did take care of you like a baby, Davie."

"Well now I'm sure he's tired and needs a rest," Mrs. Gavin insisted. "And you'd never consider the comfort of anyone but yourself, Maddelin. So somebody has to look out for your guests."

Maddelin lifted her hand in impatience. "There, mother, I was praising you, not insulting you." She perceived Creig, and her eyes lighted with a miser's glee in enjoyment of this meeting between Creig and her husband. "Oh, Davie, you remember Creig, don't you?"

Creig grinned a little at this. Paugh did not smile, but his voice was quite even as he replied, "Oh, yes," he said. "Yes, I remember him." The two men shook hands.

"Remember what good times we three used to have together years and years ago?" Maddelin challenged.

Creig maliciously accepted her lead and echoed, "Yes, didn't we?"

Then they both watched Paugh, and he said gravely, "Those were good years, certainly."

"He's been doing me a play this summer, Davie," Maddelin told her husband. "But it's terrible!" She was capriciously seeking to make amends; had made her husband suffer and was willing now to see Creig wince. "It's all about me," she explained, "and he's made me out to be a horrible person."

Paugh asked dryly, "Isn't it a good play?"

Creig cried, "Dave, it's the best thing I ever did. It's a sure-fire hit, but she won't play it." He was almost pitifully grasping at a straw.

Paugh looked at his wife with a little smile. "What's the matter with it, Maddelin?" he asked.

"They'd go out hating the thought of me," she told him.

"But you were never one to care what people thought of you," he reminded her; "not so long as you served your art."

There was a hard irony in his tone, and she paled a little with anger, then laughed and wagged her finger at him.

"You must hate me a lot, Davie, to say a thing like that," she accused.

Creig perceived that his play was forgotten. He stood a step or two away, the bulky manuscript under his arm, and watched them, listening, hating them both. Maddelin clung so stubbornly to her husband's arm. Then Mrs. Gavin reappeared to force upon them the details of her household arrangements. Creig slipped away to the dining room for a drink. Abruptly, while he stood by the buffet, the stuff began to go to his head; the cumulative effect of all he had taken in the hours just past struck him in a wave. He forgot even the manuscript of the play, left it on the broad table when he returned to the hall. Maddelin and Paugh were still together and Mrs. Gavin was instructing a maid to take the doctor's bags up to his room.

Creig came near as she lifted them, and the liquor in him perverted his sense of humor, so that he cried loudly, "I say, wait a minute there. Those haven't been inspected yet."

The maidservant hesitated doubtfully; Paugh and Maddelin looked toward him in uncertain surprise. He took the bags from the girl and dropped one on the floor and fumbled at the catch of the doctor's professional case.

"Lot of bootleg liquor running around these islands," Creig told them loudly. "We've had to be careful."

The catch slipped back and the case opened. In it Paugh was accustomed to keep an emergency equipment; the assortment of its contents was curious. Creig saw the bright silvering of instruments; saw rolls of bandage and cotton and tape; saw half a dozen small bottles in loops along a flap. As happens at such moments, one label caught and fixed his eye. Chloroform! He was still explaining loudly his intention to sample all the liquid contents of the case when Paugh reached his side and took it firmly out of his hands.

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Creig," the doctor advised him coldly. The maid departed with both bags.

Creig said hoarsely, "Why, Davie, what's the row? Can't you take a little fun?"

Paugh colored at the name, but he held himself in check and stepped away.

Maddelin said cheerfully to Creig, "You'd better go take a swim, my dear. Don't forget you're coming to dinner."

Creig nodded. He found a momentary difficulty in speech; but his thoughts were clear enough, and they were resentful. Paugh had warned him not to make a fool of himself, and he hated Paugh for the warning. As if he, Creig, were not able to take a drink now and then. Besides, there was no harm in the jest he contemplated. He was simply trying to liven things up. Everybody else was so sober. People ought to get some laughter out of life. Paugh, now—he wouldn't laugh if he had to. Yet even Dr. David Paugh had made a fool of himself upon occasion. Creig groaned at the memory, was on the point of hurling out a reminder, till he remembered that it was Maddelin's secret, that it was to be a jest at Paugh's expense. This tickled Creig, and he nursed the thought, chuckling.

Maddelin and Paugh had gone out on the veranda, leaving him alone with his rambling meditations. He went over the details of this joke of which Paugh was to be the butt. To meet Carolyn Ridgely here, without warning, so that Maddelin might watch his face and Carolyn's. Creig and Maddelin had planned the thing together; but now Creig asked himself why he should help Maddelin make a fool of Paugh. After all, if he had a grudge against Paugh, he had a thousand against Maddelin. Had she not just now cast scorn upon his great play—the play he had built for her with so much toil—the play that would have solved all his difficulties? He abruptly boiled with hatred of Maddelin because he had failed to please her. To tell Paugh that Carolyn was near; to forewarn him and thus rob Maddelin of her anticipated pleasure, seemed to him suddenly a fitting way to even his score with her. He walked—steadily enough as to his feet—toward the veranda. At the door he met Maddelin coming in on some errand. The three men were alone together at the farther end, and he went toward them and touched Paugh on the elbow.

"By th' way, old man." Paugh turned attentively and distaste mounted into his eyes. "You remember Carolyn Ridgely," Creig reminded him. "You remember her—in France—in that little town." He winked with a lumbering gravity. "Yes, sir, you remember. Well, she lives right over there." He made a wide gesture.

Paugh's interest was faint but clear. "Carolyn Ridgely?" He glanced at Gregor and Gavin.

"Over on Grindstone," Creig assured him. "Fact; she owns the island. I'm one of her tenants." He touched his chest. "In fact I'm her only tenant. You might say that Miss Ridgely and I inhabit Grindstone." He was a little startled by the look in Paugh's eye and added hurriedly, "She's coming to dinner."

Gregor took his arm. "That reminds me, old man," he said good-naturedly. "You're coming over too. Time for you to hop home and dress. I want to run over for a few minutes to see Lois. I'll set you across."

Creig nodded. "That's right," he agreed. "Yes, highly important that I go dress for dinner. Have to escort some ladies."

"Sure," Gregor agreed. "And we've time for a swim first too. I've a notion I'd like to dive off that big rock outside your quarters. Mind if I come over and swim with you?"

"Glad to have you," Creig assured him widely. "Come right along. Always glad to have you visit my quarters—yes."

They departed, and Gregor caught Paugh's eye and smiled reassuringly. The doctor and Gavin were left together; but Paugh's eyes followed the two men as they went down the hill and stopped for a moment at the bathhouse while Gregor got his bathing suit, then went on to the landing stage. Paugh and Maddelin's father talked together; but Paugh scarce knew what he said, nor did he cease to follow Creig and Gregor with his eyes until they had landed from their canoe on Grindstone.

Then Maddelin, a soft robe about her bare shoulders like a cape above her bathing suit, came to ask if he would swim with her; and when he accepted she said he would find fitting garments in the bathhouse, and they went down the walk together. She asked where Gregor was gone; and Paugh told her, and Maddelin smiled approvingly.

"He's a tactful youngster," she commented. "I like him."

Paugh did not speak of Creig's disclosure. When he emerged from the bathhouse, ready for the water, Maddelin was waiting for him. Those who swim hereabouts do not do so idly; the water is too cold. Maddelin was dressed for swimming, and when she saw him coming she slipped off her robe and dived, and he saw her slender figure in the water below him when he poised on the springboard and flashed down beside her. He came to the surface to find her near him, and she laughed at him almost tenderly, and cried softly, "You're very nice to me, Davie. Sometimes I think we might—be friends again."

But she saw his answer in his eyes and her own hardened, and she rolled on her breast and raced away from him. He followed more slowly, swimming on his side so that his eyes might rest on Grindstone, where dwelt Carolyn.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE BEST IRON MADE

"American Beauty" ELECTRIC IRON

IT will pay you to buy this iron because it is the best. Its slight extra first cost is offset many times by its sturdy reliability that assures the same satisfactory results after years of use as upon the day you purchase it.

Sold by dealers and electrical companies everywhere

American Electrical Heater Company
DETROIT, MICH., U. S. A.

Oldest and largest exclusive makers in the world
—established 1894

Emergencies often arise at night

CAN'T you recall many times when you have needed certain medicine cabinet requisities—and had to send out at night or in bad weather to get them? When you do need these products, you need them quickly.

Why not adopt the precaution which so many are following now? Keep your medicine cabinet filled with the familiar products you use often—such as sodium bicarbonate, castor oil and epsom salt. There is a deep feeling of satisfaction in knowing that you have them on hand when an emergency arises, or your physician advises their use.

But even more important than just having medicine cabinet requisites is the necessity of knowing that they are pure, safe and reliable. When you are forced to purchase them hurriedly, you must take what you can get. Yet unless they are of the correct standard of purity they may be ineffective, and even harmful.

Squibb Medicine Cabinet Requisites are made by a House which has served the medical profession for more than sixty years. Every Squibb Product is pure, and scientifically prepared to give the exact results expected of it. Each one contains essential improvements that you will appreciate.

Look over the following list of Squibb Medicine Cabinet Requisites. You have frequent need for many of these. Select them *now* in the original Squibb packages, and know that your medicine cabinet contains the best, most reliable products that can be made, ready whenever you need them.

Squibb's Bicarbonate of Soda—Free from all impurities; without bitter taste Will not irritate the stomach.

Squibb's Epsom Salt—More agreeable to take than the ordinary unpurified market product.

Squibb's Castor Oil—Purified by special process. It is remarkably free from that nauseating taste.

Squibb's Boric Acid—Pure crystals for solution, or soft powder for dusting. A soothing, mild antiseptic.

Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—A superior corrective for acid mouth and stomach. For children and adults.

Squibb's Dental Cream—Made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Protects the teeth from Acid Decay. Soothes tender gums

Squibb's Cold Cream—An exquisite preparation of correct composition for the care of the skin Will not become rancid. Does not grow hair.

E. R. Squibb & Sons, 80 Beekman Street, New York, *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical and Dental Professions since 1858.*

SQUIBB

THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

THE FABULOUS FORTIES

(Continued from Page 17)

wonders; but when it came to the theater it was more likely to turn to such "Moral, Instructive, Recreative and Temperate Amusements" as:

SIGNOR HERNIO NANO

the justly celebrated and naturally endowed metempsychosian, whose extraordinary personification of the Gnome, the Babboon, the Fly, etc., has been the delight of the world, who announces his intention of visiting the city with his Colliseum.

A facsimile of the Rotunda Olympica at Paris and a splendid brass band of music will make the entertainment superior to anything yet offered. To consist of a Metempsychosian Bazaar flight of fancy, called the Gnome Fly, in which Signor Nano will embody the Gnome! the Babboon!! the Fly!!! a Man!!!!

To be followed by a Musical Olio consisting of pianoforte recitations by Madame H. Nano.

Ladies in general seldom attended the theater, except to see a Fanny Ellsler or an occasional opera or some visiting dramatic star, and even in gentlemen the habit of theatergoing was considered indiscreet and an evidence of wildness. It was left to the lower classes to storm the doors of the Bowery and of the Olympic every Saturday night and get their fifty cents' worth of melodrama and burlesque. In other words, the dramatic muse was not a lady in the '40's, but a painted hussy, and her votaries shared the social ostracism imposed upon her by a public nourished on the Puritan tradition of theatrical depravity. The origin of this tradition, or rather its perpetuation, was not to be found in any single outburst of clumsy immorality such as the self-conscious and somewhat tepid impudicities of the Model Artists. One has seen enough already of the mentality of the period, surely, to appreciate its thinly coated prudery. The people of the '40's were no better and no worse than those of any other era in their response to fundamental frivolities.

The Bowery Theater was the scene of many hair-raising events, and the Bowery itself the district that furnished the audiences which packed the house, especially on Saturday nights, from pit to gallery. That astonishing thoroughfare described by Mr. Haswell—filled with fruit stalls, cutlery displays, pawnbrokers, cheap-John auctioneers, saloons, cigar shops, roast-chestnut venders, and sausages, illuminated by the glare of turpentine lamps and the lights on the fronts of the Atlantic Garden and of the theater—up and down which the Bowery boy of the '40's paraded truculently with his girl, Mose and his Lize. A fist-fighting personage, industrious and sober six days out of seven, usually employed in the butcher shops, wearing a high beaver hat, the nap of which he parted and brushed in opposite directions, a bright-colored silk handkerchief, a frock coat and wide pantaloons, smooth shaven, with the soap locks, or spit curls, plastered down on his temples.

Popular Shows in the Bowery

And on the seventh evening he went in his hundreds through the runway into the pit, or with Lize during their courting days, and with Lize and her babies afterwards, up into the gallery or into the gaslit tiers of his neighborhood theater, armed with peanuts and fragrant Bologna and pork chops, the remnants of which he hurled playfully at his friends in the pit, to stamp his feet and roar and cheer and hoot and hiss to his heart's content, and cry "Hi-hi!" at his favorites, and "Cheese it!" when he was bored, and converse familiarly back and forth with the people on the stage from seven o'clock until midnight during the progress of the customary farce, melodrama and burlesque. All he asked—and Lize and the children shared his taste—was to be given a good Bowery laugh, a generous portion of blood-curdling action and some noble speeches resounding in his ears to send the shivers tingling down his romantic back; and an opportunity to exercise his lungs and admire Lize in the person of the lovely heroine and himself in that of the undaunted hero, or possibly the dashing villain. A simple-hearted, old-fashioned audience, cherishing physical courage, patriotism, domestic rectitude and feminine virtue.

When, finally, in 1847, a definite concern in the theater was manifested by the fashionable world of New York—and New York was then already, as it is now, the dramatic center of America—it was, as might perhaps have been expected, the Italian Grand Opera which experienced the organized patronage of society; a form of entertainment about which it knew practically nothing and which in the past it had failed consistently to appreciate.

There had been several desperate attempts in the city to establish Italian opera as a fashionable pastime, aside from the occasional appearances at the Castle Garden of Tedesco and Marini with the Havana Opera Company; none of which, perhaps, failed more dismally than the unfortunate Mr. Palmo's experiment at his own opera house. Here, in less than a year, in spite of a carefully selected orchestra and a competent company headed by Borghese, the evening came, in 1845, when, upon the entrance of the prima donna for her first aria, the musicians refused to play unless they were paid their salaries. After considerable argument, in which the prima donna took a spirited part, Mr. Palmo rushed around to the box office only to find the receipts for the night in the hands of a deputy sheriff. Mr. Palmo fainted in the lobby and the curtain came down on Borghese courageously singing her aria without accompaniment. The company dispersed and Mr. Palmo went back to tending bars.

Society and the Opera

Now, suddenly, in 1847, the upper residential reaches of the town, where fashionable life revolved immaculately around the railings of Astor Place, became imbued with the desire to imitate the operatic splendors of London and Paris and establish their own privately managed and carefully restricted Italian opera house and company. What Mr. Palmo, with a very genuine affection for his native music, could never have accomplished, a number of genteel amateurs in frilled shirts, with the city directory before them, proceeded to achieve by the simple process of drawing up a list of those socially elect who might be permitted to subscribe a large sum of money annually towards the support of the enterprise, "a species of peerage of the fashionable society of New York, containing the birth, parentage, life, occupation and pursuits of those who have organised society in New York on a similar footing as it exists in the high circles of the great capitals of Europe."

An opera house was constructed, known officially as the Astor Place Opera House and unofficially as the Salle Astoria until certain deplorable events fastened upon it the bloody name of Massacre Place Opera House, from which it really never recovered. It was an "elegant house," profusely gilded and adorned with the inevitable chandelier, built to accommodate some eighteen hundred persons in its parquet, dress and family circles and gallery, at a maximum price of one dollar for each unsubscribed ticket. In other respects it was arranged, so the critic of the American Musical Times found, "with every convenience and luxury for the class for whom it was intended, and devoid of every comfort that common decency would have selected for that class the very name of which is offensive to aristocratic ears. In the dollar, or subscription, part of the house there are cushioned seats, luxurious lounges and a perfect view of the stage from every seat. In the menagerie, or fifty-cent place, the seats are hard and uncomfortable, and the gorgeous chandelier obstructs all view of any portion of the stage. This is as it should be; the common people are not wanted and their convenience has not been consulted."

From the very first an influential portion of the press went out of its way to emphasize the aristocratic character of this venture and to harp on the intended exclusion of the "unwashed million" in a manner which cannot have failed to produce its effect on the popular mind and facilitate the tragic events which were to follow. This attitude was due in large measure to one of the precious rules issued by the committee of managers whereby they attempted, though in the long run unsuccessfully, to abolish the free list for the press. The rules requiring smooth-shaven faces and evening dress, and white waistcoats and kid gloves, were considered sufficiently intolerant; but the proposed cancellation of the free list was nothing short of an attack on constitutional liberty.

To be sure, here and there a newspaper such as the Charleston Evening News—for

IT is hard for a man to realize, until he has learned from experience, that any tire can be so surefooted on all kinds of roads and in all kinds of weather as the Kelly Cord is; or that any tire can give such long mileage under all conditions as the Kelly Cord does.

It costs no more to buy a Kelly

"What do you suppose he carries all those for—ballast?"
"No, excess of caution. Someone ought to tell him about Kellys."

KELLY SPRINGFIELD TIRES

FIRST AMERICAN MANUFACTURE

KNAPP-FELT HATS
for MEN

KNAPP-FELT CAPS combine the best of two continents. The woolens are British and the workmanship is American. The materials are made in the famous mills of Great Britain, largely from exclusive designs originated in the C&K shop.

KNAPP-FELT CAPS are tailored with the same expert care that distinguishes the finest of custom made clothing. They are cut one at a time from skillfully designed patterns; the style is hand-blocked and shrunk into the caps; they are trimmed with the best of silk and satin, and neatly packed to reach the dealer in the pink of condition.

Knapp-Felt Caps, Three-fifty, upcard.

Knapp-Felt headwear is sold by the best dealers everywhere. *Write for* THE HATMAN!

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY
JOHN CAVANAGH – *President*
620 Fifth Avenue - New York City

the matter was one of national discussion—pointed out that the rule was intended to "cut off what the managers have been pleased to term the mob of penny-a-liners who on one pretext or another make themselves free to all places of amusement. . . . The free list is really a serious tax on managers of prosperous houses even when limited to the press. There are no less than sixty persons in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City who are legitimately entitled to free admission under the rule. Add the reporters and penny-a-liners and various hangers-on and you will have more than two hundred." And this in a theatrical world in which programs changed habitually every night, entailing constant reporting. But the general tone of the press was voiced by the Times and Messenger when it remarked that "the press is of too much importance to the interest of theatres to cavil about a few admissions. We feel for these poor artists, and the press, their natural guardians and protectors, in a measure separated from them by the interference of quasi fashionables who build a theatre and then place the company under the iron rule of a committee. Now a splendid house is erected to contain eighteen hundred persons—but will seldom have a thousand in it and yet there is no room for all the editors unless they can afford to pay fifteen pounds sterling for a stall. It is mortifying to see men who have inherited or have made large fortunes so exclusive, so utterly deficient in policy and good sense, or who imagine that money, and not mind, controls the million."

In spite of which a company was imported from Italy, under the business managership of Mr. Sanquirico and Mr. Patti, consisting of such stars as Benedetti, Truffi, Biscaccianti, Amali Patti, Clotilda Barilli and Catrina Barilli—Patti, the mother of Adelina, who made her début, oddly enough to modern operatic conceptions, in the rôle of Romeo. And on November 22, 1847, after the chandelier had refused to light for more than half an hour, the curtain went up for the first time on Ernani.

The performance itself does not seem to have been particularly noteworthy, but then the performance cannot have been of any fundamental importance compared with the spectacle provided by the audience. It was quite thoroughly understood that the only excuse for all this *coloratura* on the stage was the opportunity it afforded for a brilliantly colored display of fashion in the house. At seven o'clock—they came promptly in those days—the lower galleries, balconies and pit were completely filled with people in full dress. There was not a single gentleman present below the third tier who was not wearing white gloves; in the parquet they were all in frock coats, and in the lower tier white overcoats were to be seen. "The bouquets were in hundreds, the ladies all in dress opera toilette, and as they came in, in procession, the brilliancy of the crowd was remarkable." However, when they finally succeeded in turning on the gas for the overture, "the dresses and ornaments of the ladies, so conspicuous while they were moving and standing, and while the light was dim, were lost as they sat in the boxes. The brilliant light was all absorbed and the eye entirely caught and filled with the show and glitter of the gilding and the prominence of the decorations."

Competing With London and Paris

Nevertheless, in spite of the Evening Post's conservative complaint that the opera house was too far uptown and consequently "difficult of access to strangers," the press was forced to admit that this "magnificent movement in society" had produced "a great commotion all around," and that on the inaugural night, not only was the Astor "crammed with beauty and fashion, but almost every theatre felt the effects of the excitement which that event brought forth. Music or farce, tragedy or comedy, opera or humbug, seemed all to be equally affected with one general movement originating in the upper classes of society." The opening was, in short, an event in fashionable annals, the first authentic organization of the higher classes, "congregated under a splendid dome in a respectable quarter of the city."

In fact, the excitement was not confined to the city or to any exclusive class of society. The establishment of Italian opera in New York was looked upon as a great event all over the country—even in Boston—and as "an advancement and progress of refinement in civilization on the part of the higher classes" on the one hand and of "art and sarcasm among the lower ones." It furnished "the greatest excitement of the present day, and employed as many pens, and produced as much controversy, not only among the fashionable and literary circles but in every rank of society down to the very newsboys and printers' devils, as any topic on this side of the presidential question or even the war with Mexico."

The audience and the dresses of the ladies were admittedly the most interesting and conspicuous part of the movement, and "as a place for well dressed and genteel people to congregate in on a cold evening the opera house seemed to possess great advantages." On the whole it was thought that the array of beauty displayed at the Astor compared creditably with that to be seen in London, Paris, Naples, Milan, Vienna, Berlin or Venice; and though the costumes of the ladies might not have possessed "the same exquisite grace and finish that one found in the Salle Ventadour, still they contrasted favorably with those displayed in the Queen's opera house in London, although not so rich or vulgar, nor so full of jewelry, lace and bad taste."

Soirees at the Astor Place

Aside from that, as a practical venture, socially and operatically, it was considered a very dubious experiment. There were grave doubts as to the adequacy of the company and the soundness of the finances, and continued criticism of the constantly changing rules and the exclusive character of the undertaking. The subscribers were kept perpetually in the limelight of publicity, and "the appearance of the house, and the politeness displayed in the corridors, saloons and retiring chambers" made a subject of continual discussion and frequent ridicule for the benefit of the excluded classes. Indeed, in two weeks' time the "beautiful temple of song" was already a good deal of a white elephant, in which the subscribers sat in rather solitary splendor, dutifully exclaiming *bravi!* and *brava!* according as the activities on the stage seemed to call for such vocal manifestations of a possibly none too deeply sincere satisfaction. As someone expressed it, people in general refused to sit in the menagerie behind the chandelier, or in the parquet under it. And then in another two weeks' time, for no particular reason apparently except the volatile nature of the public temper and a desire on the part of the proletariat to invade this sanctum of the *haute noblesse*, the so-called canaille were crowding the third tier to hear Benedetti in Lucia di Lammermoor and the lovely Truffi in Ernani and the beautiful Biscaccianti in La Sonnambula. The Astor was become "a place of elegance, refinement, respectability and fashion," and the whole town was determined suddenly to be seen within its sacred precincts and view the forbidden magnificence of the grand tier.

"We are a great people," the Herald chuckled. "The soirées at Astor Place are the most brilliant, beautiful and extraordinary things that ever characterised fashionable society in New York. It is really a sight to see the house on a great night, independent of the opera, the prima donna or the tenor. The élite are carrying everything their own way and even the canaille are washing their faces, shaving themselves and having their hair cut and pomatumed; and what is more, are actually putting on white kids and seating themselves in any and every part of the house where they can procure a seat for love or money. Boors are becoming gentlemen by the influence of sweet sounds and a congregation of beautiful faces The follies committed by the management about the free list are nearly forgotten."

It must all have made poor Mr. Palmo sigh as he washed out his timberdoodle glasses. The New York Opera Company was even going on tour and exhibiting itself with great success in such backward centers as Boston and Philadelphia, where a sluggish public had not yet provided itself with domestic musical opportunities such as any Bowery boy in New York might enjoy for the price of a ticket and the temporary discomfort of a pair of white kid gloves. But Mr. Palmo's turn to smile came, after all, because, in spite of all these triumphs, the management of the Astor was spending more money than it made, and found itself obliged, in April, 1848, to suspend production temporarily, with twenty performances

(Continued on Page 76)

Serve Whitman's

Chocolates have won a place all their own in social life and home living.

At luncheon or afternoon tea a few pieces of well-chosen chocolates add charm as well as substance. For more formal affairs chocolates are last, but not least, on a well-planned menu. Bridge is not complete, for many players, without chocolates. More and more everyday home life is sweetened by chocolates.

Whitman's are first choice, not only for their original quality, but for the almost perfect system of distribution everywhere through accredited retail stores, which handle these perishable candies with care.

Suggested for home use is the Standard Package—an all 'round Whitman assortment, direct descendant of the package that first made the name famous, in 1842.

Write to nearest branch for illustrated booklet: "On Choosing Chocolates."

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia

Sole makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

New York Branch	Chicago Branch	San Francisco Branch
215 W. 33rd Street	2537 S. Michigan Avenue	449-51 Minna Street

One of Whitman's QUALITY GROUP

Whitman's

STANDARD

(Continued from Page 74)

still due the subscribers. The theater was taken over by Mr. Niblo and Mr. Hackett for the presentation of legitimate drama, and eventually Mr. Charles Macready was announced to appear upon its stage.

It was Mr. Macready's third visit to these shores, and in certain circles the return of the eminent English tragedian was not greeted with any very great degree of cordiality. The tour was only undertaken, the Herald, for instance, decided, "in consequence of his want of popularity and success in his own country. During the last few years Mr. Macready has sunk very much in public estimation, arising in part from his peculiar mannerism, daring public taste and eccentric private conduct. . . . Mr. Macready is one of those pets of the public who have been spoiled by too much praise and too much toadyism."

Mr. Macready, for his part, thought but poorly of America and Americans. Were not the vulgar wretches, he inquired in his diary, the stupid, unprincipled dolts of this country enough to drive a wise man mad? There were gentlemen—high-minded, high-hearted, cultivated gentlemen—in the country, but it was a land of blackguards. They were a coarse people, and no mistake; and the masses, rich and poor, were essentially ignorant and vulgar. It was, in fact, an odious country, where taste and high feeling and the spirit of a gentleman were understood and appreciated only by the helpless minority.

"Let me die," he exclaimed, "in a ditch in England, rather than in the Fifth Avenue of New York here!"

Perhaps, under the circumstances, Mr. Macready would have done better to have stayed at home; but his impressions of America were certainly not improved by incidents such as that in Cincinnati, where, during a performance of Hamlet, "a ruffian from the gallery threw into the middle of the stage the half of the raw carcass of a sheep."

He was, moreover, constantly annoyed and disgusted by "the vulgarity and low, coarse character of the newspapers"—especially when they printed statements to the effect that the Hamlet of Mr. Vandenhoff, Sr., was superior to his own. "What ignorant and what conceited dunces in literature and art these people are!" For Mr. Vandenhoff, Sr., was an American actor, and Americans, in Mr. Macready's estimation, were "brutes, not intelligences." Ignorance made drunk would best describe them all, from Mr. Forrest downwards. And Mr. Forrest himself was "a blackguard, a thick-headed, thick-legged brute, an ignorant, uneducated man, burning with envy and rancor at my success."

Mr. Forrest, on the other hand, was publicly outspoken in his conviction that Mr. Macready was a miserable actor and a liar, even though he were a graduate of Eton. "I will not call you a liar, Mr. Macready, but I have proved you to be one by the very witnesses you summoned in your defense."

Already, in November, 1848, the famous quarrel was in full swing in the newspapers, and Mr. Macready was being visited with riots in Philadelphia.

Two Rival Actors

"An attempt is being made," the Herald remarked, "by some indiscreet friends of Mr. Forrest to revive the dispute that took place recently between him and Mr. Macready. Such a movement is exceedingly foolish. . . . Mr. Forrest and Mr. Macready have, each of them, a number of admirers of their respective styles of acting, and everyone capable of judging is aware that each of them has faults and excellencies, both as a tragedian and as a man. . . . It should be the object of the admirers of both to put an end to such an unseemly contention, and to unite again in the bonds of friendship the two greatest delineators of tragic character of the present day."

It is not the purpose of these pages, certainly, to determine the final merits of this ridiculous dispute, which brought only discredit on both participants and eventual disaster to a large number of individuals, many of them totally disinterested. Mr. Macready may or may not have stirred up the theatrical world of London against Mr. Forrest in 1845. Mr. Forrest undoubtedly did go to the theater in Edinburgh and hiss Mr. Macready in his pet rôle of Hamlet. Mr. Forrest repeatedly admitted having done so, and appeared to gloat over it. Mr. Macready, quite naturally perhaps, never forgave him.

One's concern is rather with certain local conflicts which developed out of the controversy, and for which the actual quarrel itself seems to have served merely as a fortuitous excuse. For, in considering that period of German revolutions and French street barricades, it is perhaps not so well remembered that the American metropolis also experienced its day of popular uprising, clearly recognizable under a disguise of professional partisanship.

The spring of 1849 passed in a flood of printed invective from both sides. When Mr. Macready was not writing denials, Mr. Forrest was issuing cards. "Mr. Macready's production has been eulogized as dignified and gentlemanly. Gentlemanly, forsooth! Why, it has not the merit of being grammatical, but I will not pause to consider the style." In March, Mr. Macready concluded his farewell engagement at New Orleans with a complimentary dinner and a long speech, and here, the Herald observed, "It might be supposed that this highly important and interesting controversy would cease."

But the curtain, it was forced to acknowledge, had not yet fallen on the last scene of the last act of this flare-up in theatrical life. "Mr. Macready is en route to New York for the purpose probably of performing an engagement at one of our principal theatres. What success he will meet with we cannot say; but we are informed that the friends of Mr. Forrest have determined to crowd the theater on the first night and hiss him off the stage if they can accomplish it. This is what Mr. Forrest's friends have determined to do, but Mr Macready's are not idle They are determined on the other hand to support him to the utmost of their ability and in their turn to drive Mr. Forrest off the stage when he next makes his appearance in the city.

"Thus we go . . ." And in a manner utterly incomprehensible to modern ideas of professional courtesy, to say nothing of public precaution. "A dispute between two rival actors—one born in England and the other in America—is made a national question, and made to turn on national grounds. . . . Well, so be it. We hope, however, that this struggle will be the finale of the ridiculous business and that hereafter sensible people will allow rival play actors to fight out their quarrels by themselves and not interfere with what really should not concern them. Let us have a fair fight and fair play. *Go ahead, spring chickens! Never say die, old boys!* The longest day has a sunset!"

These flippant observations, coming on top of the sheep's carcass in Cincinnati, disgusted Mr. Macready profoundly. "Pah!" he exclaimed, and packed his bags for New York in no very cheerful frame of mind. At the same time Mr. Forrest quietly packed his own and came to town to open an engagement at the Broadway Theatre in such plays as Richelieu, Jack Cade, The Gladiator, Richard III, and The Broker of Bogota. Late in April the management of the Astor Place Opera House began to advertise Mr. Macready's forthcoming farewell engagement.

"Forrest is now playing at the Broadway," the Herald took pains to remind its readers, "and Macready is to make his last appearance at the Astor Place Theater. Both of these gentlemen will thus be playing at the same time in this city. Some intimations have been given that the indiscreet friends of Mr. Forrest intend to make a rumpus on the appearance of Mr. Macready and thus avenge upon him the criticisms of the London press made upon the American artist some years ago."

The article closed with a high-minded appeal to the friends of both actors to patch it up between them and avoid any further unpleasantness, and Mr. Forrest maintained publicly what was doubtless considered a dignified silence; but on May first the Herald accepted for publication in its Amusements column the following entertaining notice, which may or may not have surprised Mr. Forrest when he read it:

To Jos Actors. Wanted immediately, at an uptown establishment, likely to open occasionally for a few nights, a lot of journeymen job actors. Talent is of no consequence, as they must look, walk, stand and talk exactly as ordered by an eminent histrionic individual. They will be hired at low wages by the hour, day, week, or single job. Address SPECULATORS, at Fashion's Folly, Eighth Street, New York.

N. B. No persons absurd enough to respect themselves or their profession need apply.

Finally, on May fifth, the Astor announced Mr. Macready in Macbeth for Monday night, May seventh. On May sixth and seventh the Astor with Mr. Macready and Miss Pope, the Broadway with Mr. Forrest and Miss Wallack, and the Bowery with Mr. Hamblin and Mrs. Shaw, all announced Macbeth for the evening of May seventh.

Mr. Forrest's action was unquestionably deliberate and ill-intentioned. Mr. Hamblin's, on the other hand, was the result of an arrangement with Mr. Macready whereby, for the purpose of placating the public, Mr. John Ryder, an English actor, who was a member of Mr. Macready's company, was loaned to Mr. Hamblin to play Macduff, while his place was taken by Mr. C. W. Clarke of Mr. Hamblin's company. Everyone held his breath, and the Herald advised the Astor audience to be in their places early, "as the house would likely be crammed."

All three theaters were crowded. At the Bowery, an extremely enthusiastic and fashionable audience received Mr. Hamblin and Mr. Ryder. At the Broadway, "Mr. Forrest was greeted with a magnificent house, consisting of a large portion of elegantly dressed ladies," which welcomed with thunderous cheers spiced with groans for Macready. At the Astor, "as soon as the doors were opened a very large number of persons altogether of the male sex entered the theater and took their seats in different parts of the house." It began to be whispered about that "something was up," and the sudden appearance of Mr. Matsell, the chief of police, with a large body of constabulary, seemed to confirm the rumor.

The curtain went up and the pandemonium, which was to endure for three acts, began. When Macbeth entered, "the uproar was deafening: a perfect torrent of groans and hisses assailed Mr. Macready, and a deluge of asafœtida was discharged upon him from the gallery, to say nothing of bad eggs, apples, potatoes, lemons, pieces of wood, and copper cents which Mr. Macready solemnly picked up. There were cheers for Mr. Forrest. There were cheers for Mr. Macready, whose friends in the audience actually outnumbered the others. Mr. Macready stood quietly in the middle of the stage eyeing the disturbance. 'Off, off!' they yelled at him, while his partisans urged him to 'Go on, go on!' Mr. Macready tried to make a speech and found himself confronted with banners. 'No apologies, it is too late!' 'You have ever proved yourself a liar.' The first two acts passed in dumb show, while the rioters bombarded the company and roared 'Down with the English hog! Take off the Devonshire bull!' During the intermissions they sang snatches of the witches' chorus, and 'Where's Eliza Brown?' which soon turned into 'Where's Macready?'"

Mr. Matsell and the constabulary looked on.

A Warm Reception

In the third act the uproar increased. Mr. Bill Wilson, a pugilist who had trained Yankee Sullivan, threw a chair at Mr. Macready from the gallery. Mr. Macready bowed and smiled. Mr. Bill Wilson threw another chair at him. Mr. Macready "stood quite unmoved, not the slightest tremor visible, not the least bravado either." In fact, Mr. Macready behaved with extraordinary dignity and courage. Someone finally threw a third chair at him which very nearly hit his leading lady. Mr. Macready bowed to the audience, stepped up to the stage manager, whose name happens to have been Chippendale, and told him that he considered his own obligation fulfilled and would now no longer remain on the stage, and the curtain fell.

Outside, in Astor Place, a great crowd was thundering at the doors. Mr. Matsell caused the entrances to be barricaded and the audience, including the ladies, all of whom had remained until the end, were hurried out through the Eighth Street exit. On behalf of the American members of the company, who had been told to stop playing with Mr. Macready, Mr. Clarke—who no doubt wished that he were safely back in his proper place at the Bowery Theater—came out and apologized for his colleagues and explained that his family were dependent on his work. His apology was cordially received. In his dressing room, Mr. Macready, anticipating danger in the streets, took up his dirk, "but thinking it unworthy to carry it, threw it down again." One begins definitely to like him at this moment. Accompanied by Mr. Colden, Mr. Tallmadge and Mr. Robert Emmet, he walked home unmolested through quiet back streets.

In commenting on the disturbance two days later the Herald was not of the opinion that Mr. Forrest was responsible or had hired rowdies to interrupt Mr. Macready's performance. "Perhaps he does not regret it very much," it remarked. "Let Macready now proceed peaceably with his engagement." In the same issue it printed a copy of the resolution sent to Mr. Macready by some forty prominent citizens, including Silliman, Noah, Irving, Duyckinck and Herman Melville, assuring him

(Continued on Page 81)

The Flower Dance by the Vienna Children

Duofold converts the "Die Hards," too

—*the men who think all fountain pens are alike*

Its Size and Balance and 25-year Point put fresh inspiration into *everyone's* writing

YOU know the "Die Hards"—the fellows who believe all fountain pens are alike. They either never owned a Class A pen, or have four or five cheap pens rattling around in their desks.

They had no affection for alarm clocks either, until Big Ben came along and woke them up. And when Gillette first took the morning murder out of shaving, the "Die Hards" were the last to cheer the safety razor.

But there's one good thing about the "Die Hards"—they can be convinced if you show them. So whenever one of their number starts to expound his theory about fountain pens, just pull out this black-tipped lacquer-red Duofold and give him a taste of the fresh inspiration that Geo. S. Parker has put into every-day writing.

Even the hardest "Die Hard" will own up he never swung a pen with Duofold's inspiring balance—that he never saw one with Duofold's classic shapeliness and beauty.

He'll catch the new idea when you tell him this Chinese lacquer-red color makes Duofold a hard pen to lose—that its size and symmetry give it a friendly feel in the hand. And he can't write his signature without admitting that Duofold's polished Iridium point (guaranteed 25 years for wear and mechanical perfection) is the smoothest thing that ever slid over paper.

He'll like the capacity of the Over-size ink barrel. And when you show how the Ink-tight Duosleeve Cap fits with micrometric precision so the Duofold can't leak, the chances are 10 to 1 that he'll soon head for the nearest pen counter.

After all, the Parker Duofold gives the biggest thrill to men and women whom ordinary pens can't stir. That's why good pen counters sell Parker Duofold on 30 days' approval—knowing that day by day this classic grows on everyone.

If you don't own the Duofold already, get this classic before the "Die Hards" beat you to it.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY · JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

NEW YORK CHICAGO *Manufacturers also of Parker "Lucky Lock" Pencils* SAN FRANCISCO SPOKANE

THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

Parker Duofold

LUCKY CURVE

With The 25 Year Point

Duofold Jr. $5
Same except for size

OVER-SIZE **$7**

Lady Duofold $5
With ring for chatelaine

★NEW GOLD GIRDLE—WAS $1 EXTRA—NOW FREE, DUE TO LARGE PRODUCTION

POWER MAXIMUM

EASIER STARTING

MILEAGE GOES UP

UPKEEP GOES DOWN

QUICKER PICK-UP

BECAUSE

VOL

TEX

GASOLINE

HIGHEST VOLATILITY

The *volatility* of a motor fuel is proved by the readiness with which that fuel gives up its power—the eagerness of that liquid to expand into a cloud of explosive vapor.

That's why Texaco Gasoline is called the *volatile* gas.

On every highway and in every motoring center the red Texaco star shows where to get it.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products

Run it with Texaco Gasoline

Save it with Texaco Motor Oil

AC O MOTOR OILS

—and then he got his Philco!

A mighty surge of power for quick starts in the coldest weather! A strong, vigorous and sustained flow of current that keeps your lights brilliant—your ignition steady and sure-firing.

That's why a Philco Diamond-Grid Battery adds so tremendously to the comfort and safety of winter driving—why thousands of car owners are replacing their under-size, under-powered batteries with *full*-size, *full*-powered Philcos.

Philco Diamond-Grid Batteries owe their great power, long-life and shock-proof strength to their Diamond-Grid Plates, Quarter-sawed Separators and other sound engineering features. With Philco Retainers they are guaranteed for two years.

Forestall hand-cranking by installing YOUR Philco now. There is a Philco Station near you. Look in your phone book for "Philco Battery Sales and Service".

NEW PRICES
for genuine full-powered, guaranteed
PHILCO
DIAMOND GRID
BATTERIES

Ford, Chevrolet, Overland, Durant 4, Star, etc.
$17.85*

Buick, Nash, Jordan, Hudson, Packard, Studebaker, etc.
$22.90*

*Exchange prices east of the Mississippi River, war tax paid. Genuine Philco Diamond-Grid Batteries for all other cars priced proportionately low.

Philadelphia Storage Battery Company, Philadelphia

PHILCO Farm Lighting Radio Electric Truck Industrial Tractors Passenger Cars Mine Locomotives Auxiliary Power Marine Isolated Plant BATTERIES

PHILCO DIAMOND GRID BATTERIES

FOR RADIO OWNERS—a storage battery charger so safe you can use it in the living room and recharge while you sleep—so simple a child can operate it—so economical it costs only a few cents per battery for recharging. The new PHILCO CHARGER comes complete for $6.25.

The Philco Charger enables you to use smaller, lighter, and lower priced batteries. For instance a genuine Philco 2-4 volt battery for WD11, WD12 and UV199 tubes costs you only $6.95. See your radio dealer or write us

Continued from Page 78

that "the good sense and respect for order prevailing in the community will sustain you on the subsequent nights of your performances."

Encouraged by these protestations of sympathy, Mr. Macready announced Macbeth again for the evening of May tenth, Mr. Hamblin also repeating his performance, while Mr. Forrest contented himself with The Gladiator. At the same time Mr. Macready published in the Herald all the documents relating to his quarrel with Mr. Forrest in an attempt to disprove the allegations made against him. Throughout the city, meanwhile, a fiery poster had made its appearance, in which are to be seen the first indications of a more significant motive underlying the popular hostility to Mr. Macready:

WORKING MEN
SHALL
AMERICANS
OR
ENGLISH RULE
IN THIS CITY?

THE CREW OF THE BRITISH STEAMER HAVE THREATENED ALL AMERICANS WHO SHALL DARE TO EXPRESS THEIR OPINION THIS NIGHT AT THE ENGLISH ARISTOCRATIC OPERA HOUSE!

WE ADVOCATE NO VIOLENCE, BUT A FREE EXPRESSION OF OPINION TO ALL PUBLIC MEN

WORKINGMEN! FREEMEN!
STAND BY YOUR
LAWFUL RIGHTS!
AMERICAN COMMITTEE

"Shall an organized mob or the public authorities conquer?" the Herald exclaimed. "We do not believe there will be any successful attempt to drive Macready from the stage tonight. . . . The rioters will be well licked tonight or the city will be disgraced."

The public authorities and the mayor, who had been in office only a few days, twiddled their thumbs. Mr. Matsell collected as many policemen as possible and marched them to the opera house. The late afternoon turned into evening and thousands of otherwise intelligent people began to stroll in the direction of Astor Place.

Mr. Macready, relying on the assurances of the committee of citizens and on the comforting sight of Mr. Matsell's assembled policemen, went gayly to the theater. He was annoyed at the tardiness of his hairdresser, but when his cue came he stepped onto the stage "with full assurance, confidence and cheerfulness." He was enthusiastically received, although there was some opposition from the parquet. Mr. Macready laughed at the "scoundrels," pointing them out with his truncheon to the police who crowded the house, and his supporters leaned a placard against the side of the proscenium stating that "The friends of order will remain silent." So the first three scenes were given, rapidly and inaudibly, and at the end of the fourth the police closed in on the rioters in the parquet and rushed them out of the auditorium amid the cheers of the audience. If the militia, who, unknown to those inside the theater, were gathering in Astor Place, had acted with equal promptness the evening might have passed pleasantly enough.

The Astor Place Riot

As it was, the first shower of stones from outside came smashing through the Eighth Street windows towards the close of the first act. Throughout the next three acts the bombardment continued practically without intermission, while the galleries kept up a continuous uproar, "aided by the crashing of glass and boarding from without." Water was pouring from broken pipes into Mr. Macready's dressing room and stones flying through the demolished windows were striking the famous chandelier. The audience was seeking shelter under the balconies, although very few persons actually left the house. At the front doors, where Mr. Matsell was having his hands full, the populace was pounding on the barricades and howling "Tear it down! Burn the damned den of the aristocracy!"

On the stage they went ahead with the performance in an amazingly devoted and courageous manner. Once, in the middle of the banquet scene, Mr. Povey urged that part of the play be cut, and Mr. Macready indignantly refused. "Nocuts!" he ordered. He had consented to appear and proposed to go through with it; and as for the audience, they had paid their money and were entitled to the full performance as long as they cared to remain. One can only marvel at the fortitude displayed by the entire company, playing inaudibly to a terrified audience in a wrecked house besieged by a screaming mob. The occasion contributes an inspiring and altogether admirable page to the annals of the profession, in the days when the play was the thing. A little quiet came with the fifth act and the remaining scenes were heard. Mr. Macready was called and warmly cheered.

"I quitted the New York stage," he says, "amid the acclamations of those before me"

They imagined, probably, that the decreasing intensity of the bombardment was due to a gradual cessation of the disorder in Astor Place. As a matter of fact, the showers of stones were clattering less frequently upon the façade of the opera house because the rioters were now busy hurling

Fanny Elssler, a Famous Dancer of the Early Forties

them at the militia. They made excellent targets, standing there in close order, trying to decide what to do next; and the hoodlums were enjoying themselves thoroughly, and, as they supposed, in that perfect security which such gentry are accustomed to consider a prerogative of their class, when suddenly the militia came to a startling, if inevitable, decision.

"Ready, aim, fire!"

The first volley was blank. "Yah!" The second volley was aimed high. It was all a bluff; the paving stones went flying. A block away a middle-aged man was getting off a street car, wondering what it was all about. Down a side street a child came running to see what the soldiers were doing. The third volley was grimly genuine. The middle-aged man fell from the car; the child never found out what the soldiers were doing. When the acrid smoke had drifted away there was blood on the sidewalk of Massacre Place—women and boys were hurt, some twenty persons were dead; the white kid gloves of the audience seemed terribly incongruous. A great silence passed over the square.

The sound of the first volley reached Mr. Macready in his dressing room, where Mr. Colden, Mr. Robert Emmet, Mr. Sefton, Mr. Chippendale and several others were discussing with him the possibilities of escape from the building.

"Hark! What was that?" he asked. Someone rushed in with the news. Two more volleys were heard. "My God!" he exclaimed, and determined "to meet the worst with dignity." At the earnest entreaty of his friends he finally consented to disguise himself. He took a drab surtout from one, while Mr. Sefton was ripping his own cap up the back so it would fit him. With Mr. Emmet, he went to the stage door, where they were stopped. They came back across the stage and down into the orchestra, climbed over into the parquet and followed the stragglers from the audience up the center passage. Everyone was being ushered out through the Eighth Street door, and they passed unnoticed through the crowds, across Broadway and along Clinton Place, to Mr. Emmet's house. "You are walking too fast!" Mr. Macready whispered once or twice to his friend. When they reached the house Mr. Emmet locked the front door and assured Mr. Macready that he was safe. "You may depend upon all in this house"

In the square the throngs were slowly dispersing as the military closed in on the opera house. The dead and wounded were being taken away. In front of the New York Hotel, where Mr. Macready had his rooms, an ugly crowd was threatening to burn the building. The manager told them to come in and see for themselves that Mr. Macready was not there, while Mr. Colden slipped up to his friend's room to fetch him a hat to replace Mr. Sefton's cap. An omnibus went careering up Broadway followed by a mob yelling that it was Mr. Macready running away. In Astor Place men were shaking their fists at the people who were wearing kid gloves and making passionate speeches to anyone who cared to listen.

"You can't go in there," one man cried, "without kid gloves on. I paid for a ticket and they wouldn't let me in because I hadn't kid gloves and a white vest, damn them!" "I luxuriate in the scene," said another. "Hurrah! I will have nothing to do with breaking windows, but I luxuriate in the scene!" On one street corner a little gentleman in evening clothes was imprudently voicing the original theory that mobs must be put down. "To hell with you!" a Bowery boy told him. "America rules England tonight!"

Mr. Macready's Escape

The affair had already progressed a long way from the original quarrel between two individuals, to whom the Tribune referred as "an English play actor and an American ditto, each eminent in his miserable vocation."

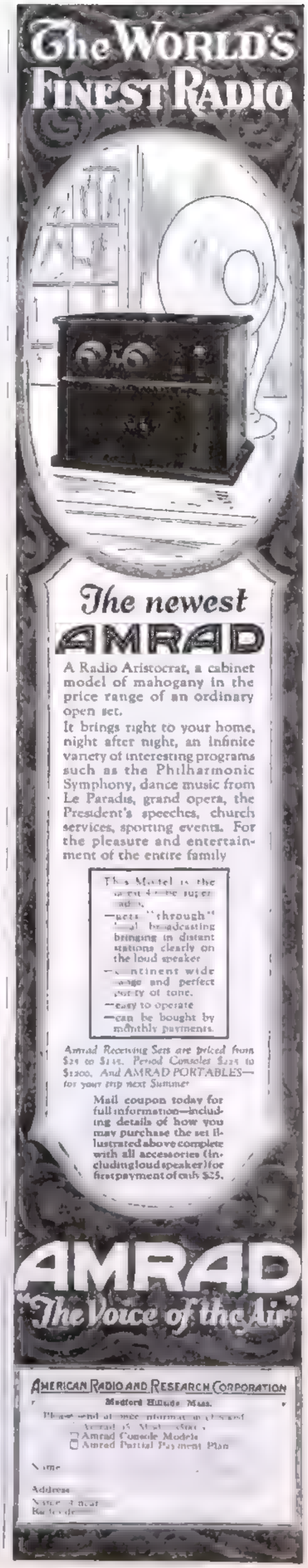
It was said afterwards that Mr. Macready had fled from his hotel on horseback disguised as a soldier and escorted by several mounted officers. He did nothing of the sort. While he was waiting in Mr. Emmet's drawing-room, Mr. Colden came in and warned him that he had better leave the city at once. Young Richard Emmet was sent to a livery stable to order a carriage and pair "to take a doctor to some gentleman's house near New Rochelle" at four o'clock that morning. Then they waited. At ten minutes past four the carriage came to the door—a covered phaëton. Mr. Macready shook hands with them all and stepped in. The carriage turned up Fifth Avenue, passing a few early market carts. The most trying time of all must have been those last ten minutes.

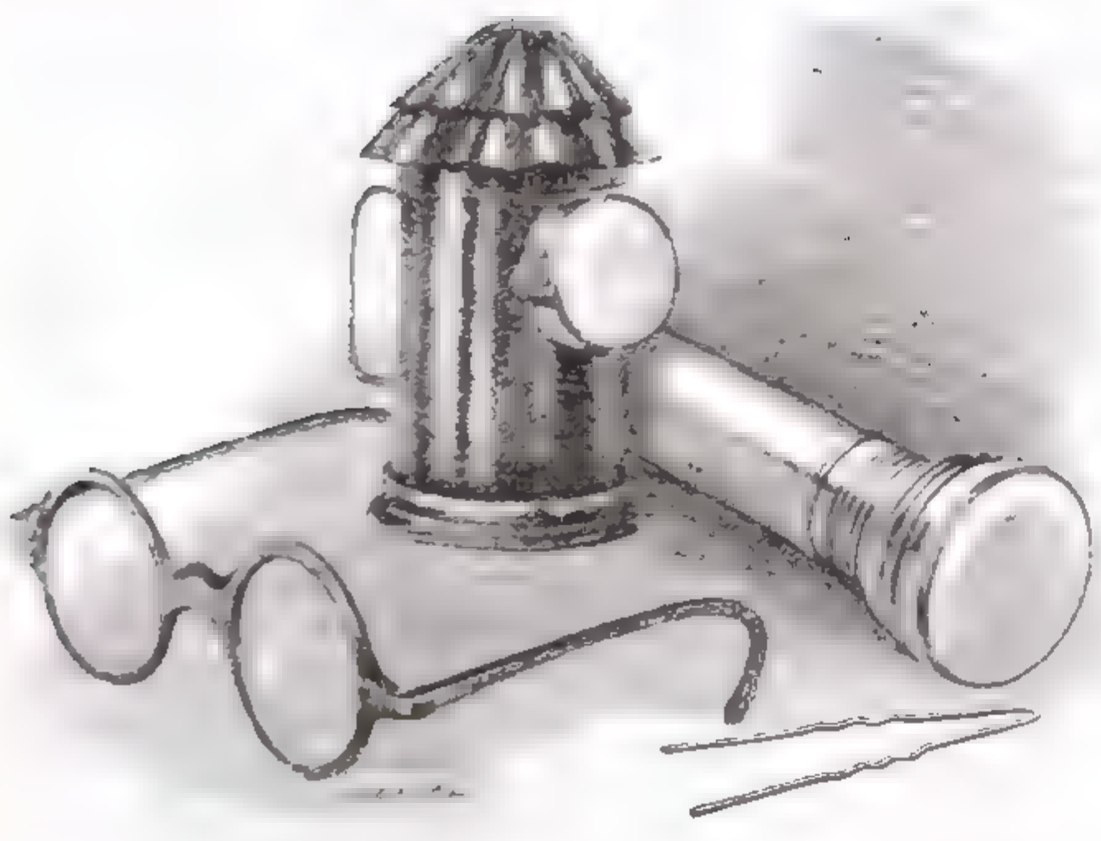
The citizens of New York had a great many things to think about the next day. In general, the bitterest resentment was voiced not against the soldiers but against the committee of citizens who had persuaded Mr. Macready to appear, against the management of the opera house which had permitted the performance to take place, and against "the damned aristocracy" for whose protection the militia had been summoned. The real motive of all the trouble was at last coming out, and found expression in another fiery poster which blossomed forth all over the city:

AMERICANS!
AROUSE! THE GREAT CRISIS
HAS COME!
DECIDE NOW WHETHER ENGLISH
ARISTOCRATS!!!
AND
FOREIGN RULE!!
SHALL TRIUMPH IN THIS
AMERICA'S METROPOLIS
OR WHETHER THE
SONS
WHOSE FATHERS ONCE COMPELLED THE
BAREBORN MISCREANTS TO SUCCUMB, SHALL
MEANLY LICK THE HAND THAT STRIKES
AND ALLOW THEMSELVES TO BE DEPRIVED OF
THE LIBERTY OF OPINION
SO DEAR TO EVERY TRUE AMERICAN HEART

AMERICANS!!
COME OUT! AND DARE TO OWN YOURSELVES
SONS OF THE IRON HEARTS OF '76!!
AMERICA

Another less hysterial placard called for a meeting that evening in the park of all


The WORLD'S FINEST RADIO
The newest
AMRAD
A Radio Aristocrat, a cabinet model of mahogany in the price range of an ordinary open set.
It brings right to your home, night after night, an infinite variety of interesting programs such as the Philharmonic Symphony, dance music from Le Paradis, grand opera, the President's speeches, church services, sporting events. For the pleasure and entertainment of the entire family
This Model is the
—acts "through"
broadcasting
bringing in distant
stations clearly on
the loud speaker
—Continent wide
range and perfect
purity of tone.
—easy to operate
—can be bought by
monthly payments.
Amrad Receiving Sets are priced from $25 to $145. Period Consoles $225 to $1200. And AMRAD PORTABLES—for your trip next Summer
Mail coupon today for full information—including details of how you may purchase the set illustrated above complete with all accessories (including loudspeaker) for first payment of only $25.
AMRAD
"The Voice of the Air"
AMERICAN RADIO AND RESEARCH CORPORATION
Medford Hillside Mass.
Amrad Console Models
Amrad Partial Payment Plan
Name
Address



What *some* shavers need

"CAP! CAP! Who's got the Cap?"

Answer—*Williams'*. For Williams' has a cap that you never have to fish for down the drain pipe with a bent hairpin. Nor do you need a burglar's outfit to find it. The Williams' Hinge-Cap is *always* on—right where you want it, *when* you want it.

But even if it weren't for this "always-on" cap, most men would prefer Williams' because—

✓—Williams' lather is unusually heavy and closely woven. It holds the moisture in so that the hairs of the beard are really softened all the way through.

✓—Williams' lather lubricates the path of your razor. There's actually a protecting film between your face and the edge of the blade while you shave. The result is, you get a cool shave free from friction.

✓—Williams' keeps your face comfortable even when you shave closely every day. It contains a soothing ingredient which gives the skin just the care it needs.

Williams' is a natural white cream, the creation of world-famous shaving soap specialists. It is absolutely pure and has no coloring matter whatsoever.

Daily shaving with Williams' will show you how kindly and soothing to the face it is. See if there isn't just as striking a difference in the cream as there is in the Hinge-Cap.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN.
The J. B. Williams' Co., Ltd. (Canada), 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal

Williams' Shaving Cream

Write for a sample of Williams' Aqua Velva, a scientist's formula for after-shaving use. Address Dept. 12-A.

those opposed to the destruction of human life, at which resolutions were passed demanding the indictment of the mayor, the recorder and the sheriff for having ordered the militia to fire on the citizens, and a motion adopted whereby it was "resolved, that while we are opposed to all violence in theaters or elsewhere, we still insist that citizens have a perfect and indisputable right to express their approbation or disapprobation in all places of public amusement; and we regard the arrest and imprisonment of persons last night for merely expressing their opinion in the opera house as only surpassed in atrocity by the outrage perpetrated outside among the people."

An illuminating statement, surely, as regards the popular attitude towards theaters and actors.

Whereupon a certain Captain Rynders arose and explained why "this murder" had been perpetrated. "To please the aristocracy of the city at the expense of the lives of inoffending citizens, to please an aristocratic Englishman backed by a few sycophantic Americans. It was more important to these aristocrats that Mr. Macready, an Irish-Englishman, should play before them than that they should prevent a riot." In other words, the usual fallacious theory, which is so often evident in American social controversies, that because a lawful and proper activity is threatened with violence by an unruly minority it must therefore suspend or be held responsible for such violence as may result.

Mr. Mike Walsh then addressed the multitude. "Where," he asked, not without justice, "were these national guards during the late war with Mexico? Where were those gingerbread soldiers? They were drinking punch at their firesides, while it was the poor man who fought the battles of the country. . . . No doubt there are thousands like the mayor who are drinking the blood of the operatives, who long for the power of an army with which they may oppress and trample the poor man underfoot."

It was all quite modern in its distorted demagogy. But it becomes very apparent that the attack on the opera house was much more a matter of class hatred than it ever was one of personal partisanship. Burn the damned den of the aristocracy! Mr. Forrest's popularity with the Bowery boys itself rested not so much on the perfections of his acting as on the fact that he was at his best in such rôles as Jack Cade, Spartacus and Metamora, in which he appeared as the champion of the masses and declaimed impassioned speeches which they instinctively removed from their context and applied to contemporary society.

Fists Versus Kid Gloves

"We toil to feed their lusts, we bleed to back their quarrels, coin our sweat and blood to feed their wassail and maintain their pomp! And they, kind, gentle, gentle lords, in payment plunder our dwellings, spurn us as their dogs, stain those we love and mock at our affliction ——"

It was perhaps symbolic that he should have been playing Spartacus on the night of the riot. At all events, the same spirit which had rolled General Harrison into the White House in 1840 drove the aristocrats to their homes on that evening in 1849. Log cabins and elliptical saloons, bare fists and white kid gloves.

Little by little the press sorted out its ideas concerning the pitiful events in Astor Place, in the residences bordering which "the domestics discussed the affair as keenly as the respectable and comfortable occupants of those magnificent and elegantly furnished abodes of luxury and opulence."

On the whole the newspapers all over the country approved the action of the authorities in firing on the rioters. "There is but one medicine for a mob, viz., lead." "It is plain from the whole testimony that the order to fire was given only when there was no choice between so doing and resigning all to the fury of the mob." Some of them blamed Mr. Forrest and his published statements. Others condemned the committee that had urged Mr. Macready to play the second time, and the mayor because he had not ordered the opera house closed in anticipation of the likelihood of conflict—a point of view already put forward by Captain Rynders, which the Tribune, for one, did not support.

"It is urged by many," it remarked, "that Mr. Macready should not have appeared on Thursday night after having been driven from the stage on Monday. We do not see the justice of the argument. He had been driven from the stage by a gang of ruffians, he was asked to return to it by some of our most estimable citizens. He was right in following this request, and it was the duty of the authorities to protect him in so doing." Looking back on it all, one wonders whether Mr. Forrest ever regretted having gone to the theater that night in Edinburgh to hiss Mr. Macready.

They took some things so seriously in the '40's, and set up such mountainous molehills for themselves! While the Tribune was fulminating against prize fighters, the Herald had equally interesting observations to make about the polka. "The polka that is now danced," it remarked, "so gracefully in the fashionable assemblies of New York, Saratoga and Newport has gone through the same cycle as the Model Artists, until public propriety has become so outraged that in all probability it will soon be consigned to a similar doom."

That Disgraceful Polka

The polka had been introduced into fashionable society in 1844 by the celebrated Mr. Korponay, a retired officer in the Hungarian Army, and had become the rage all over the country. "But the polka as now danced in our most highly respectable and fashionable circles is one of the most indecent, immodest and scandalous exhibitions ever exhibited out of the common gardens of Paris, and can only be paralleled by the dances to be seen there at three or four o'clock in the morning at the Chaumière or the Château Rouge." This polka was nothing but "the lowest and most vulgar movement danced in the villages of Hungary, and in the encampments of the soldiery who, in consequence of the spurs attached to their boots, are obliged to move their feet in a certain uneasy and strange position so as not to endanger their legs. Such is the origin of the polka, and yet our fine young men and our beautiful young ladies can be seen vying with each other who shall dance with the greatest vigor and accuracy this low camp dance."

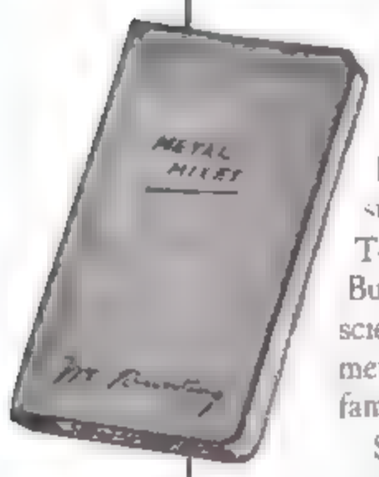
The first Model Artists, the Herald recalled, had led the way to "the gross, vulgar and obscene exhibitions which disgraced not only the theaters and public places of amusement, but the saloons and ball rooms of the higher classes in this country. The polka as danced at Newport is not in any degree less objectionable than those other exhibitions—indeed it is rather more so, for while purity and modesty would shrink abashed from outrage when Model Artists were exhibited, the conventional usage of society has thrown its protection over the Hungarian camp dance."

The real truth of the matter was that "our fashionable circles, who pretend to such extraordinary refinement, are wholly destitute of cultivated taste, polished manners, or moral feelings sufficient to check the introduction of foreign licentiousness and corrupt manners. . . . We must say that the indecency of the polka as danced at Saratoga and Newport stands out in bold relief from anything we have ever witnessed among the refined and cultivated *ton* of European cities. It even outstrips the most disgraceful exhibitions of the lowest haunts of Paris and London."

So much for the polka, which one used to be taught at dancing school as a picturesque, old-fashioned measure. Queen Victoria, of course, forbade it to be danced in her presence. One can only wonder at the destiny of modern dancing. For if in the '40's they considered the polka, which one now understands to have been comparatively innocuous, an obscene exhibition, then it is not improbable that a future age will smile patronizingly upon certain steps which shock present-day susceptibilities and will teach them to its children as examples of bygone grace and charm. And in that case, what sort of dances will they be dancing themselves in that age?

Editor's Note—This is the third of three articles by Mr. Minnigerode

The Difference Between "Bushings" and BUNTING BUSHING BEARINGS



"He carried the formulas for his alloys... in a little memorandum book which was never out of his possession."

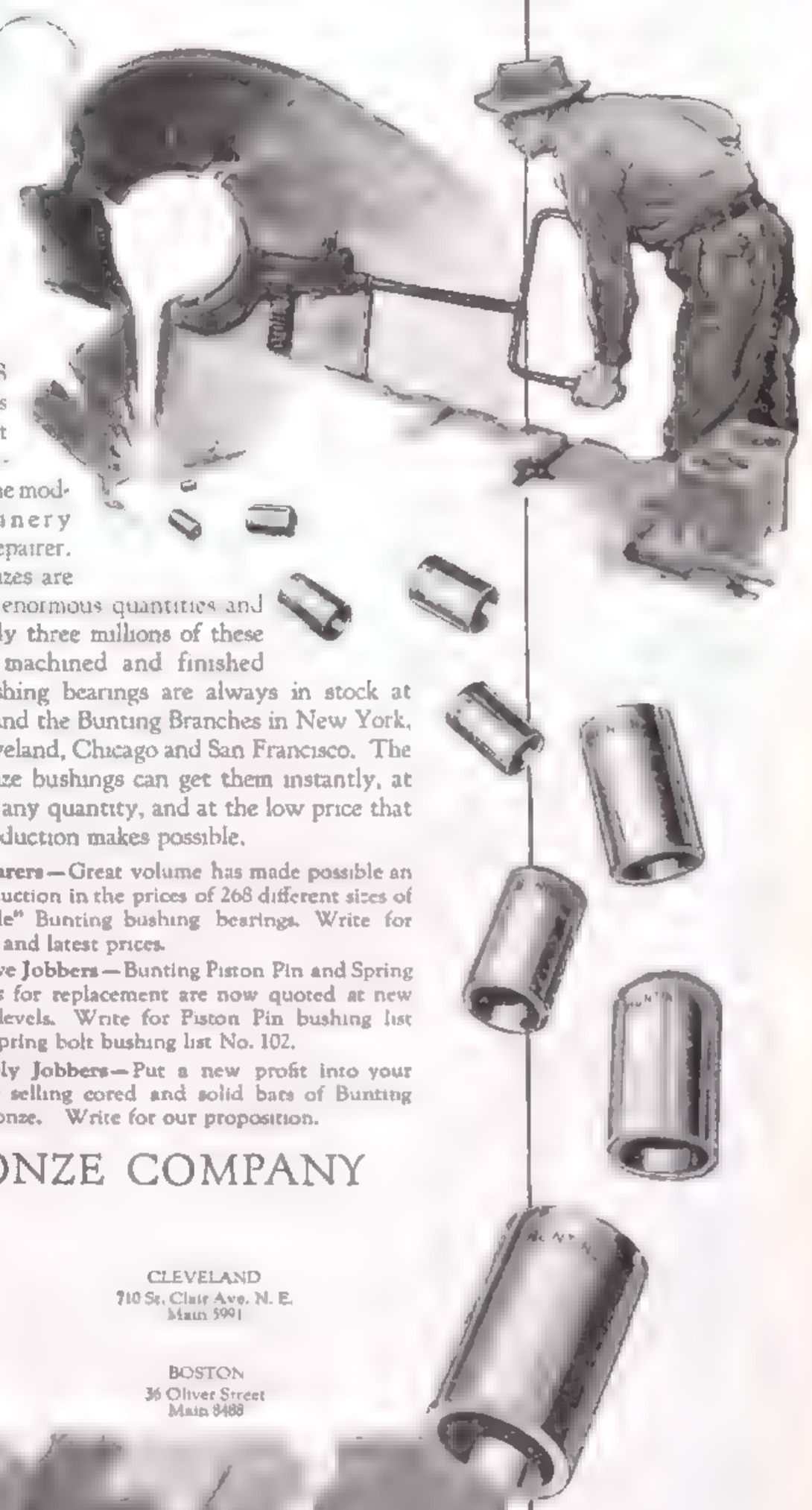
THERE was a touch of black magic in the making of bronze bushing bearings when William Bunting poured his first molds 62 years ago.

He carried the formulas for his alloys in his head and in a little memorandum book which was never out of his possession. He gained his knowledge through years of patient endeavor, successes and failures.

Today his three sons and their sons manufacture Bunting Bushing Bearings in a great plant that gives scientific precision to the unique and exclusive methods originated by three generations of one family working constantly at one specific task.

Sixty-two years of progress are built into every one of the millions of Bunting bushing bearings going into mechanical industry today. The records, statistics, observations, tests and experiences of over a half century are reflected in the operation of a plant that admittedly stands alone in the quality of its product, the scope of its service, and the efficiency of its methods.

The Bunting organization has done still more than to make bushing bearings of the highest quality, for it has made Bunting bushings universally available. It has condensed the thousands of different sizes of bronze bushings, previously made only to special order, to 268 different sizes which meet practically every need of the modern machinery builder and repairer. These 268 sizes are made up in enormous quantities and approximately three millions of these completely machined and finished Bunting bushing bearings are always in stock at the factory and the Bunting Branches in New York, Boston, Cleveland, Chicago and San Francisco. The user of bronze bushings can get them instantly, at any time, in any quantity, and at the low price that only big production makes possible.



Manufacturers—Great volume has made possible an attractive reduction in the prices of 268 different sizes of "Ready Made" Bunting bushing bearings. Write for Stock List 10 and latest prices.

Automotive Jobbers—Bunting Piston Pin and Spring bolt bushings for replacement are now quoted at new lower price levels. Write for Piston Pin bushing list No. 11 and Spring bolt bushing list No. 102.

Mill Supply Jobbers—Put a new profit into your operation by selling cored and solid bars of Bunting Phosphor Bronze. Write for our proposition.

THE BUNTING BRASS & BRONZE COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO

Branches and Warehouses at

NEW YORK
245 W. 54th Street
Circle 0844

CHICAGO
722 S. Michigan Ave.
Wabash 9153

CLEVELAND
710 St. Clair Ave. N. E.
Main 5991

SAN FRANCISCO
198 Second Street
Douglas 6245

BOSTON
36 Oliver Street
Main 8488

Laboratory tests and scientific precision in determination of alloys have taken the place of the little memorandum book.

A plant that admittedly stands alone in the quality of its product, the scope of its service and the efficiency of its methods.

It's better to say "What's the difference" before than after, as Brer Rabbit tells me.

Bobby Bunting

THE MONEY DEMON

(Continued from Page 25)

to England, however, and a normal flow of specie would have been eastward. But already they were building up a profitable—and partly illegal—trade with the West Indies, especially the French "sugar islands." Contemporary chronicles note the curious and fortunate fact that Frenchmen had a distaste for both molasses and rum, but their sugar plantations produced the former, out of which the latter could be made. Also they provided a steady market for slaves. A cargo of negroes, exchanged for molasses, and that distilled into rum, furnished the strong triangular foundation for many a New England fortune. The hard money in the colonies was largely of Spanish origin, coming from the West Indies, and the best known coin was the Spanish dollar—that piece of eight which jingles diabolically all through the literature of piracy on the Spanish Main, and which later on furnished the unit for our national currency. Privateering, which easily shaded off into outright piracy, also helped the colonists to trim their trade balance.

Against this background the first notable piece of monetary legislation in America appears in 1652, when Massachusetts authorized John Hull to set up a mint in Boston. His chief product was the famous pine-tree shilling. Some of Hull's best patrons were buccaneers, who brought him silver loot to be converted into shillings; for buccaneering, more or less camouflaged as privateering, was quite indulgently regarded in those days. It has been calculated that Hull may have coined as much as £1,000,000 in hard money before the British Crown, in 1684, shut up his shop—which, after all, was a sort of bootleg mint.

But very little of Hull's product remained in circulation in the colonies. In the previous century a sage councilor of Queen Elizabeth, named Thomas Gresham, had studied this money subject and deduced a rule, which economists have since known as Gresham's Law. The law is: Two currencies of different intrinsic values will not circulate side by side, but the poorer one will drive out the better.

First Paper Money in America

Hull's good shillings disappeared in favor of old, clipped, abraded and sweated coins. Currency of any sort was scarce. But our forefathers, however short they may have been of currency, were always rather ready for a fight, and it was a military adventure that pushed them over the brink in this matter of money. A year before John Hull set up his mint, one William Phipps was born of lowly pioneer parents in the Maine wilderness, near the mouth of the Kennebec River. Until the age of eighteen he followed the primitive calling of shepherd, then adopted the trade of ship carpentry. While following that trade he learned to read and write, after a fashion. Marriage brought him a little capital and he set up a small shipyard in his native state. Various adventures followed, for he was the adventuring kind. At the age of thirty-three he secured a royal warrant and organized an expedition to search for a sunken Spanish treasure ship. The extraordinary thing is that he found the ship and recovered from it treasure to the value of £300,000—a huge sum for those times. His share made him rich, and in acknowledgment of the exploit James II not only knighted him but appointed him sheriff of New England. He further buttressed his high position in society by joining Cotton Mather's church in Boston.

Being now a very leading citizen from every angle, and France and England being at war—which was then their normal relationship—Sir William induced the Massachusetts General Court to fit out an expedition, with himself in command, against French possessions in Canada. Port Royal was easily captured in the spring of 1690. That success fired the imagination of Sir William and of the General Court. A much more ambitious expedition was at once launched against Quebec and Montreal.

It failed disastrously. The surviving volunteers demanded the pay which had been promised them—and which the General Court had been expected to realize out of the spoils of victory. Here was a dilemma—soldiers clamoring for pay which had been promised, and no money to pay them with. Taxes were as unpopular then as now. The General Court met the crisis with a politicians' expedient, by issuing £7000 of paper money.

This is the first paper money in America of which there is any certain record. The amount sounds trivial today, but it must be measured by values of that day. Contemporary accounts say that many of the soldiers to whom the bills were issued disposed of them at a discount of 30 per cent. But Phipps himself bought some of the bills, and other means were taken to sustain their value. The government had discovered an easy way to pay a pressing debt, and there seems to be a note of admiration in Cotton Mather's statement:

> There was appointed an Able and Faithful Committee of Gentlemen who printed from Copper Plates a just number of Bills and Flourished, Indented and Contrived them in such a manner as to make it impossible to Counterfeit them, besides which they were Signed by the Hands of three belonging to that Committee. The public debts to the Soldiers and Sailors, now upon the point of mutiny—for *Arma Tenenti, Omnia dat, qui Justa negat!* —were in these Bills paid immediately.

It may be noted in passing that Sir William Phipps not only played a prominent part in introducing the money demon to America, but two years later, having been appointed first royal governor of Massachusetts under the new charter, he took a hand in the famous witchcraft delusion which threw Salem into prolonged hysterics. A number of unfortunate citizens were convicted and hanged as witches, but the money devil is still at large.

Having begun with a modest £7000, further and further issues of paper money came easily for several reasons: Once this pleasant way of paying debts was put in operation the legislature became less chary of contracting debts; the paper money presently began to depreciate so that more money was required for a given amount of business; and it was noted erelong that people were more reluctant to pay taxes. Indeed, why pay taxes when public debts could be discharged by recourse to a printing press? Gresham's Law came into operation. It was calculated that in 1690, when the first issue of paper money was made, about £200,000 of silver was in circulation; but by 1714 the amount of paper money had risen nearly fortyfold and Hutchinson says that silver and gold were "entirely banished."

For some time after the first paper issue the rate of exchange on London was 133, which, considering the difference in coinage, would be about par. By 1722 the rate was 270; that is, colonial money was worth less than fifty cents on the dollar. By 1741 the rate was 550, and by 1749 it was 1100, which would make colonial money worth about twelve cents on the dollar. Hutchinson writes, "I saw a five-shilling bill which had been issued in 1690 and was remaining in 1749 and was then worth but eight pence."

The Money Yardstick

But while inflation and depreciation progressed the country was filling up. The white population of the colonies, only about 50,000 in 1650, rose to 275,000 by 1700, and still more rapidly after that. Pioneers were constantly spreading into the wilderness, planting new settlements. Generally they were poor and in debt; almost wholly they depended upon agriculture for a livelihood. In the towns what we now call a wage-earning class was developing; also a class of petty tradesmen. On the other hand, town fortunes were increasing and merchants were cutting an increasingly important figure. As colonists used the word, merchants meant men of relatively large affairs, owners of ships and plantations, exporters and importers. As exporters they created bills of exchange and so became the town bankers, in fact. Retail shops were generally very small establishments conducted in one room of a dwelling, and retailers were called tradesmen to distinguish them from the lordly merchants.

Naturally the merchants were conservative. Professional and educated townsmen pretty generally shared their views. But the first effect of cheap money and easy credit was to stimulate speculation in land, which was about all there was to speculate in, to boom prices and start up new enterprises. This enabled the pioneer farmer to pay his debts with ease and provided employment for the town worker. Under that stimulus the farmer probably expanded, bought more land, went into debt again. Then, inevitably, came a day of reckoning and deflation. Although the data are very meager the cycle of boom and depression can be traced in early colonial affairs.

A couple of thousand years ago Aristotle pondered this question of money, along with many other questions, and said that the function of money is to measure value. Changing the yardstick with which a thing is measured doesn't change the quantity of the thing; but as money is taken as equivalent to value an increase of money gives, at first, an illusion of more value. When deflation comes, as an eloquent colonial of this period declared, "The lucky adventurer becomes rich, while the industrious man is impoverished; the creditor is lifted up, the debtor is cast down." And the debtor is apt to conclude that some malevolent persons in the seats of power have played a dark trick on him. Money will pay debts, therefore he demands more money, notwithstanding cheap money was a prime cause of his trouble. So all through this early eighteenth-century inflation in Massachusetts a great many people were demanding more and more paper money.

The Earliest Political Issue

On the other hand, conservatives are almost always for sound money, partly because a good many of them are creditors with the creditor's not unnatural prejudice in favor of being paid in something of real value instead of in mere engravings, but partly also because they are better informed on the principles of economics. So early in the eighteenth century two political parties definitely appear, the one known as the Court Party and the other as the Country or Popular Party. The chief issue between them was currency. Writing in his old age, after he had served as second President of the United States, John Adams said, "There is an overweening fondness for representing this country as a scene of liberty, equality, fraternity, union, harmony and benevolence. But let not your sons or mine deceive themselves. This country like all others has been a theater of feuds and parties for near two hundred years." The first strongly marked line of division was the currency question. Maybe it will be the last.

The government now consisted of a governor appointed by the Crown, a council, and the assembly, or popular house of legislature, elected directly by the people. The assembly was dominated by the Popular Party, and it was almost chronically at loggerheads with the conservative governor and council over the money question. With continued issues of paper and progressive depreciation, various governors urged conservatism, but usually the appeal fell on deaf ears.

An episode in 1727 illustrates the situation. It had been the practice to make the notes redeemable at a fixed date, several years in the future. In the year mentioned a quantity of notes issued in 1723–1724 was falling due. The council requested the assembly to make some provision for retiring them at maturity. The assembly's only reply consisted of a motion to adjourn. When the council insisted that the maturing notes must be redeemed in some manner in order to protect the honor and credit of the colony, the assembly answered that they acknowledged no responsibility for engagements made by former assemblies; and as to the bills, the government's promise to redeem them at a certain date formed no element in their value, which arose from the fact that they circulated as money. The governor mournfully comments that a majority of the assembly were "men of small Fortunes and meane Education."

In 1740 the assembly brought this long quarrel to a crisis by authorizing the organization of a land bank with power to issue circulating notes. The bank had no capital. The subscriptions with which it began business were simply applications for loans to be secured by mortgage on land. When the mortgage was executed the bank handed over the amount of the loan in its own circulating notes. But the Country Party was not composed exclusively of farmers; it contained a very important element of town workmen and tradesmen who, presumably, owned no land. For their benefit it was provided that loans up to £100 might be made on the personal security of "artificers and traders." Thus we see a well-defined farmer-labor party nearly two centuries in advance of the present organization of that name.

By means of these loans £150,000 of bank notes were soon put in circulation. The borrowers were to pay interest on their loans at the rate of 3 per cent a year, and 5 per cent a year in a sinking fund to redeem the notes. These payments, however, might be made not only in the notes of the bank, but in hemp, flax and certain other commodities, and no agency for the redemption of the notes was established.

Hutchinson says that the subscribers—that is, the borrowers to whom note holders must look for redemption of the circulating paper—were "generally of low condition among the plebeians and of small estate, and many of them perhaps insolvent." Naturally, conservative elements in the colony were painfully shocked by this scheme, and it must be admitted that they resorted to high-handed measures in combating it. "Men of estate and the prime merchants," says Hutchinson, "abhorred the project and refused to accept the bills; but great numbers of small shopkeepers, who had lived for a long time before upon the fraud of depreciated currency, gave credit to them. The directors of the bank, it was said, became traders and bought every sort of commodity for the sake of pushing off the bills."

But this contemporary historian regretfully admits that "the needy part of the province in general favored the bank," and, unfortunately for the conservatives, the "needy part of the province" commanded a majority in the assembly. In fact, many assemblymen were subscribers to the bank—that is, borrowers from it. Much as time has dimmed the picture, it is clear enough that this was political banking.

Political Banking

Hutchinson continues: "The governor exerted himself to blast this fraudulent undertaking. Not only such civil and military officers as were directors or partners, but all who received or paid any of the bills were threatened with dismissal. The governor negatived the person chosen as speaker of the assembly, he being a director of the bank, and afterwards negatived thirteen of the newly elected councilors, who were directors or partners or reputed favorers of the scheme, but all was insufficient to suppress it."

Samuel Adams, whose son of the same name led the Revolutionary Party in Boston thirty years later, was ousted from office for his connection with the bank. The governor issued proclamations warning the people against accepting the bank's notes. The council even voted that no person who passed, received or gave encouragement to the notes could plead before it as an attorney.

Meanwhile friends of the bank were not idle. Threats were made to burn the property of those who refused to receive the bank notes. Contemporary statements say that militant volunteers, whose numbers are put all the way from 5000 to 20,000, were preparing to march on Boston and find out, at first hand, why leading men of affairs refused to receive the bank's notes as money. Competent scholars today find evidence that a popular rising on an important scale was seriously planned. There is no doubt whatever that this money quarrel brought colonial politics to the boiling point 183 years ago.

But the conservatives had another shot in their locker. They appealed to England. Twenty years earlier, after a famous speculative debauch, Parliament passed what was known as the Bubble Act, whose purpose in a general way was the same as that of our blue-sky laws against fake stocks. Parliament now declared that this act applied to America and it was used to squelch the land bank. Although the bank was thus forced to close, contention and litigation over its tangled affairs continued for a quarter of a century

But that was the least important of its consequences. By this time the cheap-money delusion had played a great part in aligning colonials definitely into right wing and left wing, conservative and radical.

(Continued on Page 89)

HEALTH BEAUTY
a promise to Mothers
from the Health Doctor

I AM A MOTHER and I know a lot about health. That is why I have been retained by the makers of Lifebuoy Health Soap to write a series of talks on Health and Beauty.

Other people tell me that my children are beautiful. What they mean is that the kiddies are well—with the bloom of health in their rosy cheeks—sturdy bodies that have been guarded from sickness—particularly the colds and fevers which so retard a child's development.

I am good looking myself and proud of it. I mean to be attractive as long as I live—by keeping well. I have no patience with the woman who is sweetly resigned to being old at forty. She should be still a girl—splendidly alive and at the height of her beauty.

The secret of keeping young is to keep well and the surest day in and day out protection that I know of for myself, my children, and men folks too, is personal cleanliness.

I credit the good health and looks of my children and myself very largely to the regular use of Lifebuoy Health Soap.

Just a few words about Lifebuoy. It protects health by removing germs and impurities from the skin, keeps the pores open and brings out the natural beauty of the skin by keeping it healthy. But I find that some women don't appreciate how gracious Lifebuoy is to the skin.

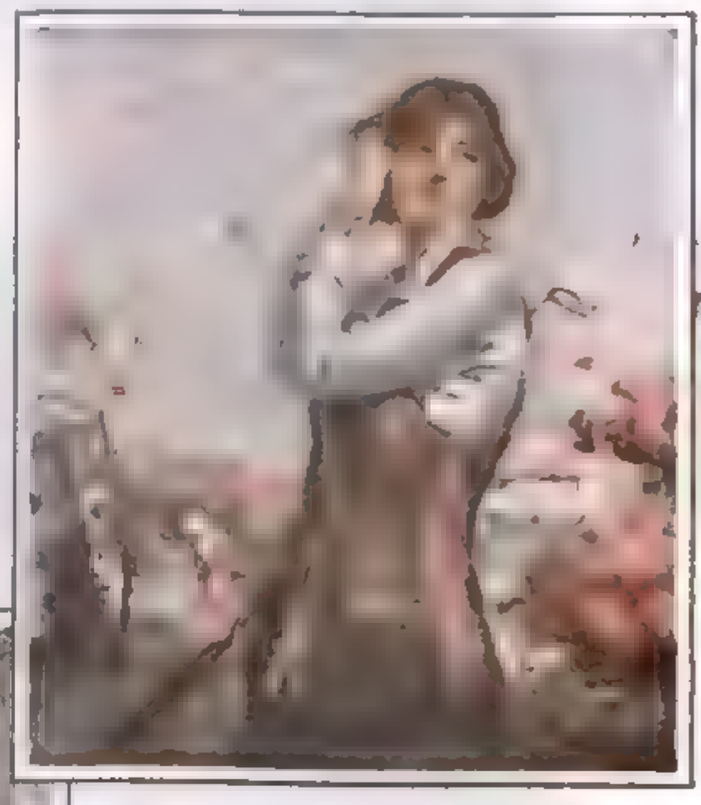
Every Mother is a Health Doctor

I sign myself "Health Doctor" but the real health doctor is yourself. It is you mothers who are the chief guardians of family health

free alkali or any substance which could irritate the most sensitive skin.

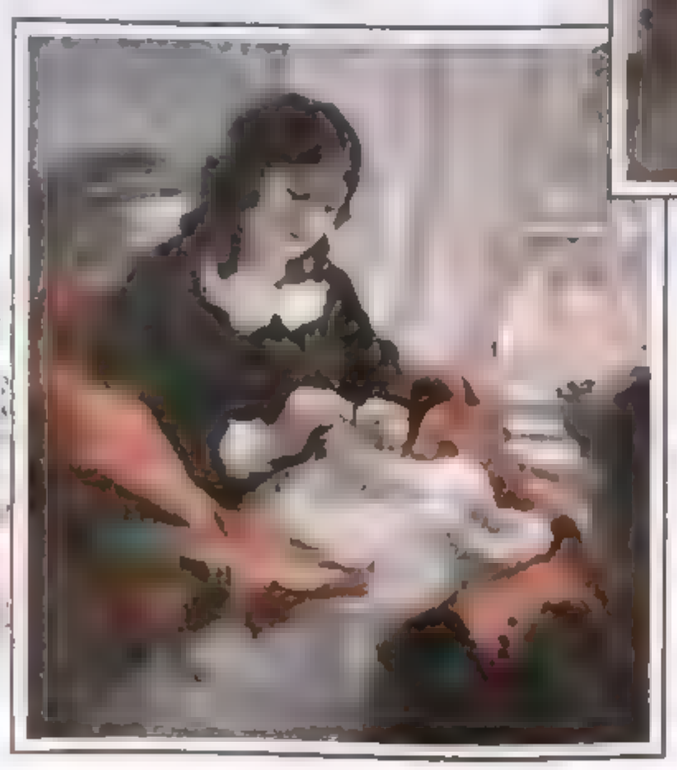
The gentle antiseptic in Lifebuoy combined with these pure vegetable oils imparts to the rich creamy lather its purifying and skin beautifying virtue.

And of course it is the antiseptic quality of Lifebuoy lather which gives real protection against colds and serious illness. This lather cleanses every pore, removes germs and impurities, leaves the skin deodorized and *safe*.



Today, at forty, a woman is in the full bloom of her beauty. Here is the charm of good health

Your Great-Grandmother was old at forty. She believed that beauty was only for the young



Why skin must be purified

The unseen danger to which we are all constantly exposed—children especially—is that almost anything we touch is likely to be covered with germs deposited by other hands. Unless we constantly purify our hands these germs are apt to get into the nose or mouth. That is the way colds and fevers are caught.

Give Lifebuoy an honest trial. You will become fond of the cleanly odor, which vanishes almost instantly, it gives one such a comfortable feeling of being *safely* clean. *And it protects your children.*

Lifebuoy agrees with your skin

I have conducted a long series of tests to show the effect of Lifebuoy on the skin. I speak from full knowledge when I say that Lifebuoy is as fine and pure as any soap sold at any price. Its natural oils of palm fruit and cocoanut are the purest vegetable oils used in soap making. It contains not a trace of

Send for this book—
"Health Beauty"

The "Health Doctor" wrote it. A wonderful book—practical and authoritative in its advice. It tells everything about preserving your good looks and keeping your children beautiful. Bound in stiff covers and exquisitely illustrated. Easily worth a dollar, but it will be sent to you if you will enclose 10 cents in stamps with your request.

Lever Bros. Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

THE ALL-INCLUSIVE THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT MINES

EVEREADY
Radio Batteries
– they last longer

Eveready gives you the right Battery *for every Radio use*

EVERY Eveready Radio Battery represents thirty years of battery experience. Every Eveready represents millions of dollars invested in men, methods and machinery. Overseeing Eveready production is the greatest battery laboratory known to science. Eveready chemists and scientists are constantly searching for new substances, better combinations, or improved treatment of Eveready materials. To standardize Eveready serviceability, batches of Eveready Batteries are set aside for daily performance tests extending well over a year's time.

To be certain of battery satisfaction insist on Eveready Radio Batteries—they last longer.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc. New York and San Francisco
Headquarters for Radio Battery Information

"THE AIR IS FULL OF THINGS YOU SHOULDN'T MISS"

EVEREADY
Radio Batteries
—they last longer

The Eveready Radio "A" Battery

The Eveready "A" is the culmination of dry battery science in "A" Battery building.

Here the forces of electro-chemistry are concentrated in a single direction—to light the filaments in your dry cell vacuum tubes for the longest possible time.

The Eveready "A" will astonish you by its long-sustained vigor. It will outlive your expectations. Use it, and know the ultimate in dry cell "A" Battery service.

Demand the Eveready Dry Cell Radio "A" Battery.

The Eveready "B" Battery

Remember this—it is the energy in your "B" Battery that gives life to your head phones or loud-speaker. The better the "B" Battery you use the better results you secure.

Users everywhere have found the Eveready "B" Battery the most satisfying source of reliable, long life "B" energy.

Use the Eveready "B" No. 764, 22½ volts, equipped with two Fahnestock Spring Clips. It stands vertically instead of flat to save table space. The Eveready "B" Battery No. 764 is a marvel of economical, compact capacity. Its base measures about the same as the smallest flat "B" Battery but it will last more than twice as long and costs only one-fourth more.

For maximum economy use Eveready "B" Batteries. They are made in six types and sizes, for every condition of use.

The Eveready "C" Battery

The Eveready "C" Battery No. 771 is one of Eveready's most important contributions to economical, satisfying radio operation.

Applied to the grid of amplifying tubes the Eveready "C" will save your "B" Battery to a remarkable degree, sometimes tripling its life. *Best of all, it improves the naturalness of reproduction, making the loud-speaker a new delight.*

The Eveready "C" can also be used as a filament battery in portable sets and as a "B" Battery booster.

Use the Eveready "C" for economy and best results.

A FORERUNNER OF SPRING

50c

VAN FAME

A Medium-height Van Heusen Collar for Business and Evening Wear

Slight changes in men's attire are sounding the note of coming Spring. The shift to Van Fame is one of these changes, carrying with it a new sense of comfort with incomparable smartness. Van Fame has the same lines as Van Kissel, but is built slightly lower for late Winter and early Spring.

VAN HEUSEN

the World's Smartest COLLAR

PHILLIPS-JONES CORPORATION 1225 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

VAN KISSEL
High, but not extreme
VAN FAME
A lower Van Kissel
VAN ESTY
A lower Van Fame

VAN MEAD
Narrow front, slightly high
VAN JACK
A lower Van Mead
VAN NORD
A lower Van Jack

IT ALL COMES OUT IN THE WASH!

ULTIMATELY all men turn to the Van Heusen. Uniquely smart in appearance, it has another quality—its remarkable economy.

After a few months' wear, any collar might be expected to wear out and to be thrown away. But the Van Heusen comes back from the laundry as smooth and crisp and smart as on the day it was purchased.

The reason is simple: all Van Heusens fold naturally; the fold is *woven in*; not stitched and starched and ironed in. It is the only collar woven in one piece, bandless, seamless, without linings.

The strength and smartness of the Van Heusen lie not in seams and starch, but in its multi-ply fabric, smooth as silk, strong as linen. *Shirts and ties last longer* when they are not frazzled and ruined by destructive saw edges. The Van Heusen cannot develop a cutting edge—for its whole life it is always smooth.

Say what you will of collars—it all comes out in the wash. The reason, as well as the eye, draws men to a year-'round preference for the world's smartest collar . . . *the world's most economical collar* . . . the peerless Van Heusen.

Ask your dealer for Van Craft, a new negligee shirt with the Van Heusen Collar attached

VAN GARDE
A conservative style

VAN DORT
A lower Van Garde
VAN INCE
A lower Van Dort

(Continued from Page 84)

and had raised party feeling to a red-hot pitch. In their fight for sound money the conservatives had turned to England and received decisive support from that quarter. Undoubtedly this had a very great share in sharpening radical opinion in America to fighting edge against the British Government.

The Stamp Act, more than twenty years later, is commonly taken as a rough-and-ready starting point of the American Revolution; but John Adams, writing in 1774, said, "The act to destroy the land bank raised a greater ferment in this colony than the Stamp Act did."

Nor was that the end of the matter, for though the land bank was suppressed by the heavy hand of the Crown, the cheap-money assembly continued to issue colonial paper until the amount reached almost £2,000,000—with progressive depreciation. In 1751 Parliament again intervened, flatly prohibiting further issues of colonial paper money, which the Popular Party naturally regarded as an outrageous infringement of the people's liberty. In 1766 Franklin told Parliament that the prohibition of paper was a leading cause of colonial irritation. It may be noted, in passing, that reliance upon depreciated paper had brought Massachusetts to such a pass that the government was obliged to resort to a lottery to raise money for current expenses.

Colonial Allegiances

When paper money was forbidden colonial experience of inflation had extended for sixty years. Intelligent men everywhere saw that "while it benefits some, it injures the most." Yet the delusion that cheap money benefits the poor as against the rich had taken strong hold of the popular imagination. This delusion not only embittered colonial feeling against England and played no small part in preparing the ground for the Revolutionary War but in the next century it had an important share in embittering the contest between national sovereignty and state sovereignty which issued in the Civil War.

But as war first thrust the colonists into the morass of cheap money, so war, for a time, practically got them out of it. In the world-wide struggle between England and France which was known here as the French and Indian War, the colonists made far greater military exertions than ever before, and incurred far greater expense. England reimbursed them to the extent of about £900,000. By England's insistence good coin from the mother country was used to redeem colonial paper. The paper money of Massachusetts, for example, was paid off at the rate of about twelve cents to the dollar.

But the French and Indian War had less admirable results. Like every other big armed conflict, it yielded a harvest of war fortunes. Contemporary reports mention, with mixed emotions, that a citizen of Boston left a fortune of £50,000—which was a lot of money for Boston then. A citizen of New Hampshire who had been bankrupt in 1740 turns up twenty years later inhabiting a "mansion of fifty-two rooms." Rhode Island privateers brought in one prize worth £78,000 and another valued at £93,000. We hear of fine ladies and gentlemen clothed in "rich and glaring splendor" of silks and satins.

When the embattled farmers at Lexington fired the shot heard round the world, that was partly what they were shooting at. School histories of my school days gave a highly idealized account of the Revolution, representing the colonists as practically united in a patriotic struggle against odious tyranny; but in fact the Revolution was in part just an extension of the age-old cleavage between radical and conservative. John Thurslow Adams opines that in the year of independence the population of the colonies was most likely divided into one-third Tories, one-third Whigs and one-third on the fence. John Adams said that if it had not been for New England on the one side and Virginia on the other, New York and Pennsylvania would have joined the British.

In the New England village where I now live two good colonial dwellings stand side by side. British soldiers, after raiding Danbury, were intercepted there by colonials under Benedict Arnold, and a brisk, brief engagement was fought down the village street where these two dwellings stand. One of them still contains a cannon ball fired from a British gun. The point is that the house which contains the cannon ball was inhabited by an active patriot, so the British set fire to it. But the wind was from the north and the good Tory next door, to the south, earnestly represented to the British officer in command that the fire, if unchecked, would soon consume his house; so the obliging officer ordered the flames extinguished.

When the British retired and the patriot came out of the timber his Tory neighbor recited this incident, saying, "You may thank me that you have a roof over your head." But the patriot replied, "Sir, I thank God and the north wind." Such neighborly juxtapositions of Whig and Tory were common in the early stages of the Revolution. Until war fever took sway it was partly a domestic quarrel. Nor were the conservatives always in the wrong. As to sound money they were quite right.

However, that reverberating shot at Lexington blew sound money off the American Continent for twenty years. A week after the Battle of Bunker Hill the colonials began issuing paper. The Continental Congress, as paper issues increased, solemnly resolved "that any person who shall hereafter be so lost to all virtue and regard for his country as to refuse to receive said bills in payment shall be deemed, published and treated as an enemy of his country and precluded from all trade and intercourse with the inhabitants of these colonies." After independence the states all enacted drastic legal-tender laws to support the paper issues

But experience shows that fine words are even less useful in sustaining irredeemable paper than in buttering parsnips.

It is calculated that at the end of the year of Bunker Hill the colonies had about $9,000,000 in coin and $10,000,000 in paper. A year later the paper had risen to $40,000,000, and as it continued to rise coin disappeared from circulation. By 1778 Congress had to acknowledge that the ratio of paper to coin was 100 to 13. Next year it was 100 to 3. In 1781 continental currency was quoted at 225 to 1; later at 500 to 1, and so on down to 0.

John Marshall's Service

That disastrous experience, which extended to every inhabitant of the country, should have had a sobering effect. For a time it did have such an effect. But, war over and independence gained, the new country expanded again. On a larger scale than ever, there was the old situation of pioneering farmers, usually in debt, to whom cheap money brought a delusive period of prosperity. John Marshall, the great chief justice, wrote in his Life of Washington, under whom he had served at Valley Forge:

"At length two great parties were formed in every state. The one struggled with unabated zeal for a strict observance of public and private obligations. The other marked out for itself a more indulgent course. . . . In many states this party constituted a decided majority and in all of them it was powerful. The emission of paper money, the delay of legal proceedings and the suspension of the collection of taxes were the fruits of their rule wherever dominant. Instead of making the painful effort to obtain relief through industry and economy, many rested all their hopes on legislative interference."

The organization which "struggled with unabated zeal for a strict observance of public and private obligations" was called the Federalist Party. Washington, while he lived, was its chief stay, Hamilton its leading executive officer, and John Marshall—long after Washington and Hamilton were dead, long after the Federalist Party had disappeared as a political organization—used his position at the head of the Supreme Court, which his strong mind and personality dominated, to write Federalist doctrines into the foundations of the Government.

The so-called national government at the close of the Revolution and thereafter until the adoption of the present Constitution was little more than a debating society. It could not collect taxes for current expenses. It defaulted in payment of interest on the national debt. Audited and admitted bills against it were hawked about at fifteen cents on the dollar. It issued various sorts of dubious paper and several of the new states resorted afresh to the printing press to pay expenses. This, on the fiscal side merely, gives a notion of the mess that intervened between the end of the war and the establishment of real government under the present Constitution. Though men subsequently found in the opposite political camp took part in framing the new Constitution, it was the Federalists who set the new Government on its pins as a going concern.

Holding that strict observance of public and private engagements is the sheet anchor of a sound state, it was from the first a sound-money party. Hamilton's feat in establishing firm national credit and good money out of the welter of continental debts and depreciation needs no rehearsal. His bill for the first United States Bank, in 1791, was opposed by the followers of Jefferson, who talked vaguely about a mysterious money power much as the friends of cheap money talk now. The bank was well managed and it furnished America, for the first time, with a sound uniform credit currency.

True, if a man owed a debt he had to pay it in good money; but if he had anything to sell he got good money for that too. The usefulness of the bank was so obvious that although the followers of Jefferson had come into power when its charter expired in 1811 the bill to renew the charter was lost in the House by only one vote while the Senate was evenly divided and the casting vote of Vice President Clinton was necessary to kill the bank. Stephen Girard bought its assets and set up a bank in Philadelphia which still flourishes there under his name.

State Banks—Good and Bad

Following the demise of Hamilton's institution, state banks sprang up everywhere. In some sections—notably New England, which seems to have taken her cheap-money lesson to heart—they were in the main well managed; but over a great part of the country, particularly the newer South and West, they were operated on the free and easy inflationist plan, and they were full of politics. Statistics for this period are very meager, for banks usually made no public reports; but it appears that by 1816 the number of state banks had risen to 246 and their outstanding note issues to $100,000,000. The Government deposited funds in state banks and accepted their notes for public dues. At one time, although it had $9,000,000 on deposit in state banks—nearly equal to its entire revenue for the year 1814—it was obliged to resort to treasury certificates to pay current bills; and the Government's direct loss on account of worthless bank notes between 1814 and 1817 was over $5,000,000—from which it may be inferred how the public fared.

It began to be clear to many people, even of the Jeffersonian political faith, that the currency system was going to pot. In the literary art of stating democratic doctrines nobody has excelled Thomas Jefferson; but his judicious admirers admit that in humdrum practical details he was often hopelessly wrong. His remedy for the situation was more paper money. But his friend and follower, James Madison, then President of the United States, had sounder ideas of finance, and turned back to Hamilton's idea of a central bank. Indeed the Federalist Party has this unique distinction: It was discredited at the polls, driven from power and destroyed as a political organization. Its opponents, who had bitterly criticized its program at practically every point, came into complete control of the Government; yet the very force of circumstance compelled them in the main to accept and adopt the work of the Federalists.

This plan for a central bank on the Hamiltonian model was finally put through Congress by the party which was traditionally opposed to such an institution, and many leading Whigs—heirs of the Federalists and of their sound-money, central-bank ideas—opposed the bill. Which illustrates the disadvantages of getting scientific questions of currency and credit entangled in partisan politics. The opposition of the Whigs, however, was not all mere partisan factiousness. They feared that Madison's bank was to be a political concern, with the party in power holding a very influential position in its management. The fear was well enough grounded.

It was understood that the president and a majority of the directors of the new bank were to be Republicans, as the followers of Jefferson were then called, for it is one of the curiosities of politics that the party name Democrat—like the party names Whig and Tory—was first used by opponents as a term of contempt. In its early

The First thought for Cold Sores
(fever blisters)

"Impossible!" describes them.

And a party tomorrow evening, too.

What to do?

"Unguentine—*quick*", of course. Apply a little at night. You'll see marked improvement in the morning. Whatever its cause, the *effect* on a cold sore is like so many other irritations of the skin. If you don't take care of it "*quick*" it is likely to spread, and get worse instead of better.

Think back a few months
How many things have happened to your skin?

Conditions—like cold sores (fever blisters), chapping, (or last summer) sunburn, perhaps poison ivy rashes. Probably **accidents**—a scratch, bruise, burn, or cut. There are hundreds of these skin accidents and irritations. With each one there is damage to the skin and danger from infection. Pain or discomfort is always present, the protection of the normal healthy skin is broken down and dangerous germs may cause a serious time of it. Healing may be slow. Unnecessary scars may result.

In literally millions of homes, every one in the family knows this about Unguentine—***Stops pain. Prevents infection. Heals quickly. Prevents needless scars*** because Unguentine's healing is done from the bottom of the injury upwards.

Ask your druggist for a tube of Unguentine today. You'll be glad you bought it. Price 50c.

Pronounced UN-GWEN-TEEN

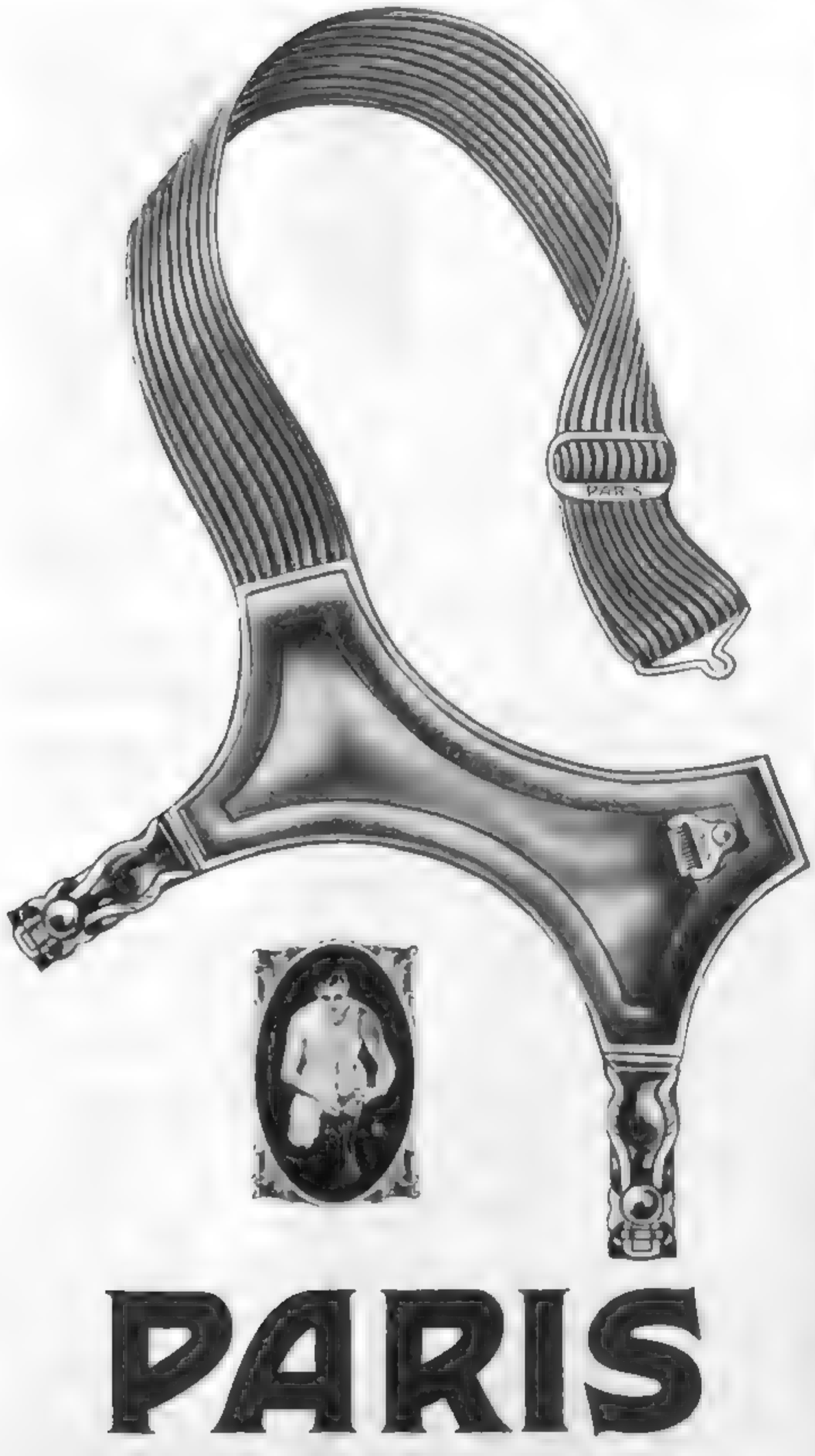
THE NORWICH PHARMACAL COMPANY
Laboratories—Norwich, New York
New York Chicago Kansas City

Norwich

—a trusted name on pharmaceutical preparations

Return this coupon. Test Unguentine yourself

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL COMPANY
Enclosed find 5c for trial tube of Unguentine and booklet "What to Do" (for little ailments and real emergencies) by M. Webster Stofer, M. D. SS
Name
Address
City and State



PARIS GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

Time for a fresh pair?

For double duty and two-fold satisfaction, get a spick and span pair of double grip Paris today. Because your garters are next to you every day in the year, more men than ever are endorsing the "fresh pair of Paris" habit. There's clean comfort, long wear and snappy new elastic in every pair of Paris. *Double grips as low as 40¢. Single grips as low as 35¢.*

There are enough men wearing Paris Garters to elect the next President—easily!

A. STEIN & COMPANY
Also Makers of Hickory Products

Chicago New York

years the management of this second United States Bank was flavored with politics. As a matter of course it was grievously mismanaged. Only $2,000,000 of specie was paid in to the capital stock, instead of $7,000,000, as the charter provided. Several millions of capital stock was paid in by the mere notes of hand of the subscribers. There was scandalous stockjobbing by officers and directors, and by favorites with their connivance. Branches in the South and West, where the party in power was strongest, overloaned recklessly.

Meanwhile, particularly in the newer parts of the country, there was an orgy of state banks, also heavily flavored with politics. At one session the Kentucky legislature issued forty bank charters. An indignant contemporary reports, with reference to the newer parts of the country generally, that it was common to give members of the legislature shares in every new bank and little real capital was ever paid in. Even in New York—whose western portion, however, was frontier—a committee of the legislature reported that the circulating medium of the state consisted principally of notes issued by banks whose capital consisted principally of the notes of hand of stockholders whose tangible assets consisted principally of shares of the bank which they had paid for with their aforesaid notes of hand. In fine, the building was all superstructure and no foundation.

Banking and politics went hand in hand. For example, the state of Kentucky subscribed part of the capital stock of the Bank of Kentucky and the party in power had an important share in its management. The state of Alabama furnished most of the capital for the Bank of Alabama and the legislature appointed its president and twelve of its directors. An observer on the spot wrote, a decade later, "Candidates for the legislature promised their supporters liberal loans from the bank and then took pledges from candidates for bank directorships that the loans should be made." These government-owned or government-supported state banks were central institutions, the keystone of the entire banking system within the state. Thus in Kentucky the circulating notes issued by privately owned banks, established under state charter, were redeemable, not in coin but in the circulating notes of the Bank of Kentucky.

Senator Benton Waxes Indignant

For a while there was prosperity, rising prices, wild speculation in lands and the usual concomitants of a boom. But even the politics-flavored United States Bank could not perform the miracle of lifting itself by its own boot straps. In general the South and West were in debt to the East, as newer regions with scant capital are always in debt to older ones. Circulating notes prodigally issued by the Southern and Western branches of the United States Bank flowed East and were presented to its Eastern offices for redemption. Public funds, proceeds of the sale of public lands, and so on, were deposited in branches of the bank; but the Government was spending money in the East.

Thus in the South and West the United States Bank was always in the obnoxious attitude of a creditor demanding payment. Those regions were pouring out paper promises to pay, and the United States Bank was usually the agency upon which fell the unpleasant duty of asking that the promise be fulfilled. It had to demand payment from somebody or go into bankruptcy itself. So the bank became intensely unpopular in expansionist regions. It was draining the country of its scant stock of specie, it was causing contraction, it was ruining poor debtors; in short, it was the money devil of its day. Notes of state banks were constantly flowing into its till; but it had to maintain its own notes. It decided, therefore, that it would not receive the notes of any bank which did not maintain them on a parity with specie. To meet this requirement, state banks had to contract loans—which was charged up to the money demon with headquarters at Washington. The bank was denounced in substantially the same terms that are applied to the Federal Reserve System today. "All the flourishing cities of the West," said Senator Benton, "are mortgaged to this money power. They are in the jaws of the monster—a lump of butter in the mouth of a dog! One gulp, one swallow, and all is gone!" The plain English is that the bank was a creditor demanding payment in order to preserve its own solvency.

But the South and West proposed to put this obnoxious monster out of business by resorting to the power of taxation. Maryland laid a tax of $15,000 a year on the bank's branch at Baltimore. Tennessee followed with a tax of $50,000 on the bank's office in that state. Georgia and North Carolina did the same. Kentucky taxed each of the bank's two branches $60,000. Ohio taxed the bank's branch there $50,000. These state taxes would, of course, have destroyed an institution set up by the Federal Government. They raised a sharp and unavoidable issue between state power and national power.

The matter was taken to the Supreme Court in the famous case of McCulloch versus Maryland—McCulloch being cashier of the bank's Baltimore branch. The court room was packed during the week or more occupied by the arguments. Webster appeared for the bank, and the foremost lawyers of the time were engaged on one side or the other. Marshall's decision, upholding national sovereignty and denying the power of a state to tax an instrumentality of the Federal Government—for he said "The power to tax involves the power to destroy"—is one of the landmarks of constitutional history.

The Panic of 1819

It was received, however, with great popular indignation. "A deadly blow has been struck at the sovereignty of the states." There was open talk of ignoring the court's decree—much talk of a secessionist sort, in fact. As it happened, another and more sinister phase of this same question immediately arose over slavery in connection with the admission of Missouri into the Union.

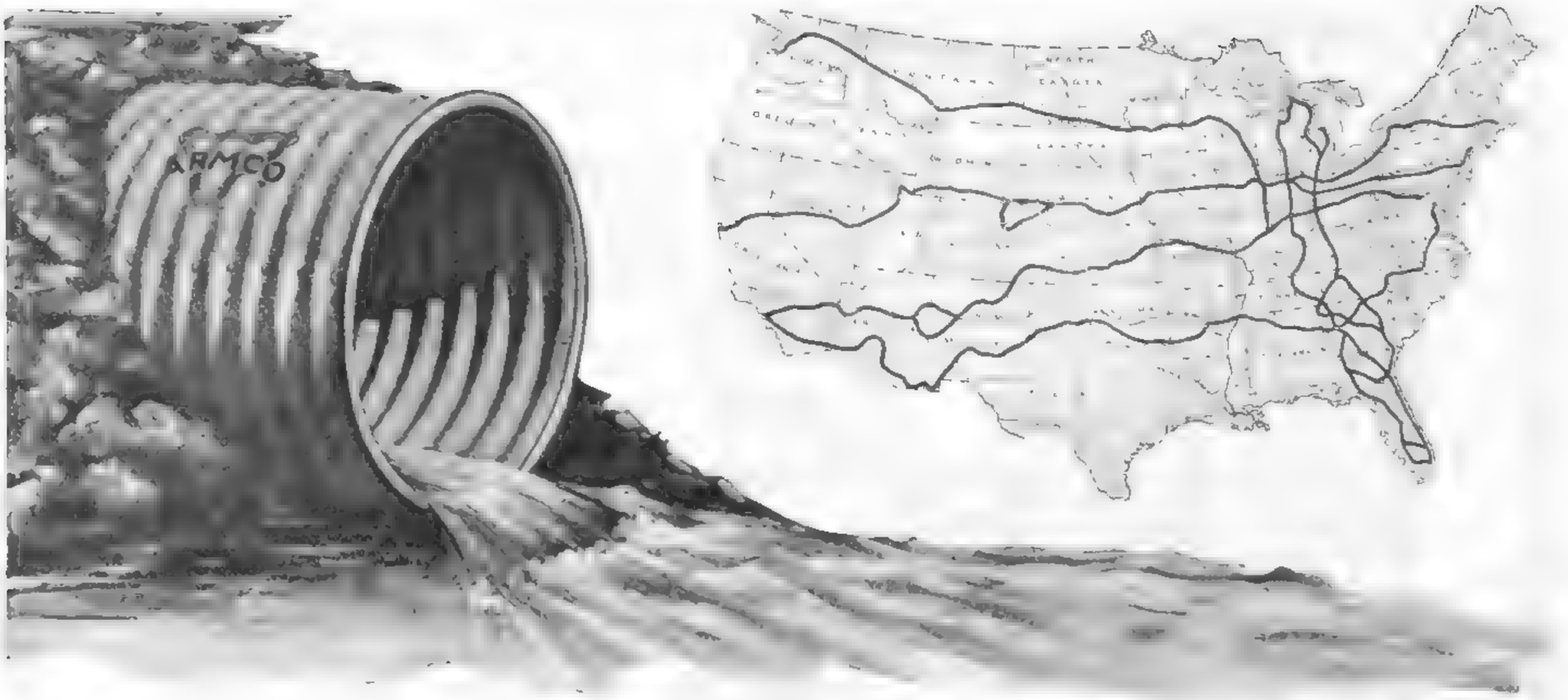
Marshall's decision saved the bank for the time being; but it needed saving from itself. Mismanagement had brought it to the door of insolvency. The Baltimore branch was practically bankrupt with a loss of $3,000,000. In the judgment of a competent financial historian, "Nothing saved the bank from ruin but placing at the head of its affairs Langdon Cheves, a sound business man." Four years later Cheves was succeeded by another sound business man, Nicholas Biddle; and with sound business management it weathered the storm, got on its feet and thenceforth was capably conducted on the business side. It was dogged by political hostility, and in combating that Biddle made some foolish political moves, which had nothing to do with the economic management of the concern. On that side it was well run from the time Cheves was placed in control.

And that was none too soon, for the inevitable fruit of inflation and speculation was ready to drop. Just about the time Cheves was elected president of the bank came the panic of 1819, which is noteworthy as the first of our drastic nation-wide business crises. A contemporary reporter says that farm lands throughout Pennsylvania "had risen 50 to 100 per cent, and fell again as rapidly as they had risen." Buildings in Philadelphia that had rented for $1200 a year were offered at $450. Butter that had been worth 25 cents a pound now brought only 8 cents. It was said that flour the country over would bring an average of only $2.50 a barrel. In parts of Kentucky corn was 10 cents a bushel, wheat 25 cents, whisky 15 cents a gallon, and calves a dollar a head. "The farmer has become poor as a rat; the labor of the farm costs him more than the product is worth." Usually, no doubt, the primary producer suffers most.

However, in popular discussion of this affliction the blame was apt to be charged to deflation instead of to the preceding inflation. The United States Bank, now pursuing a sound course, continued to be an object of animosity in the newer regions of the country. Its refusal to receive notes of state banks unless those banks kept themselves in a position to redeem the notes on demand was a special grievance. The inflammatory issue of states' rights got mixed up in the matter. Jackson, incarnating the militant democracy of the South and West, came into power, a pronounced enemy of the bank. The Government's enmity stimulated the organization of rival concerns under state charter.

A number of Southern and Western states issued bonds to supply capital to state-owned and more or less politically dominated banks. Of course the panic of 1819 was soon forgotten. Speculation and

(Continued on Page 93)



Under America's Great Highways

CULVERTS OF
ARMCO
TRADE MARK
INGOT IRON

TODAY we build with certainty and for permanence. Our great transcontinental highways are planned to bear not only the heavy traffic of today, but also the far heavier traffic of future years.

For fifteen years, under highways and railways, Armco culverts have been watched by officials and engineers—compared with culverts of other types.

Today in many states they are being installed under our great permanent thoroughfares because they have *proved* their economy and durability.

The test of service

Men who have looked under the roads find that Armco culverts give unusually uniform service and meet all the difficult conditions of culvert engineering.

Buried under tons of soil, a culvert must primarily be *strong*. The arch is the strongest of all forms, and the corrugated surface of Ingot Iron culverts makes a *series of arches* providing maximum strength.

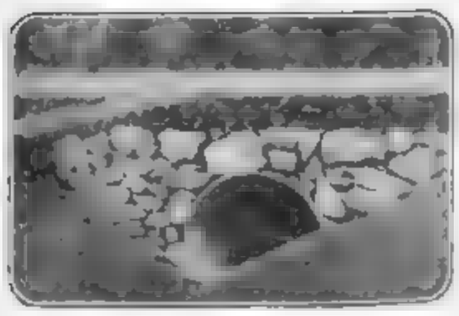
And Ingot Iron culverts are *elastic*. They yield to the terrific pressure of shifting soil and changing traffic loads without cracking. The expansion and contraction of heat and extreme cold cannot damage culverts of Ingot Iron.

Long life of Armco culverts

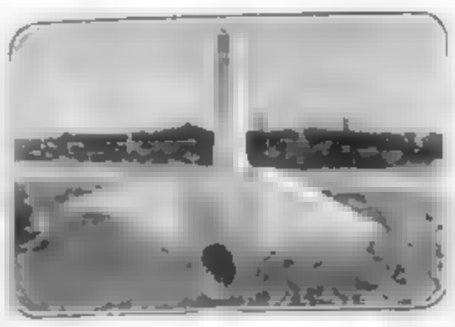
Most important of all, the high purity of Armco Ingot Iron makes it more *rust-resisting* than any other ferrous metal. In culverts which are subjected to the corrosive action of various soils, the constant presence of moisture, and the flow of water, the importance of this quality of purity in the iron cannot be overestimated.

Look for the Armco triangle on every section of culvert. It means long service, low cost, and minimum upkeep.

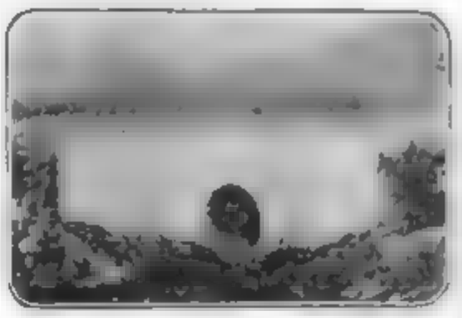
THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL CO., Middletown, Ohio



Under Park to Park Highway, California—in service for 11 years.

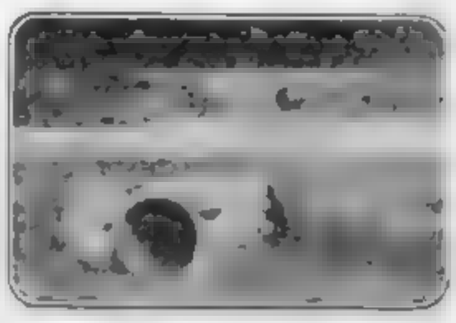


Under National Old Trails Highway, Northern Arizona.



The Bankhead Highway, Arizona, showing an Armco installation.

Armco culvert under Yellowstone Trail, Minnesota.



Armco culverts under the Lee Highway and an important railroad.

For HER, *on* FEBRUARY 14th

Women instinctively, if secretly, despise the commonplace gift. Half-hearted, at best, such gift-making lacks the personal care and thoughtfulness from which a real gift derives its greatest charm.

And so, St. Valentine, and Norris, suggest that your valentine be a Valentine Variety Box fittingly decorated with hearts and Cupids. Packed within are twenty-two varieties of Norris Exquisite Candies, and a sociable supply of each, to make your valentine more welcome.

Norris Exquisite Candies enjoy a pre-eminent social prestige in the best Southern families. Therefore, the recipient may feel assured of a candy that for years has achieved its reputation by the acceptance of a most discriminating clientele.

If your dealer hasn't NORRIS Candies yet, send us $1.50 for a full pound Variety Box prepaid to any part of the U. S., and shipped the day order is received. Kindly give dealer's name

NORRIS, INC., ATLANTA, GEORGIA

These candies are included in the Variety Box (1, 2, 3, and 5 lbs.)

Chocolate-Covered Fruits
Cherries Raisins
Pineapples
Coup de Fraise
(block tin cup)

Chocolate-Covered Centers
Double Almonds
Lemon Reels Nut Rolls
Almond Butter Brittle
Almond Truffles

Marshmallows
Cream Brazil Nut
Brazil Nut Truffle
Fondant Mints
Apricot Creams
Hurrah's Nougat

Maple Walnut Cream Pecans

Caramels
Vanilla Nut
Chocolate
Pistachio Nougat

© 1924 Norris Inc.

Continued from Page 90

expansion began again. It is recorded that an Alabama hotel keeper got himself elected a director of the central state bank in 1832, whereupon his establishment—particularly the barroom, perhaps—was so thronged with applicants for loans that it became the Waldorf of its day and region. This prosperity excited his rivals in the state and at the next session of the legislature four other hotel keepers got themselves elected bank directors. Two years later, in 1836, the state found itself so flush with paper money and paper bank profits that it abolished all direct taxation and set aside $100,000 of bank money to meet government expenses. It may be noted here that after the panic of 1837 the state adopted a new constitution, which prohibited its participation in the banking business in any manner. Similar prohibitions appeared in other new state constitutions about that time. They'd had enough. Of course Kentucky and Alabama are mentioned above only as samples of a general condition.

According to the best statistics now available, from 1829 to 1837 the number of state banks in the country increased from 329 to 788 and their loans and note issues rose from $185,000,000 to $674,000,000. But the panic of 1819 had become only a memory, the country was booming, the Federal Treasury overflowed with cash. Not only had good times the usual effect of augmenting ordinary revenue, but the Federal Government was selling public lands in the Northwest Territory. In 1836 its receipts from that source amounted nearly to $25,000,000, which was practically equal to its receipts from all other sources combined. By the end of that year the national debt was paid off and the Federal Government had $49,000,000 on deposit in banks. These, be it repeated, are large figures for that day.

But before that, Jackson, persisting in his hostility to the United States Bank, had withdrawn government deposits from it and placed them in various state institutions, which his opponents called the President's pet banks. In boom times the sales of public lands were a stimulant to speculation. Often the lucky purchaser was able to resell, at a handsome advance over what he had paid, fairly before the transaction with the Government was completed. Commonly the money which the Government received from the original purchaser was at once deposited in the bank which had loaned him the funds; so the bank was able to lend them over again to a second purchaser.

The Government's big surplus, deposited in the pet banks, helped on expansion of credit. That surplus had become a lively political question. Finally Congress proposed to distribute it among the several states according to population. Constitutional difficulties to an outright gift appeared, so the act provided that the surplus should be loaned to the states; but it was regarded as an outright gift and has never been repaid. Amid this expansion, inflation and pyramiding of credit, the charter of the second United States Bank expired, and although some of the President's ablest advisers recommended a renewal—in view of the great and undoubted services which the bank had performed in providing a sound and uniform currency and as fiscal agent of the Government—the institution was allowed to die.

But the balloon had been blown almost to the bursting point. Good money was becoming painfully scarce; and the day arrived to start distributing the Treasury surplus among the states.

A great part of this surplus was deposited in the banks in the less populous regions of the country, from which it had to be withdrawn in order to make a distribution according to population. In the absence of a sound national banking system the Treasury had to ship the actual money from one point to another.

A historian says, "Millions upon millions of dollars went on their travels, North and South, East and West, mere freight for the time being, while business from which the money was withdrawn gasped for breath in its struggle with a stringent money market." It lost the struggle. The memorable panic of 1837 broke upon the country. A New York committee reported to Congress that in six months value of real estate in the city fell $40,000,000; in two months there had been over 250 failures, and within a few weeks 20,000 persons had been discharged from their employment. The same thing happened practically throughout the nation.

Of course the country recovered. It always does. A good many men still living can remember the era of shinplaster state bank notes that preceded the Civil War. A greater number can recall the cheap-money greenbacks movement of the 70's, and still more had direct experience of the cheap-money free-silver movement of the 90's.

As a sagacious Frenchman once remarked, "The more it changes, the more it remains the same." It changes in details. Hardly anybody nowadays wants a flood of cheap money in the simple form of bank notes or greenbacks. Partly they have seen too much of that in Europe since the war. Partly bank notes and greenbacks seem relatively less important now than they seemed to our grandfathers, because almost everybody nowadays has his bank account and makes payments by bank checks instead of with currency or coin. Nobody is particular about having more cash in his pocket. What he wants is more credit at the bank. So political agitation turns upon bank credit rather than upon bank notes.

The Federal Reserve System is a great reservoir of bank credit. Naturally it is a point of political attack. But deflation will follow inflation; when too many promises to pay are issued there will come a painful day of judgment, and people who are pinched in the contraction will very likely look around for some malevolent individuals, some personal devils, who wickedly contrived the calamity. That is the origin of the myth—disproved by the records—that the Federal Reserve Board set out to ruin farmers, or that it discriminated against farmers. The way to spoil the Federal Reserve System, or any other banking-and-currency system, is to load it up with politics.

THE DANGER OF EUROPE

(Continued from Page 34)

combination with Germany, there can be no demobilization in Europe. It is also obvious that if these hundred million Russians could become a great purchasing power of manufactured goods they would go far to help forward the economic recovery of Europe.

Russia might be induced to demobilize her Red Army and pursue a policy of peace on two conditions. One is that the Polish Army should demobilize, with the Lithuanian, Latvian and Esthonian armies, so that her own frontiers would be safe from immediate menace. The second condition would be the recognition of her government and full economic aid so that her industrial life may recover. At the Genoa Conference in 1922, she expressed her willingness to demobilize in return for these advantages, because at that time her social conditions were desperate. The discussion of her offer, however, was immediately vetoed by France, who believed that the demobilization of Poland, in return for that of Russia, would weaken the ring of iron with which France has encircled Germany. Nevertheless, if that could be done without weakening French security, the financial gain to France would be considerable, because it is French money which maintains Polish troops. Freed from that military obligation France would not be so desperately in need of German reparations. If a way could be found giving a real measure of security to France she could reduce her own expenditure on armaments and begin to pay her debts to Great Britain and the United States.

My proposal is that France, Germany, Great Britain and the United States, or the industrialists and financiers of those countries, should enter into a combine for the reconstruction of Russia.

The immense natural resources of Russia in minerals, oil, grain, timber and flax could be developed rapidly and would pay handsome returns on a gold loan guaranteed by Great Britain, France, and perhaps the United States. The hundred million people in Russia in need of almost every article of manufactured goods, from railway engines and agricultural implements to needles and pins, would quickly absorb an immense quantity of stuff produced from the factories of the exporting nations. Because of her geographical position and industrial relations with Russia, Germany would be the chief instrument of Russian reconstruction, but under the control of the other directors—France, Great Britain and the United States—would pay, and be willing to pay, a considerable share of her profits as reparations to France.

In a long talk I had with Stresemann before he became Chancellor, we discussed that scheme, and it seemed to him sound and hopeful. The alternative is the gradual reconstruction of Russia by Germany alone, which is inevitable if the other nations stand aloof.

There are several difficulties in the way of this scheme. The first is the political and reasonable distrust against the Russian Soviet Government. But I am persuaded that this government would modify its political tyranny and give sufficient guaranties of good faith if the great powers of the world went halfway to meet it. And personally I do not think there is now an elaborate difference between the tyranny of the soviet and that of czardom, with which most nations were on friendly terms. Nevertheless, guaranties and some effective financial control would have to be established first, with the consent of the Russian leaders, who are hard pressed by the extreme misery of their people, slowly recovering from the last famine, but now swept by disease, and still, in many districts, hungry. Something at least may be tried in that direction.

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, leader of the British Labor Party, which has repudiated communism and the revolutionary propaganda of Moscow, gets to the root of the matter in the following words:

"The recognition of the Russian Government does not mean agreement with that government. Diplomatic relations are in no sense a partnership; they are nothing more than a channel for official communications . . . so the Labor Party with its sense of reality would face the facts and accept the existence of the Moscow Government as it would accept the existence of any other government. It would stand no nonsense and no monkey tricks from Russian diplomatic representatives. They would have to come here with all the privileges, and all the obligations, of diplomatists.

"The Moscow Government has taken root; it has gone far away from its first hopes and policies. Russia is part of the European group, and neither politically nor economically can be cut off from it; it has enormous reserves of power, and can upset treaties and working arrangements to which it has not assented. The victors in the late war have all been too vain, too self-centered, too absorbed in their victory to make a real peace, and Russia is the power that can in time upset us. Nobody but a madman can contemplate without horror a combination of revengeful German economic power and hostile Russian material and human resources against the rest of Europe."

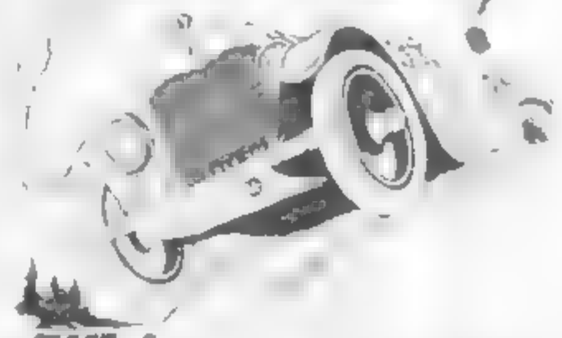
The second difficulty in a general arrangement with Russia is that natural fear of France that this scheme would merely play into the hands of Germany by strengthening her alliance with Russia—the Black Eagles with the White Bear.

Against this, one could only place the security that would come from the moral support of Great Britain and the United States and many nations, who, if France gave Germany a chance of life and peace, would stand by France if Germany chose again the way of death and war. That seems to the French people a feeble and uncertain pledge of security, and yet in the long run I think it is the best that France can have. It is, indeed, all she has now, for her military alliances are not sufficient to save her in the long run from a combined attack by Germany and Russia when Germany is ready to fight again. Without Great Britain by her side France would be lost. She will not have Great Britain by her side if she pursues her present policy of saving herself by dooming Europe to increasing misery. In 1914 France could call to the world for help on the moral issue, and many nations answered her call. She will find the same comradeship again if she bases her national life not on force but fair play, not on obstruction but construction.

(Continued on Page 96)

98 Quality Products

Long live the Car!



Whiz Automotive Products are made to add years of efficient performance to the life of a car—they keep it new in appearance after long, hard service.

Because they do this, and do it well, they have won the enthusiastic endorsement of dealer and user in every part of the civilized world.

33,168,416 packages were sold to users by 91,879 dealers last year—an increase of 43% over 1922—They must be good to have made good.

President

If it's a torn top, a shabby body, squeaky springs, a punctured tire, grinding gears or a leaky radiator there's a Whiz Product for it and for most of a car's other needs.

Ask for the Whiz Handy Manual, No. 24
It's Free

THE R. M. HOLLINGSHEAD CO.
Camden, New Jersey, U. S. A.
Branches in 27 Principal Cities

Serve and Save

DRAWN BY H. L. GROUT

for The Electric Storage Battery Company
Manufacturers of Exide Batteries

When is a Battery *Cheap?*

The price is only one—and the least one—of three things that tell whether a battery is a good bargain. More important considerations are: How long will it last and how few will be the repairs? One repair job may change the lowest-priced battery into the most costly.

The true way to put a value on your battery is to take the first cost, add the repair bills, and consider the length of time the battery lasts. Do this and you will find that an Exide Battery costs you less than any other per month and per year of service.

Now, even the first cost of an Exide is low—with the quality as high as ever.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

Manufactured in Canada by Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited
133-157 Dufferin St., Toronto

Exide
BATTERIES

EXIDE PRICES are from $16.65 up, according to size and geographical location. You can get the right battery for your car at a nearby Exide Service Station. Our stations, as well as Radio Dealers, sell Exide Radio Batteries.

THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY FOR YOUR CAR

a holiday's Apollo day

APOLLO CHOCOLATES are delivered straight to the store where you find them. Every merchant selling Apollo Chocolates is encouraged to order only as many boxes as he can sell promptly. For we know that the most deliciously made chocolates on earth cease to be delicious unless they are fresh.

$1 • $1.25 • $1.50 • $1.75

APOLLO CHOCOLATES are made by
F H ROBERTS COMPANY
128 Cross Street, Boston, Mass

Continued from Page 93

not on military alliances of doubtful strength but on the spiritual plea of justice and liberty. Otherwise, France will find herself alone in a hostile and indifferent world saying coldly "We told you so!" and not rising to her rescue.

Leaving out this Russian scheme, though it is a possibility not to be ignored in a business discussion, there must be anyhow a quick and complete settlement of German reparations and interallied debts. Here again France stands in the way of settlement. I think her position is logical, although obstructive to all hopes of reasonable arrangement. Over and over again Poincaré has argued that France cannot possibly be expected to pay back the immense sums she owes to the United States and Great Britain which were advanced to her for war purposes in the Allied cause, if she does not obtain reparations from Germany for the cost of war damage. When those costs are paid, France is perfectly willing to pay back her debts—out of further payment from Germany, who was the cause of these debts being incurred.

Theoretically that argument is sound. Practically it is fantastic. Germany cannot pay France anything like the reparation demanded for actual damage, at least for many years to come, especially now that France has throttled her industrial recovery by seizing the Rhineland and the Ruhr and taking other pledges. To pay the full sum demanded by France she would have to develop her industry and commerce, and especially her export trade, so enormously that it would overwhelm the trade of France and all other competitors. It is therefore obvious that France, if she wishes to settle this matter on business lines, must reduce her claims on Germany in return for the reduction of her debts to Great Britain and the United States.

To some extent France has already agreed to this proposal in theory. Poincaré in his notes to the British Government expressed himself as willing to reduce his claims upon Germany in proportion as Great Britain reduced her claims to be paid by France, after Germany had paid the full bill of war damage on French territory. That is to say, France would not abate one jot of her own bill of costs against Germany for material losses, but afterwards would agree to an arrangement by which Germany would be let off further indemnities to the same extent as France was released from her own debts. In short, Great Britain and the United States would only be paid, if paid at all, by Germany handing to France the wherewithal, after working off her reparations. That is never at all.

The Vicious Debt Circle

Great Britain has something to say in the matter, and she cannot agree to that. She has already agreed to withdraw most of her claim to German reparations so that France and Belgium may have the lion's share, provided France pays her debts to England, as England is paying them to the United States.

Here is a pretty dispute running round and round a vicious circle, like a dog chasing its tail. From a business standpoint there is only one possible way of dealing with the problem. It is the full restoration of Germany's industrial territories and liberty of action, and strong international support of Germany, so that her financial situation may be strengthened and her money stabilized under the control of the League of Nations, as in the case of Austria. Then her capacity for further payments must be determined once for all on a scale which will not cripple her national life or destroy the balance of world trade.

France must be persuaded that it is better for her to cut her losses and carry on, rather than doom Europe to misery by demanding money which does not exist.

Great Britain must release France from a considerable portion of her debt, and the United States must make it easier for Great Britain, as well as France, to settle with her.

In my judgment there is no other way of getting this accursed heritage off the shoulders of the present and future generations, and it would be an easy way but for the terrible, the tragic obstinacy of France in pursuing the line of logic and abstract right to its bitter end.

Trading relations with Russia and the economic recovery of Germany would very quickly have a vitalizing effect upon world markets. This would still further be helped by an international loan to Hungary, enabling that country to stabilize its currency, and by a system of free trade or fair trade between the old states of the Austrian Empire, now independent under the names of Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia. England would begin to find a new demand for her manufactured goods and the dreadful incubus of unemployment would undoubtedly be lifted from her shoulders to some extent. Its complete remedy would have to be found in an intensive encouragement of emigration to the British Dominions and the United States, which is already in preparation.

Another enormous advantage of a business settlement on these lines would be the raising of the standard of life and wages in the European countries, due to the replacement of paper money—terribly inflated so that it has but little real value—by money stabilized and related to actual values. This would prevent that state of cheap labor, cheap production and unfair competition which enables foreign countries with worthless currency to undercut Great Britain and the United States in every market of the world. The economic revival of Germany, above all, would prevent that dumping of cheap goods made by underpaid labor, which is one of the most important causes of abnormal trade conditions in Europe today. There must be something like equality in the real wages of European labor before there can be equality of opportunity and fair play in the trade of nations.

A Moral Pledge to France

But even that advantage is worthless, and indeed impossible of attainment, so long as certain countries have to support an immense burden of taxation on account of standing armies. It is quite reasonable and comprehensible that France, as the paymaster of immense military forces in Europe, could not possibly allow Germany and her friends to obtain their liberation from war debts, by whatever means, while the French people had to finance a costly military system for the sake of security. It would be absurd for France to encourage the economic recovery of her enemies when every penny of their new prosperity might be devoted to preparation for a war of revenge. It all comes back to that, and it is that complication which thwarts the possibility of a business settlement.

Therefore business men, giving their minds to this problem, must find a way of removing that hindrance to all their efforts on behalf of a new European prosperity. How can they cut out the cost of standing armies and increased armaments, in order to lift the burden of taxation from the shoulders of people whose capital is crippled and whose trade is drained by this arming and equipment of destructive forces?

Directly that question is raised, the common sense of business is bludgeoned by the passion of politics. There is just a chance, however, that the business leaders of the world might bring pressure to bear on the military mind in Europe and break up its system by financial operations. I think the United States would be fully justified in demanding the prompt payment of French debts unless France is prepared to reduce to a minimum the support of standing armies in Europe and the training of black armies in Africa and the organization of great aërial forces which menace England. I think Great Britain would be justified in withholding any financial assistance from Germany until she is satisfied that the Germans would desist from rearming and pledge their honor and soul as a nation under international guaranties to support the peace of Europe if relieved from French severities and the menace of French militarism.

Cascade Mountain, Banff, Alberta

Russia could be dealt with in the same way, by withholding financial support until her nation also enters into a general European compact of peace, guaranteed, for a time at least, by a general limitation of armaments and by a concourse of powers interested morally and commercially in the stability of peace and demanding a pledge of nonaggression between Germany and France.

That is good business. In a world conducted on business lines such an arrangement could be made. Unfortunately business goes by the board when the pride and passions of races are involved.

I have already alluded in a former article to one concession which it would be well for England to make to Germany for the sake of world peace, fair play, and proof of ideals higher than self-interest. It is the return of Germany's African colonies. The reason for that is sound business sense as well as moral advantage. Germany must have some outlet for her energy, her youth and her trade interests outside her present frontiers.

The British Empire is large enough already without these German colonies. To hand them back would be not only a fine gesture of chivalry, it would be also a proof to France that England does not demand concessions from her while making none herself beyond the canceling of reparations from Germany which are never likely to materialize.

France must be wooed and won to a policy of conciliation and peace—to a recognition that the natural interests of France cannot be allowed to override the welfare of all other nations—by strong appeals to the liberal and democratic instincts of her people, by generosity to the last point of possibility from England, who has already gone very far, and by the promise of the world's support to her national security. The French people must be assured that if they disarm it will not be to bare their breasts to hostile weapons. That assurance can be given only by a world conference dealing with all these problems in a radical and unfettered way and delivering its judgment to France, as well as to Germany, whether France joins it or refuses to join it. It should not be limited to a few great powers, but should include all the nations of Europe, not excepting Russia and one great nation outside Europe—the United States.

Sir Philip's Seven Points

I am certain that if such a conference is assembled—before this article appears it may have been called together—its decisions, by an overwhelming majority, will be in favor of such a settlement as I have outlined.

I. General limitation of armaments.

II. The liberation of industrial Germany.

III. The recognition of the present Russian Government for the purposes of a world-wide pact of peace.

IV. A partial revision of the Treaty of Versailles, altering the frontiers so that large populations will be no longer under foreign rule.

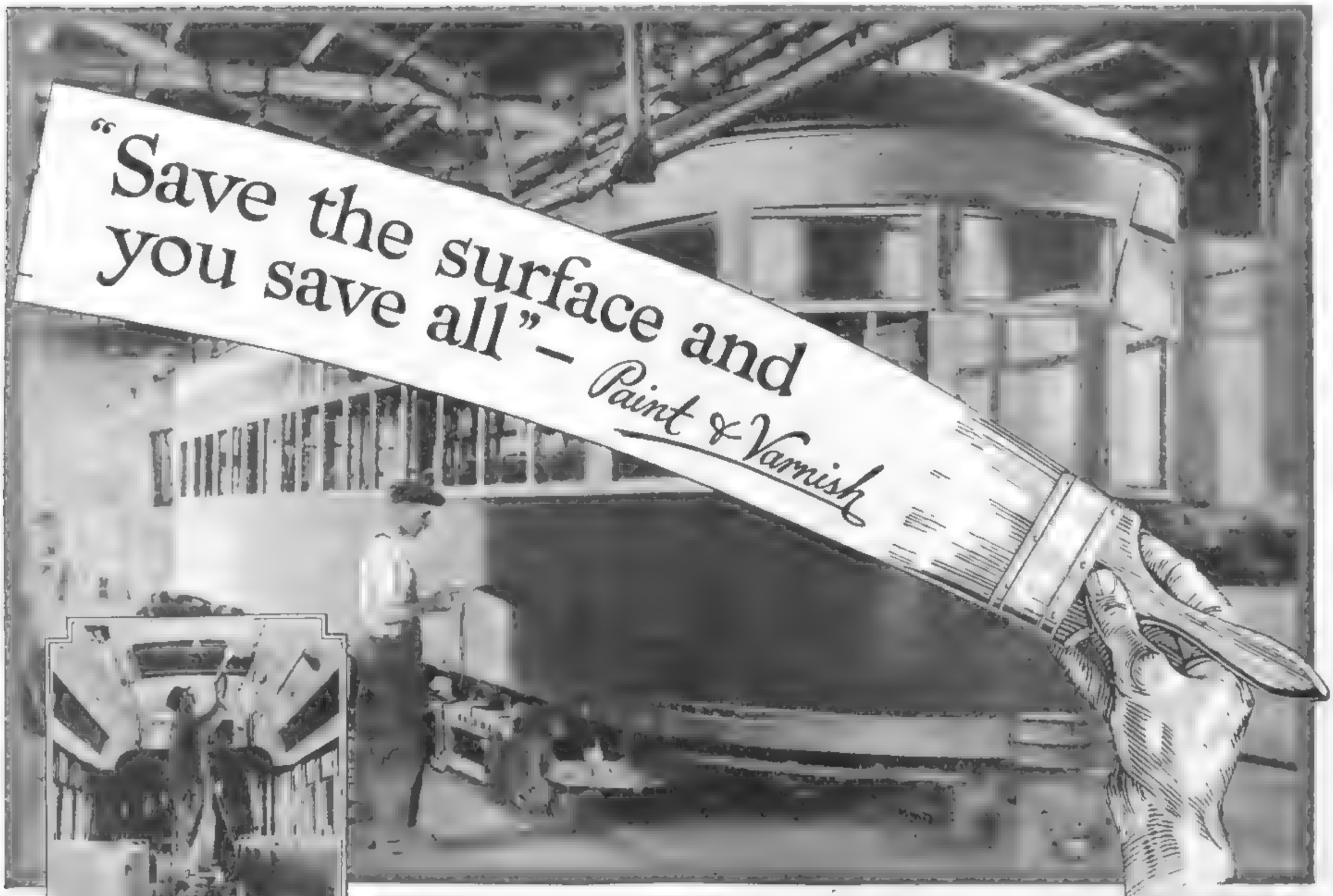
V. An all-round settlement of interallied debts.

VI. The fixing of a reasonable total of reparations which Germany, under strong guaranties, will pledge herself to pay.

VII. A moral pledge of honor to France, without military alliance, that the security of her territory is recognized as the predominant factor in European peace and that any attack by Germany will be regarded as an outrage against the civilized code, and will not be permitted by the signatories of the conference.

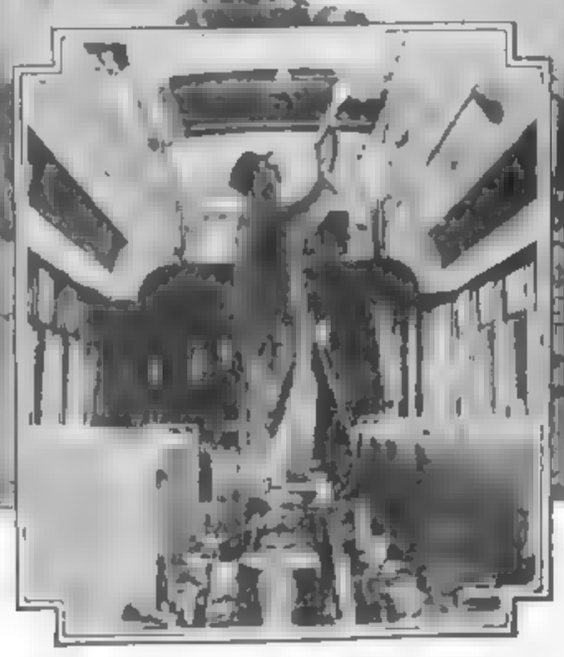
Those seven points—half those of Mr. Wilson—would give peace to Europe and show the way to general prosperity. There is no other means by which Europe can be made safe and get back to good business. France, it is true, might refuse to accept them, as not good enough in security or satisfaction. In that case France would be proclaimed as the enemy of mankind—and in my judgment, knowing the French people, they would not risk that ill fame.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of articles by Sir Philip Gibbs. The views of Sir Philip Gibbs should not be confused with the opinions of the editors, which appear from week to week on our editorial page, but we believe that they do reflect the ideas of an important group of Englishmen



"Saving the Surface" by this modern mechanical method of applying varnish saves 33 per cent in time, or $20 per car, in the experience of the Toledo Community Traction Co. Cars are revarnished every thirty months here.

(c) Copyright By Save the Surface Campaign, 1924



Car ceilings receive their white enamel in this efficient way in the Chelsea shops of the Eastern Massachusetts Street Railway Co.

Car trucks hard to keep from rusting? Not the way they're painted nowadays.

The Public be *Served*
by Paint and Varnish

OUR rail transportation systems—most of them—realize the absolute necessity of keeping their property well protected with paint and varnish. Their greatest asset is their property. Its maintenance is the difference between profit and loss. Railway property that is not kept up soon runs down. Consequence—public suffers—stockholders suffer.

Last year one elevated railway system, alone, used 25,000 gallons of paint and varnish. This company follows a rigid painting schedule. Cars are painted and varnished every 24 months. The steel structure is painted every seven years—bridges every four years—stations every three years—bridge and structure floors every two years.

Were it not for the protection given to railway property by paint and varnish, the public would travel in jeopardy; more than five and a half billion dollars' worth of rolling stock would roll to the scrap heap; and stations, steel structures, shops and car barns would go the way of all neglected property. Saving the surface of railway property and equipment is a business matter. It is also a solemn public duty.

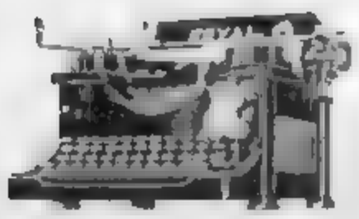
HOW about *your* property? Is it protected against rust and rot? The loss they cause is greater than the loss from fire. Fire attacks now and then. Rust and rot *never* stop destroying. Only one thing checks them. Paint and varnish. Save the surface and you save all.

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN

507 The Bourse, Philadelphia

A co-operative movement by Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests whose products and services conserve, protect and beautify practically every kind of property.

AT the heart of every business institution will always be found *a man*. He is the Force and the Responsibility. Yet few actually see him or hear his voice; his influence is almost wholly through the written word. Thus it is that the Royal Typewriter, producing typed work of manifest quality, has won the place it holds in the offices of the great executives who waste no words, but whose thoughts, made permanent, actually mould events.



ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.
364-366 Broadway New York
Branches and Agencies the World Over

"Compare the Work"

ROYAL
Trade Mark
TYPEWRITERS

ANCIENT FIRES

(Continued from Page 23)

There were things I had tried to keep locked away from my consciousness. But tonight they were too swift for me. It was as though a wild beast had leaped out of its ambush and buried its fangs in my flesh. At such moments, I suppose, men do frightful things, incomprehensible to their sanity. But it was only my body that went mad. My heart and mind shrank from the frenzied impulse and it passed like that sinister trembling of the earth. There remained the future to be faced out.

Lisbeth's child! The very thought, even now, even for me, was fine and lovely. But for her? After all, a nameless child, for all the man's splendid boasting. And she was so much alone, so very frail, so very proud too. What part should I play after I had helped to smash her world for her—I who would have died for her?

But dying was nothing—too simple, too cowardly. Somehow I had to live for her. I would offer her the shelter of my name. But that was a sad formality, because I knew that she would reject it. To her it would be an inward shame added to an outward disaster. And I knew, as John Smith knew and had reminded me with his ironic eyes, that she would never turn to me.

There was one possibility—that she would see her life as he saw it, and in me a shadow of futile childish things. I almost hoped it.

I stood rigid. At last a sound had penetrated the silence. It was far off and very faint. It might have been the cry of a trapped animal. After a moment it was repeated, even more faintly, dying out like a breath of wind.

I threw my door open. The quiet was absolute. It poured over me in a thick, muffling wave. What I had heard became the echo of my own pain. Moonlight played placidly between the orange trees. The fountain was silent, too, and the golden god stood naked and still in a flood of silver. I saw the macaw silhouetted on his perch against the light like a strange, motionless sentinel. Yet the peace was illusionary, like a mask drawn over an unknown face.

Standing there, I thought of Stoneborough's Cathedral Close the night when I had walked home with Lisbeth from the dance. That deep, heartfelt tranquillity and this hush were both rooted in ancient dreams, but between the dreamers was an ancient antagonism. Strange and to me unholy things were in this silence. The violent fancies of a sleeping tiger flitted through the shadows.

I caught my breath, for a light had sprung up on the far side of the patio and was hurrying towards me. It came in and out of the trees, and by its pale reflection I saw the white, flowing figure of a woman. I recognized her. A moment more and she was at my side. From the folds of the black mantilla that covered her head and shoulders her face peered out at me, ghostly white.

"Euan!"

"What is it? Is anything wrong?"

"Why are you out here?"

"I thought I heard something—a cry."

"I know; I did too. I couldn't rest."

We spoke in undertones. It was as though we were afraid of waking a sleeping danger.

"Where is the general?"

She answered strangely.

"He left me—an hour ago. Euan, he promised that at any rate it would not be done tonight. But I'm afraid. I can't sleep."

"But if he promised ——"

"He thinks—he thinks I'm unreasonable—not myself. He was humoring me. He can't understand. I meant to go alone. But will you come?"

"Of course. What shall we do?"

"I don't know yet."

Her face came into the moonlight. Its youth had gone. Those lines which had always lain half concealed beneath the habitual look of dreaming gentleness were sharp drawn about the set mouth. The very shape of the eyes seemed to have changed so that their expression, even in that half darkness, was stern and implacable. So tender and yielding, she must have seemed to him. But I guessed that for all that she had been too strong, and that he had stormed out into the night, for the first time tasting the bitterness of defeat.

"I saw it done once, Euan. It was an accident. They didn't mean me to see. 'Not fit for a woman's eyes.' That's the phrase, isn't it—for things like that? I was out riding. They were just cutting him down. It did not look like a human body."

She turned sharply away, as though even a moment's quiescence in the face of that horror was intolerable. I followed her past the sentries, who, after her brief authoritative gesture, sank back into their former immobility, and along the steep road towards the camps

From a large, distorted moon, hanging at its zenith, a pallid light drifted down onto the peaks and escarpments of terrific mountains whose roots were twisted in a black, unfathomable chaos. We were like the survivors of a lost world.

Our own shadows, stalking monstrously at our sides, were our only companions. There was not a sound or a stir of wind. Far off a little luminous red cloud hovered among the stars.

Once Lisbeth stumbled in the thick dust and I caught her arm. I was afraid for her. But at least I knew her better than he had done. There would be no turning back. And it was only my pity and my love of her—of her very obstinate courage—that made me plead.

"Let me go. I'll do whatever you want. But you're not strong enough."

She shook her head.

"I'm all right. They'd turn you back. I'm quite strong." And then after a moment, very simply: "Did he tell you that I was going to have a baby, Euan?"

"Yes, dear."

She did not seem to notice that escaped tenderness. She sighed a little and we did not speak again. At a turn of the road we came upon a camp fire around which a little company of native soldiers sat or lay huddled in attitudes of an animal exhaustion. By the red stars shooting up into the still air we could see the black huddled mass of their huts beyond. A sentry challenged us. But the rest did not move. Their faces were almost inhuman in their expressionlessness. They might have been dead men gathered round the last warmth of this dead world.

A little Quetzelangan underofficer, barefooted and ragged, came out of the shadows. He gesticulated and chattered anxiously. He was frightened, for this Lisbeth was a creature of fine steel.

At last the protesting, fluttering brown hands dropped. We three walked down the uneven roadway between the double line of huts and for the first time the men about the fire moved. I heard their soft footfalls in the dust behind us.

It was like a dream, half nightmarish, half beautiful with the happiness which we only feel in dreams. For Lisbeth and I were together. She had wanted me as I had prayed for her to want me.

A barred door of one hut even more profoundly silent than the rest was thrown open for us. I took the lantern from Lisbeth's hand. I knew what stopped me short on the threshold. It was not what I saw, for at first sight the place seemed empty. It was a memory. A dressing station—underground—in Flanders—after an attack—the stench of tortured human bodies.

I tried to stop Lisbeth, but she was already at my side. After all, I was wrong. She never thought of herself, so that she did not know what it was to be afraid.

The light steadied. Its yellow rays reached out to the farthest corner. It did not move the shadow lying stretched out against the wall. The thing was motionless, half covered by a filthy blanket. The rest was a pulp of flesh from which a slow, darkly shining stream flowed onto the mud floor. There was no sound, not a breath or moan. I looked round into the native officer's face. He stared, blankly, indifferently.

But Lisbeth was on her knees. She had lifted the dreadful body in her arms. She had been too quick for me. Already the pretty brocaded dress and her hands were black-stained with blood.

"It was that we heard. We were too late. What can we do?"

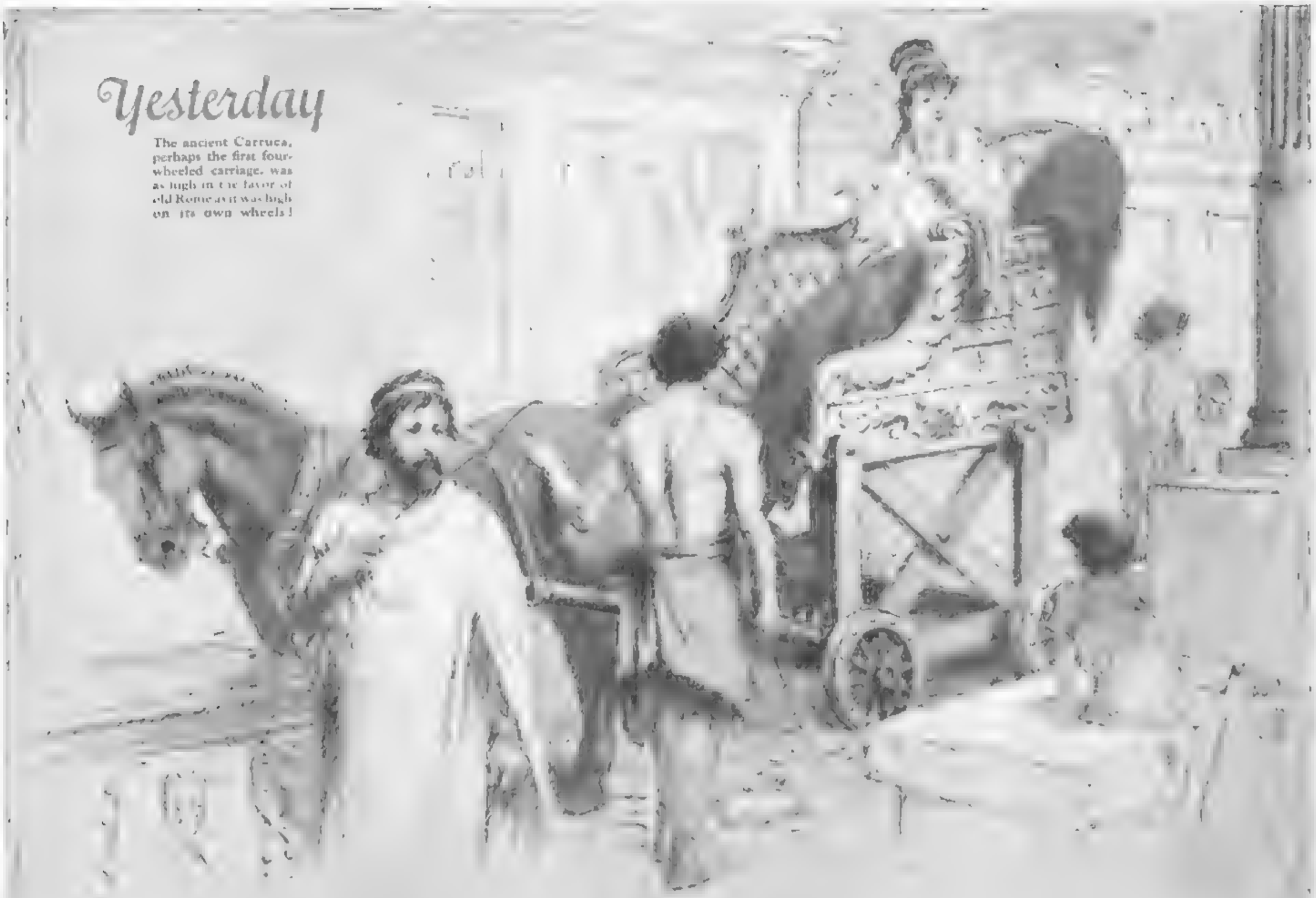
"Have they bandages? Ask."

"They say there's nothing—not for him—that he'll be all right"

"Tell them to bring water."

She gave an order. I saw the man hesitate. I swore savagely at him in English

(Continued on Page 101)


Yesterday
The ancient Carruca, perhaps the first four-wheeled carriage, was as high in the favor of old Rome as it was high on its own wheels!

Today in a motor car with

Wilson *built* Body

One enjoys beauties, luxuries and comforts people have been groping for through all the centuries. The Wilson craftsmen design with a fine hand and build with a sure hand—perpetuating in steel and tough hardwood all the new ideals of elegance and all the old ideals of thorough workmanship. The emblem—Wilson built Body—is at once the hallmark of distinction and a warranty of soundness. For a quarter of a century Wilson has been adding and adding to the pleasures of motoring.

C. R. WILSON BODY COMPANY, Detroit and Bay City, Michigan

WE COVER THE FACE OF THE GLOBE

The MENNEN MESSAGE

LATHER FORECAST
Cool and full of moisture

Copyrighted, 1924 SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1924 For Sale Everywhere

NEW PROCESS DEVELOPED BY MENNEN

RAZOR GETS HAIRS IN ANY POSITION

Facial hairs grow in all directions. The magnified diagram above shows a fair sample.

Some stick out straight, some lean toward the razor, others away from it, and some twist and turn and try to go back into the skin again.

Mennen dermutation works, regardless of the hair's position. As soon as each hair comes through the skin, Mennen lather can be brought in contact with it and dermutation starts.

The hairs lose their horny, stiff character and become soft and limp, offering no resistance to the cutting edge of the razor. Hairs in this condition need no props or support to jack them up so that the razor can cut them. If the hair is on the outside of the skin, the razor is sure to get it.

Jim Henry's COLUMN

Every now and then I read in a newspaper about some man who has never seen a railroad train — or some Kentucky mountaineer who is totally unacquainted with the late war.

So I suppose a certain portion of the he-population will ignore the great contribution made by Mennen scientists to the early-morning comfort of mankind.

Some men will continue to use preparations requiring as much pampering as an imported race-horse. They will fuss with hot towels and rub-in. They will heroically suffer the sting of harsh alkali on the skin.

They will still shave after a fashion reminiscent of skinning a 'possum. They will require hot water. If the water happens to be hard or alkaline, it will be a calamity.

To these men every stroke of the razor will be punishment. And scratched, coarsened skin will offer mute testimony of their barbarous barbering.

But the vast majority of men are progressive. They will welcome the Mennen process, dermutation, with open arms.

They will begin to enjoy marvelous shaves — fast, smooth and luxurious. They will omit massage and heating, use any water at any temperature, and gain better complexions than they've had since childhood.

Write me for a free sample tube. Jim Henry, 345 Central Ave., Newark, N.J.

ABSOLUTE BEARD SOFTENING NOW ACCOMPLISHED FACT

Science Calls It "Dermutation"

NEWARK, N. J., Feb. 8.—It was announced here today that absolute beard softening is an accomplished fact. The principle involved is termed by scientists "dermutation"—the changing of beard character from horny stiffness to a soft, pliable condition.

The Mennen Laboratories have found the secret that shavers have sought for three thousand years. The development of "dermutation" will be a boon to millions of men who have considered shaving a painful nuisance.

No Muss or Fuss

A demonstration was given here today. A man with a particularly tough beard lathered his face with Mennen Shaving Cream. He did not use hot towels or rub in the lather with his fingers. Then the demonstrator shaved off every trace of hair in a few seconds. No time was wasted in renewing the moisture of the lather or in re-shaving difficult areas. The entire operation was amazingly swift and simple. Yet not a hair escaped the edge of the razor.

This proved conclusively that dermutation, the Mennen process of beard softening, causes each tough, resisting hair to become completely soft and pliable. Dermutation does not require the heat or pressure of hot towels or finger-rubbing to make it effective.

Complete Comfort

All those present were asked to try the same experiment. They found that the Mennen process of beard softening makes shaving supremely comfortable as well as fast. The utterly softened hairs when being cut by the razor do not pull or irritate the nerves of the skin. Instead the razor passes cleanly through them.

Hairs softened by the Mennen dermutation process offer no resistance, and instead of turning back the cutting edge of the razor, allow the blade to cut right through. This lack of resistance increases the life of the blade.

It was asked if dermutation would be possible with any water. It was then disclosed that the water used in the demonstration was a sample especially prepared, duplicating the hardest usable water known in this country. The character of the water does not affect the lathering qualities of Mennen Shaving Cream.

That is because certain elements in the cream soften hard water and neutralize the drying, irritating salts in alkaline waters. Any water at any temperature works perfectly with this amazing Shaving Cream.

Complexion Aid

Some of those present spoke of the cool, refreshed feeling of the skin that followed the Mennen shave.

William G. Mennen, President of the Company, explained that this effect is due to Boro-glycerine, a remarkable emollient added to the cream. Boro-glycerine soothes and relaxes skin tissues, enabling the pores to give up their oily deposits.

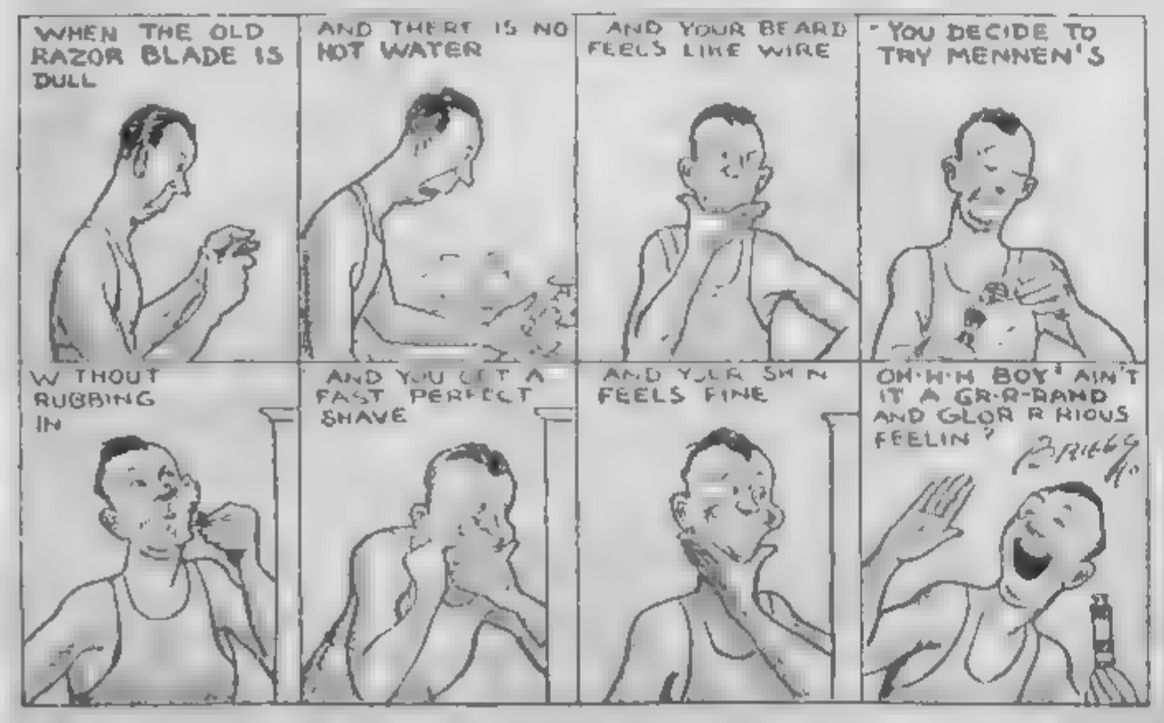
The demonstration proved that shaving has lost all its terrors. Patient scientists in the Mennen Laboratories have overcome every shaving nuisance, making beard-removal fast and painless. Instead of irritating the face, shaving now actually improves the condition of the skin.

SIMPLE TEST PROVES DERMUTATION

To prove that Mennen lather with its dermutation action can so thoroughly soften the beard and prepare the hairs for easy cutting that no props are necessary, try this test:

Lather thoroughly with Mennen Shaving Cream (without hot towels or rub-in). Then wipe off the lather on one cheek. Shave off just as you would if lather were there. Note how easily the Mennen-processed hairs shave off.

"Ain't It a Grand an' Glorious Feelin'?" : : By BRIGGS


WHEN THE OLD RAZOR BLADE IS DULL
AND THERE IS NO HOT WATER
AND YOUR BEARD FEELS LIKE WIRE
YOU DECIDE TO TRY MENNEN'S
W THOUT RUBBING IN
AND YOU GET A FAST PERFECT SHAVE
AND YOUR SK N FEELS FINE
OH·H·H BOY! AIN'T IT A GR-R-RAND AND GLOR R IOUS FEELIN'?
Briggs

After Mennen dermutation has provided a great shave, dust on some MENNEN TALCUM FOR MEN. It removes the shine, protects the skin, and it doesn't show.—Advt.

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM, the Miracle Beard Softener, is sold at all druggists in handy 35c tubes or extra-economical 50c tubes. Free sample tube sent on request. The Mennen Company, 345 Central Avenue, Newark, N. J.—Advt.

(Continued from Page 98)

and he cringed away from me. Presently he was back again, bearing an earthenware jar, which he set, sullen and muttering, at my side

I had turned their victim over. The poor upturned face gave the mangled body back its humanity. I remembered it. At the time it had made me laugh a monkeylike, dark face agape with childish consternation. Now, frozen into lines of immortal pain, it had its dignity.

"Is he dead?"

"Not yet, at least."

"If I tore up my dress ——"

"I've something better than that."

I had my coat off. I ripped my shirt from my back. Between us we tore the linen into strips. It wasn't enough. Piece after piece of the precious stuff became soaked and black and useless But, after all, I have a certain cunning I am as clever as most surgeons with their two hands Only, as I toiled, the heat of the stifling fetid-smelling hole covering my body with sweat, hope died in me. What hope had there ever been? What hope had this poor mortal ever known?

Still we worked together, Lisbeth and I, scarcely speaking. We had forgotten each other. This thing that we did, futile as it seemed, was bigger than ourselves

Suddenly the closed lids fluttered. The man's eyes opened. He looked up at me, as I fancied, with a profound and melancholy wisdom. He murmured something, groping with one feeble brown hand over my breast. It was the gesture of a dying child, seeking instinctively for tenderness and protection. But I could do nothing more. I could not give him back the blood that lay spilled about us. A sense of impotency, of guilt and shame too bitter to be borne, was in my heart. I bent and kissed him.

I had forgotten Lisbeth. But when I lifted my head our eyes met—met and held as though they would never let go again. And what I saw in hers I did not know. But it was not pity any more

The crowded faces at the door scattered. We two seemed to come back from a long journey. It was John Smith who stood in the black aperture, looking down on us. His voice was subdued.

"You have a strange respect for hospitality, Fitzroy"

"Like yours for men," was my answer

"Let that man go. Others will look after him."

"He has no need now of any of us"

I laid the body down. I put my coat under the dark head, covering the quiet body with its blanket.

I saw John Smith cross himself. He gave no other sign. And yet I think he knew that for once his skill, his firm yet facile hold on events had failed him. An insignificant life had slipped through his fingers and become significant.

Neither of us looked at Lisbeth. I guessed that she was gazing down with an austere calm on that tragic figure, considering the ways of men, perhaps, and passing judgment. If so, I also stood condemned

"Please go, Lisbeth."

She went at once, with a frightening docility.

Even then he was incalculable. His eyes ran over me. I suppose I cut a fantastic, horrible figure, blood-smeared and half naked as I was, my poor stump of an arm revealed in all its ugliness. I had forgotten it

I was ashamed.

And then suddenly he laughed with a mock ruefulness and took the long Spanish cloak he wore and threw it over my shoulders.

"You'll catch your death of cold, Fitzroy," he said, "and then that will be my fault too."

XXVIII

AFTER all, the baron did not fly next day. I met him on the plateau where the three smuggled bombing planes awaited their pilots. He was black with temper and almost incoherent.

"No, he must go himself! What does he know about flying compared to Karl von Eisen, ace of his squadron? But he will. He is general. A lucky shot from some fool

She Stood on a Line With Us, Nearer to the Stage, Gazing Up Into the President's Box

native and it is over—with him—us everything. *Ach, die verdammten Frauen!* They ruin me—everyone! It is the curse of Adam. No man escapes"

He stormed away from me like a child whose favorite toy has been torn from him. I think he was near crying.

John Smith was already in his seat. The cigarette he smoked, the casually worn tweeds suggested a twenty-minute trial flight. He looked down at me. I almost believe for a moment he was shy.

"Seen Lisbeth, Fitzroy?"

"No"

"I left her asleep. She was worn out, poor child. Tell her where I've gone, will you! Tell her Carenza is holding a review in the plaza and that I'm going to fly low and pick him off. Tell her" his eyes twinkled, but there was a deadly seriousness at the back of their laughter "that they've got machine guns, and that a few of them are damn good shots."

"Not I," I answered. "She's had enough to bear. Why should I frighten her?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"She won't be frightened She knows I'll come back all right"

"Then what's the use? Either you're safe and doing nothing specially heroic or you're not safe. You can't have it both ways"

"You're an exasperating, logical fellow" He sighed and fidgeted with his controls. "Well, so long."

The whole of his precious army came out to see him go. In the end he went alone. He displayed a fitfulness of purpose that was strange in him, and I saw his discarded companions glance at one another significantly. It was so obviously a gesture of bravado. And yet once he was up, well clear of the ground, their grudging temper melted into the old love of him and his careless and lonely courage. In a minute he was a speck against the blue, flying with a deadly straightness

We waited for him there Discipline was relaxed. Men hung about in groups. But they were very silent. After all, he was their fate; and perhaps they felt as I did, instinctively that this time he risked his life, sought danger for its own sake, and the charm which had protected him was broken.

Marreno and Doña Isabella, on horseback, joined us They dismounted and took shelter from the sun in the shadow of the hangars. Across Marreno's dark face there flitted two emotions so violently opposed that they betrayed themselves. He hated this foreigner. He wished him dead; but not yet.

Doña Isabella fanned herself and smiled. Her half-closed eyes alternately studied me and watched the horizon. The thought of a man's danger and possible death brought a passionate color to her sallow cheeks. But the ultimate significance of his success or failure meant nothing to her. In her life there was only one element that counted. So, at least, I judged her

There was no Lisbeth

An hour passed. The lookout, standing on higher ground, shouted and waved to us. He was coming now. Men leaped to their feet, crowded forward as though to meet him. We saw his machine glide leisurely along the valley. We knew even then that he had done what he had set out to do—even before the crazy and reckless stunts which at the last he played above our heads. There was something triumphant and splendid in that strong progress.

He landed well. A wildly, joyously cheering mob lifted him to the ground. But I saw his face. It was famished-looking. He stared past us, seeking—seeking passionately. He saw me and the blood rushed to his eyes. Then on again. Doña Isabella stood right in his path. He brushed her to one side. I believe he did not hear a sound of all that welcoming uproar

Then suddenly the strange tension snapped. It was like a light breaking over his face. For she was there, pale and haggard, drawn hither against her will, perhaps by love, by fear for him, by the old enchantment. I could not tell

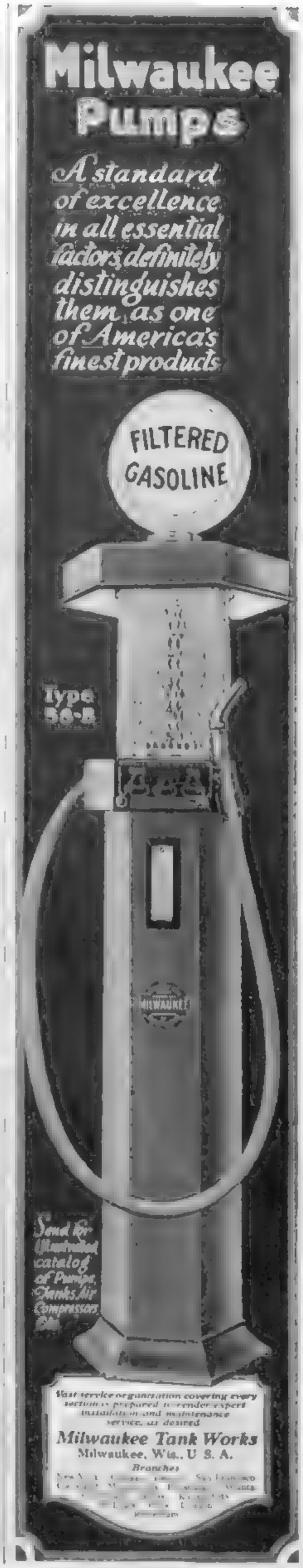
He went straight to her. He took her hands and kissed them. For this was his real victory—that after all she had come.

There were tears on her cheeks. As she looked down on his bowed, triumphant head I almost thought she pitied him.

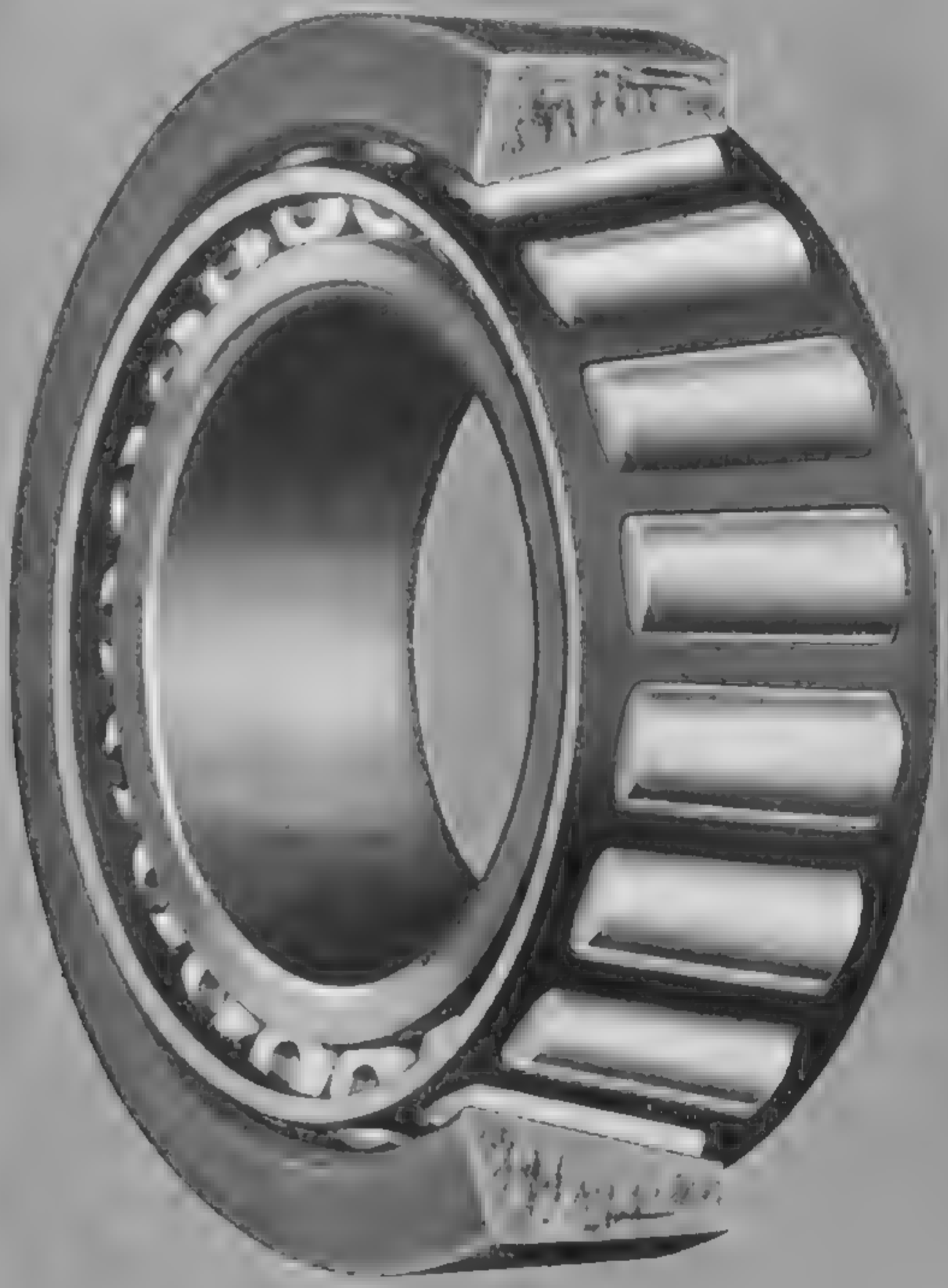
XXIX

THAT night Marreno, with Gen. John Smith and five hundred men, descended upon Quetzelango City. I went with them,

(Continued on Page 105)


Milwaukee
Pumps
A standard of excellence in all essential factors definitely distinguishes them as one of America's finest products
FILTERED GASOLINE
Type 56-B
MILWAUKEE
Send for illustrated catalog of Pumps, Tanks, Air Compressors, Etc.
Vast service organization covering every section is prepared to render expert installation and maintenance service, as desired
Milwaukee Tank Works
Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.
Branches

Principle and

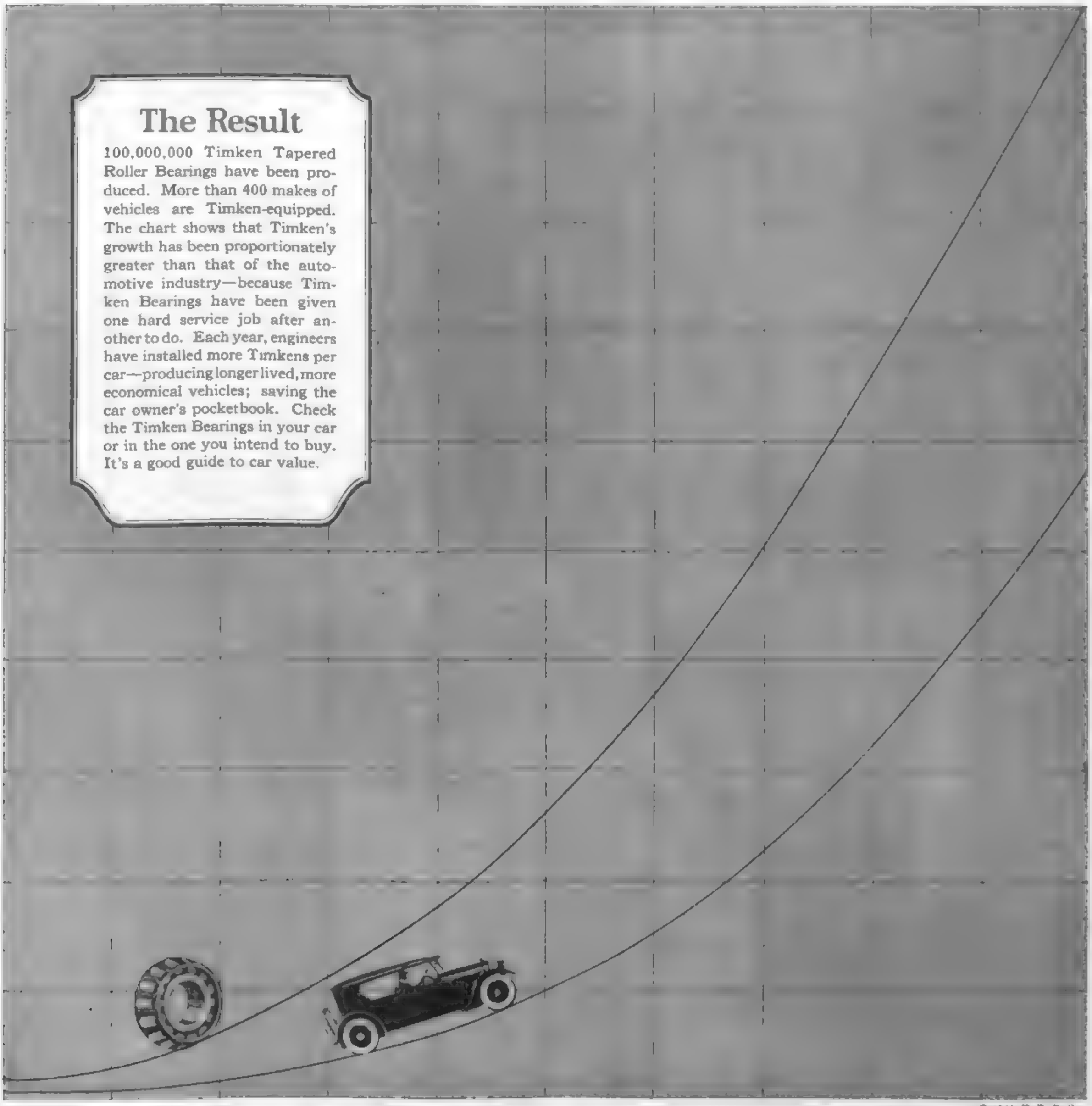


The Cause

The Timken dual-duty principle—the ability to take in one bearing, both radial loads and thrust loads and every combination of the two—has made Timken Tapered Roller Bearings the outstanding choice of car builders and car owners alike. Why? Because these dual-duty bearings continue to be efficiently on the job long after other types of bearings would be worn out and replaced. The simple result—Timken equipment means fewer repairs, less trouble and longer service for the vehicle; greater value and satisfaction for the car owner.

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller*

Performance


The Result
100,000,000 Timken Tapered Roller Bearings have been produced. More than 400 makes of vehicles are Timken-equipped. The chart shows that Timken's growth has been proportionately greater than that of the automotive industry—because Timken Bearings have been given one hard service job after another to do. Each year, engineers have installed more Timkens per car—producing longer lived, more economical vehicles; saving the car owner's pocketbook. Check the Timken Bearings in your car or in the one you intend to buy. It's a good guide to car value.

© 1924, T. R. B. Co.

BEARINGS

Capitol

There are just two ways to buy heating equipment—on a price basis or on a quality basis.

If you are influenced solely by "price," you must be prepared to accept the entire responsibility of the investment.

If you rely upon Capitol quality, we will very gladly share the responsibility with you. Such has been our policy for thirty years.

UNITED STATES RADIATOR CORPORATION

General Offices, Detroit, Michigan

Branch and Sales Offices

*Boston	*Harrison, N. J.	*Cleveland	*Indianapolis	*St. Louis
*Springfield, Mass.	*Philadelphia	*Columbus	*Milwaukee	*Kansas City
*Portland, Me.	*Baltimore	*Cincinnati	*Minneapolis	*Seattle
New York	Buffalo	*Detroit	*Des Moines	*Portland, Ore.
*Brooklyn	Pittsburgh	*Chicago	*Omaha	*Louisville

*Warehouse stocks carried at points indicated by star

Boilers

(Continued from Page 101)

nominally as surgeon, actually because San Juan was no longer possible to me. John Smith would have left me behind—came near to ordering me to remain. His insistence was a challenge, the measure of his self-confidence. My refusal seemed to irritate him. I was like an opponent who would not stand his ground.

"So it's you who are running away, Fitzroy."

"You will know where to find me," I answered.

"Lisbeth will miss you."

There was malice in that—the first real malice he had ever shown—for he must have known that Lisbeth suffered by my presence. Her good-by to me that night just before I mounted was the stiffest, saddest thing. We avoided each other's eyes. We were like guilty people. It seems incredible. But he made us guilty.

"We'll hardly see each other again, Euan. After all this is over you'll go on to Puerto Madero, won't you? You'll be on your way home."

It was an appeal, made knowingly and rather desperately to my fidelity; and I stood there stockish and tongue-tied under John Smith's eyes. She sighed. She began to give me messages for home, to her father.

"Tell him he is not to worry; that I am perfectly well and happy. And my love to your aunt and Miss Cornelius and dear Stoneborough."

We shook hands. I knew that she had really said, "Last night didn't happen. I have forgotten it. Neither of us must ever think of it again."

As I clambered into my saddle Doña Isabella passed me. I had not seen her before. She must have been hidden in the deeper shadows of the gateway. Now, with the swiftness of some wild feline thing roused from its hot lethargy, she reached John Smith's side. Her white, plump hand rested on his knee. She spoke rapidly, in an undertone; but, as I thought, with an utter recklessness. Her usual calm was sheer indolence; self-control she had none. Something had made her angry—or desperate—and every other consideration was swept aside. I saw John Smith look past her and she stamped her foot. Marreno was only a few paces away from them both, already mounted and apparently absorbed in the contemplation of the night-shrouded valley where lay his immediate destiny. He seemed neither to have seen nor heard. John Smith laughed.

"Your wife is afraid I am leading you into needless danger, Señor Presidente."

Marreno made a little enigmatic movement which said plainly, "It is convenient for us to believe each other."

Finally our cavalcade turned on its way. But I saw John Smith swing his Mexican pony about at the last so that he faced the two women, his hat down to his saddle girths, his head up. It was as though he said, "I who am about to conquer the world salute you." He was in rough riding clothes, ostentatiously unarmed; the Mexican pony was a shabby beast, the gesture in itself theatrical and un-English. But then as always he escaped the ludicrous, rising to a queer magnificence of his own. And what was stranger still, amidst these alien surroundings, beside men to whom an extravagant expression of feeling was habitual, he seemed the embodiment of his race—more English than Decies with his inbred restraint. I cannot explain it. But at least it was his sincerity, a fine passionateness which made that leave-taking a gallant tribute—to one woman or to both. No other witness could have been so sure as I was that it was to Lisbeth and to Lisbeth only.

And yet as he and I rode side by side he never once looked back. His eyes were fixed on the distant fires of Fuego, flaming like a menacing brand over the invisible city. I could almost have thought the glow of it was on his face. Presently he trotted ahead and I was free at last to turn about in my saddle. It seemed to me that I could still see her standing there, gazing after us, with her hand on her breast, puzzled and sad perhaps, but not afraid for him, because of that strange faith. As for me, she could only be glad ——

The pace irked me. I should have found relief in a headlong, reckless gallop. We rode cautiously and steadily valleywards, and I was soldier enough to appreciate the exploit. It was no mean feat to bring five hundred men, with horses and machine guns, down what was virtually a mule track. It meant leadership and discipline. The moon did not rise till morning, and by starlight and Fuego's ominous red cloud we stumbled at the heels of our shadowy companions. The immensity seemed to smother our voices; the sound of our horses' hoofs was lost in the thick, treacherous dust. For the most part we had to ride single file, and each man must have felt, as I did, utterly alone amidst an army of ghosts. But once where the track broadened a thick familiar voice drew up alongside of me. I think the darkness troubled the baron's toughened nerves. He talked eagerly, and for the first time I heard the details of that morning's raid upon the city. To do him justice, disgruntled as he was, he knew how to be generous.

"No, I could not haf done more myself. Not so much perhaps. They must haf thought the devil was let loose!"

For it seemed that John Smith had kept his word. He had dived into the plaza packed with Carenza's supporters, flattened out in the nick of time, and literally skimmed the faces of a horrified and paralyzed enemy. His machine gun had played on them as coolly and deliberately as a spray of steel on some closely packed garden, beating the writhing flowers to the ground in swaths.

One determined man might have brought him down. But panic set in and the disaster was complete. Impossible to say how many were crushed to death in that bestial struggle to break away into the narrow outlets of the streets. At least Carenza was dead. With the vanity of the true Quetzelangan he had paraded his forces in a costume which would have befitted a prince in a musical comedy—a target not to be missed.

"Still, one determined man, one lucky shot ——" the baron murmured. "It was a risk." He leaned forward, talking close to my ear. "Herr Graf, as between men of honor, that Doña Isabella and our friend—*hein? Qu'en pensez-vous?* It's a little game he plays, I think. But one does not play with women except when one is young and a fool. It's not safe. Na, I've had my fill. There was a woman I could tell you of—one of my own people—when I think of her ——"

The track narrowed abruptly and he had to fall back. I could hear him cursing to himself

By daybreak we had debouched onto a so-called road—a thing of dust-filled ruts and ancient pot holes—and had re-formed in marching order. A queer procession came like a dream out of the soft twilight and joined with us—gangs of little trotting peddlers, women, barefoot and graceful, with great swaying burdens on their dark heads; here a Spanish gentleman on horseback, his retinue shuffling at his heels; a priest, a hideous beggar by the wayside, clanging his tin and wailing in the name of God for alms. We were back in the Middle Ages, and for all our machine guns and modern rifles as ancient as the rest. War or no war, revolution or no revolution, the life of the little people went its way. There had always been men among them who would kill or be killed, and whoever survived would want food—iguana eggs or these fresh, cool oranges, señor. The priest blinked his bright brown eyes knowingly at us. Perhaps a mass said for some dead comrade, or for your own souls, caballeros.

An hour later we were on the city's outskirts. No one expected an organized resistance. Its leader dead, the real insurrection was at an end. But there would be a certain number too deeply compromised who would prefer to die fighting. We entered the first suburb at nine o'clock. By ten o'clock firing had ceased. But in that hour Marreno's enemies had been wiped out. In its remorselessness the massacre resembled a rat hunt. I saw men chased squealing to the edge of the flat roofs and bayoneted there, their limp bodies pitchforked over into the street gutters, or dragged out from ludicrous, tragic hiding places and stabbed and battered into shapeless horror. The native troops did the work. John Smith's legionaries remained apart; nor till that hour was over did they intervene.

Almost at the outset I broke loose. There would be no wounded. On one side was a panic too frantic even for successful self-defense, on the other a lust of killing that even obvious death did not satiate. I sickened of the business. I gave my tired horse its head and we wandered through streets that were sometimes those of a village, sometimes of a prosperous town—cobbled roadways, trams that stood empty and forsaken, like toys dropped from the hands of frightened children, long streets of barricaded shops and enigmatic Spanish houses, their blank closed faces seeming to breathe out a deathly silence; pretentious official buildings, stuccoed and ornate, with here and there a church left over from colonial days; a long avenue of trees interspersed with symbolical plaster statues, suggesting some stately progression, but which petered out into a huddled group of native hovels.

I came out at last onto the chief plaza. The great Teatro Nacional flanked its southern end and faced the presidential palace across a generous space where flowers and trees, a gaudy band stand and a statue to some discredited liberator seemed the last expression of a half-haughty, half-pathetic civic pride. By the dark, motionless heaps upon the ground I recognized the scene of John Smith's exploit.

I tethered my horse. Until sundown I searched for life where there was none. The terrible exasperating wind had already covered those poor forms with a gray layer of dust so that they seemed to have been dead for many days. Gradually, as the firing ceased, figures crept out of the side streets and skulked among the forlorn shadows, seeking, too, either for booty or their own dead. They threw me furtive glances, not speaking. We were like people from different worlds.

And as I worked—uselessly enough as it proved—I wondered what a man felt who had killed like this—not in the heat of battle, nor even in self-defense, but deliberately, almost gayly, as a gallant gesture. And just then I looked up and saw John Smith and Marreno, with a troop of mounted legionaries, ride into the plaza. He did not see me at first. He pulled up and pointed rapidly, indicating, I gathered, his approach and method of attack. Then he rode on, letting his horse pick its way among the quiet, meaningless shapes that strewed his course. And I saw his face and knew that he felt nothing—neither regret nor satisfaction—at most impatience, as with a repetition of something already finished and put behind him.

He almost rode over me, for I was busy with a man who I thought had shown a flicker of life, and I would not move. It was like an old dream come true. He spoke sharply in Spanish, then recognized me. Left to himself, he would, I think, have shown that old fatal friendliness. But I stood up straight out of my litter of dead and scowled him down, and he rode past me without a sign.

xxx

I FOUND refuge that night and for the strange days that followed in a quiet hotel kept and frequented by Quetzelango's English and American colony. It became known that there was an English doctor with no ax to grind and no enemies to betray, and my time was filled with secret visits to outlying parts of the city where a few desperately wounded men lingered in hiding. For me those days were a respite, a period of release. The companionship of fellow countrymen, with their airy and humorous attitude towards the affairs of a petty Central American state, temporarily their home, seemed to give me back my perspective. The spell of San Juan was broken. I looked back upon it and on all that had happened there as upon a fantastic dream. It is true that I wanted to believe him a common blackguard, a petty adventurer who had sold his services to a petty tyrant. It made it easier.

Only the American consul, a stout and cheerful soul, who came in the evening to smoke a cigar in the patio of the Hotel James and listen to the *marimba* and the day's gossip, shook his head at me.

"Yes, no doubt these revolutions are jokes rather stale jokes. It's easy to be funny about them. I've seen twenty myself. It's like watching the antics of a volcano. You get accustomed to it. At first it all sounds mighty dangerous, but after a while you see that nothing particular happens and you turn over and go to sleep. But then one day something does happen—a conglomeration of chances—a new fissure here a bit too much pressure there and off goes the whole caboodle. This John Smith he's a chance. But it was pretty sure he'd turn up sooner or later. Not a chance either. The thing itself. You see, out here there aren't any real people just shadows. There's nothing to them. A puff of wind and they're gone. But the country's all right. It's virgin, but it could yield enough

"They Told Me Sauerkraut Would Do Me Good —And It Has!"

"Oh, yes, ever so much better. I feel like a new man."

• • • • •

"You'd never guess. Nothing more nor less than sauerkraut."

• • • • •

"Well, everybody's eating sauerkraut now. Two or three of the boys at the office told me about it and then I wrote for that little booklet that tells all about it—what the scientists say, and all that."

• • • • •

"Why, it's the lactic acid that does it. It's a sort of a natural cleanser and disinfectant."

• • • • •

"Yes, we have it about three times a week. There are all kinds of recipes in the booklet—new ways of serving it; the new salad recipes are delicious! Ann and the children are just as fond of it as I am, and it has done them good too."

• • • • •

"Yes, we'll be over some evening this week. I'll give you a ring. So long."

You will be interested in the free booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food." It tells what such eminent authorities as Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Dr. John Harvey Kellogg and others, say about the value of sauerkraut. It also contains many new and delicious recipes. Mail the coupon now.

(Sauerkraut may be purchased at grocery stores, meat markets, delicatessen stores.)

THE NATIONAL KRAUT PACKERS' ASSOCIATION Clyde, Ohio

Send For This Interesting Booklet— FREE

The National Kraut Packers' Association P-25
Clyde, Ohio

Please send me postpaid your free booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with new tested recipes

The finest Oxford shirting yet woven

The Emery Lustrox

YOU won't say, "One Oxford shirt is like another," when you see this super-Oxford shirt.

Instead you will say, "I never saw a finer Oxford fabric." Woven fine and firm, light and lustrous, this splendid shirting will instantly appeal to you.

Only the most superlative grade of Oxford is used in the Emery Lustrox Shirt. The needlework is exquisite. The finish as fine as the most expensive custom made.

A thoroughly companionable, convenient shirt for out-door activities, yet equally as appropriate for business or social occasions.

You can wear it any time of the year for it is light enough for summer and yet not too thin for winter. Especially at this time it is an ideal choice.

Keep a good supply of these all-wear shirts in your wardrobe. White is always in good taste.

Comes in both neckband style and in collar attached at $3.00.

Your own sleeve length.

Other Emery Shirts in silks, broadcloths, checks, piques, and other fabrics, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50 and up, notable for their good taste, fit and finish.

Ask for Emery Lustrox Oxford Shirts at better class shops. Or we will see that you are served promptly, on receipt of money order and name of dealer. Give neckband size and sleeve length.

W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc., Makers of Emery Shirts, Philadelphia.

Emery Shirts

to buy up the rest of the world. Then what's to prevent men like this John Smith—born fighters, pioneers and individualists who are sick of our civilization and democracy and the whole damn dead safety of it all—coming along and putting it in their pocket?"

"There's one thing," a young New York salesman at my elbow drawled with a comfortable conviction—"there's little old U. S. A. We've got a gunboat down at Puerto Madero now. We're watching our gentleman, and when he goes too far we'll shoot him up with a ten-pounder and the Monroe Doctrine."

The consul snorted.

"What's your precious gunboat going to do? Sail over the Cordilleras? The Monroe Doctrine you're so fond of isn't even a scrap of paper."

"If a darn Englishman ——" the New Yorker began.

"He's not an Englishman—not officially. He's a Quetzelangan. What are you going to do about that? We wouldn't have a leg to stand on. I tell you, if this fellow survives the delicate attentions of a jealous president, we shall have a United Central America in ten years—and no president; an emperor, perhaps, with an aristocracy of European and United States freebooters and a brand-new feudal system applied to the Quetzelangans, who maybe aren't fit for much else."

The New Yorker found all this high-flown and exaggerated. Things like that didn't happen nowadays—couldn't happen. The world had done with emperors and highlights of that sort. Democracy wouldn't stand for it.

"This John Smith, as they call him, he'll be snuffed out. And serve him right. His wife's another proposition. I'm darned sorry for her. Poor little girl! A real peach, and sweet, too, I'd bet my life. No joke being yoked up with a hell-for-leather fellow like that."

"A lot you know," the consul murmured ironically. "At any rate, she'll have lived. That's something unusual in itself, though you mightn't think so. I dare say he makes a great lover."

"I bet he does. What about the Doña Isabella?"

"Well, you can't marry Napoleon and expect to live like—I was going to say like Mrs. John Smith."

The New Yorker jeered. His hard, colorless voice drawled on to the accompaniment of the melodious tinkling of the *marimba* among the orange trees.

But he had grown dim and blurred as though a mist had crept in and covered my eyes.

"I've known her," I said at last, "all my life."

No more than that. But they looked at me gravely; and though nothing had been said to hurt her, yet there was a sort of regret and apology in their silence. I got up suddenly and left them.

XXXI

AUNT GERALDINE was dead. I came upon the announcement in an English newspaper several weeks old; so she had died soon after I had left England. It was like the fall of a fine old buttress that had held my life together. She had always been there. It was incredible that I should never see her again. In my first grief I wished that I had wanted Old Stoneborough and fought for it as she had done. Even that much would have made her happy. But I had gone on new ways and it had broken her heart.

I thought of Miss Cornelius, alone in that faded, shabby house, wandering through the rooms where those two had spent their lives and grown together, picking up the little familiar things that had dropped from my aunt's tired old hands.

Nothing left; nothing in the whole world.

What? Not one last adventure, Corny? A real one this time—a gallant quest—a Corny to the rescue! Suppose I sound the trumpet call in your ears?

There was just one chance that, old and heartbroken as she was, she would answer. And if she came the burden would be lifted. Lisbeth would never have to see me again.

The British consul sent my cable for me. But already the city had resumed its normal activities and almost its normal appearance. A few shot-pitted walls, a dark stain on a pavement, parties of indifferent native police carrying the body of some poor devil who had crawled like a dying rat into an obscure hole and was now no more to anyone than an untidy, unwieldy package to be added to the common grave outside the city—these were the last signs, too familiar in themselves to excite more than a passing interest. But there remained an atmosphere of excitement, of tense and almost ecstatic hope. Decies, with his two hundred white troops, had routed Carenza's foreign army that, after his death, had lodged itself in the mountains, and prisoners and booty were pouring into the city. An ultimatum had been sent to Nicaragua, demanding reparations for a wanton act of aggression on the part of its citizens. It was said that a thousand recruits for John Smith's legion, with arms and munitions, were already streaming into Puerto Madero. At the street corners groups talked passionately and mysteriously to one another, and one caught the words, "A new era—a new era." But these were the men of Spanish origin in whose blood some of the old hot pride still burned. The natives, and they were ten to one, went on their apathetic way. For them it was one more change of masters.

Lisbeth and Doña Isabella came down in state from San Juan, and a fierce holiday-making crowd that a few days before would have been ready to tear them to pieces took the horses out of their carriage and bore them to the president's palace amidst huzzas of delirious enthusiasm. I saw her pass, sitting beside that dark, unsmiling woman, herself so very fair and frail that I turned sick at heart. I knew by the faint contraction of the brows how strange and bewildering all this was to her. Perhaps she remembered that less than four years ago she had been Lisbeth Gay and lived in Stoneborough, in that drowsy, age-mellowed tranquillity, and wondered what had happened and whether this was just one of Miss Corny's wild stories that had crept into a dream—a very splendid dream, such as might have stirred a colder imagination than hers. She must have known, of course, that men had been killed; but when she drove into the plaza she did not see their bodies. Would it have mattered if she had? After all, she had been brought up with a soldier's creed. Killing was a part of fighting, and fighting was noble. She must have forgotten that night in the stifling prison hovel. He had blotted it from her memory with one spectacular gesture. And yet over that dying victim she had looked at me strangely, like a blind woman seeing for the first time.

That day General John Smith gave thanks to God for victory, in the cathedral. He went alone. It was said—with a significant shrug—that Marreno was ill—more likely sulking or unwilling to put his own popularity to the test. I had not meant to witness the ceremony, but at the last moment a curiosity stronger than my distaste drove me to join the crowd that surged through the streets to greet their hero. He came very simply, in civilian clothes, without escort. He made no appeal to their tastes; and indeed, seeing his face for a moment as he went, hat in hand, up the cathedral steps, I believe that he was honestly unconscious of them. No victorious saint could have worn an expression more lofty, more rapt in the conviction of a high and unswerving destiny. But the old look of a laughing peace with God was gone. In the full sunlight I recognized a certain haggardness, not of years or fatigue, but of a man in the thick of a vital struggle which he dared not lose.

The undisciplined mob caught me in its swirl and swept me with it through the wide doors into a vast cave full of sound and darkness. Over the blackly tossing surface I could see the starlike altar lights, the dim glitter of vestments, and out of a slowly rolling cloud of incense a shadowy and lonely figure. It was as though I had been carried back a thousand years. Or else there was something here that was fundamental, eternal.

And then, inconsequently enough, I remembered the little intimate chapel, the two *prie-Dieu* set side by side, with an almost childlike simplicity, symbolic not, after all, of a spiritual companionship, but of a hope, a purpose.

The organ boomed sullenly overhead. He knelt, and for me his splendid isolation became tragic.

That is one picture that I have of him. Then again I see him at the *festa* in the market place, still unattended, fighting gayly through a clamoring, sweating crowd. Unless it was true, as Lisbeth had said, that some charm protected him, he risked

(Continued on Page 109)

It ruined her entire evening

SOMETHING that she had overheard quite by accident — several men talking about her when they didn't know she was near.

Surely this sort of thing couldn't be true of her—and yet she had heard them with her own ears!

She couldn't get home fast enough. Nor could she explain to her escort why she was so upset. She felt only like bursting into tears—which she did the moment she was alone.

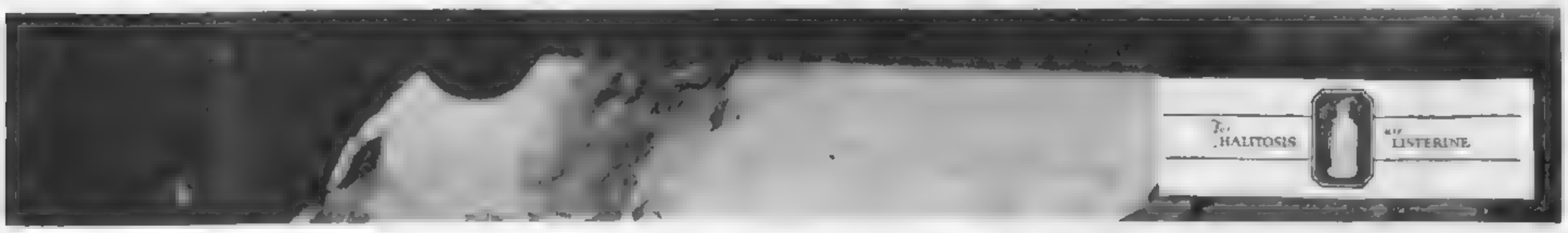
* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, I suppose, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the cause. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for a half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle. —*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*



A sure Way to Home Comfort in Winter

When you can feel the impact of a driving wintry storm, pounding against the walls of your house—

When windows drum against their casings and cornices whine and whistle in the wind—

That's when snug warmth and comfort at home bring the deepest satisfaction.

That's when your heating system is put to the test!

You anticipate and prepare for just such extremes when you install a heater that bears the nameplate, "International." And you also anticipate for your heater a long life of sound, satistactory usefulness.

Whether your building is best suited for a warm air furnace or a hot water, steam or vapor-steam boiler, equipping it with an "International" is your assurance of the fullest measure of winter-long comfort and heating satisfaction at the most reasonable operating cost.

You can place complete confidence in "International" Equipment because it is made by a company that for 82 years has maintained a reputation for quality and service.

And you can place confidence in the advice of men of the International Heater Organization because ***we make all standard types of heaters for use with a variety of fuels and are without prejudice toward any one type.***

There are literally hundreds of thousands of buildings being successfully heated by "International" Equipment. There is ***safety*** in joining this throng.

A Booklet, discussing heating and various types of International Heaters, will be sent free on request. Write Dept. A.

International Heater Company

Utica, N. Y.

BRANCHES: New York, Chicago, Nashua, N. H., Cleveland

DISTRIBUTING POINTS:

Portland, Oregon, Lynch Brothers
San Francisco, Cal., The International Sales Corp.
Seattle, Wash., Colcock Furnace Company
St. Paul, Minn., Farwell, Ozmun, Kirk & Co.
Kansas City, Mo., Richards & Conover Hdw. Co.
Greensboro, N. C., The Langley Sales Co.
Denver, Colo., Elliott Heating Supply Co.
London, Ont., International Onepipe Heater Ltd.
For Western Canada, Heating Supplies Limited, Warehouse and Office, 902 Home St., Winnipeg, Can.

Are you Interested in a Hot Water, Steam or Vapor-Steam Boiler?

If so, by all means get the catalog of International "Economy" Boilers.

It explains precisely why so many buildings are being properly heated with these boilers at the very minimum of fuel, operating and repair costs.

It tells why "Economy" Boilers are so easy to keep clean—free from heat reducing soot; about the importance of balanced design—proper proportioning of water ways, flue passages and heat absorbing surfaces, about the carburetor principle which assures proper burning of the fuel; the positive water circulation; the steam baffles which assure delivery of dry steam; the simple but effective grate construction; the interlocking cement joints.

Such features as these make the INTERNATIONAL "Economy" Boiler a high quality heating unit.

Made in sizes for small, private homes to large, public buildings.

Write for "Economy" Boiler Catalog A.

INTERNATIONAL

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BOILERS, FURNACES AND ONEPIPE HEATERS

(Continued from Page 106)

his life. There must have been more than one man who pressed against him with his hand on his revolver. And he was an alien, in his English fairness, in his every action. His casualness should have confused and antagonized these people, accustomed to a spectacular tyranny. At a wooden booth where a *marimba* tinkled for the hotly dancing couples he seized upon a pretty little native girl, who watched wistfully, and whirled her down the boarded floor, smiling into her abashed, deliciously bewildered face. The old mood had overtaken him—the same light-hearted trust in himself and his own rightness that had made him laugh into the eyes of that woman pirate at the very moment of death. And now, as then, he was justified. He won. He flouted their every preconception of a leader, knocked over their prejudices with an easy mockery. And they followed him, laughed with him, exulting in his unexpectedness, fascinated by his utter disregard of them.

A wandering French company gave a gala performance of Le Cid that night at the Teatro Nacional. It was to be the culminating celebration. Two days before, the Quetzelangan troops had driven the last invader over the border, and a national pride, as easily kindled to white-hot fury as crushed into a gray subjection, made the occasion one for an overweening display. It would have been easy to have imagined oneself in a Berlin opera house on a night of victory. The flamboyant red-and-gold building flickered with the colors of gaudy uniforms amidst which the black mantillas of the heavy and overjeweled women struck like a sensuous and provocative note of music. The proscenium and presidential box were overgrown with flowers. At intervals a second-rate orchestra broke into some national air and the audience swept to its feet, shouting and gesticulating.

I had taken my place in the crowd that lined the sides of the stalls opposite the presidential box. I was resigned now to my part in this drama. And at the bottom—I know it now—I would not have owned it then—I came because the pain of seeing her was the only happiness left me. And as I stood there, waiting with the thickly beating heart of a young lover, a hand laid itself on my arm. I turned to meet the baron's friendly and villainous grin.

"And the joke of it is," he said in my ear, "that half these pretty fellows would haf gone over to Carenza on that very morning. That's their way. Like the wind. You cannot blame the wind. But if you want to get anywhere you must use steam. Na, we are the steam."

And he laughed and ran his bloodshot brown eyes over the crowd with a frank contempt. He himself made a striking enough figure in the pale-blue uniform of a German dragoon regiment, and his great chest glittered with German orders. He must have felt my curiosity, for he looked down on the display and patted it affectionately with a broad, powerful hand.

"I am a Quetzelangan," he said; "but I was once in the cavalry—before I took to flying—and sometimes in a half-breed mob like this I like to remember that I was once a good German."

He put his finger to his lips. The leader of the orchestra had turned towards us, baton in hand. It was the signal. The audience was on its feet again, this time in straining silence. I saw Doña Isabella enter the box opposite. She paused a moment, looking down on us, half curious, half contemptuous, then seated herself, drawing her mantilla closer about her with an arrogant calm. Reluctantly she had made way for the woman behind her.

Well, he had kept his word. I knew that she had never desired nor chosen those jewels—not even the dress, marvelously like her though it was in its simplicity and golden richness. There were emeralds in her sunny hair and on the womanly tender hand that rested half closed against her breast in that old unconscious gesture of a child's innocent wonder.

The baron whispered, "*Eine Märchenprinzessin, nicht wahr?* He sent for that dress to Paris. She makes the Doña Isabella look like a black, angry crow. *Passen Sie auf*—now you shall hear something."

For all that time there had been no sound. It was a tribute to John Smith's power over the people's imaginations that, volatile and impatient as they were, they should have stood there motionless for a full minute before he came. I saw him dimly at first. He seemed to come out of a distant obscurity like an old portrait from a faded background, and to look down upon that seething mass with an impenetrable remoteness. Remote and alone. There was no kinship between him and these people. They were his tools—nothing more. Perhaps they knew it. At least he knew, and the knowledge may have had a bitter flavor. But for once he had humored them. He wore the uniform of their First Infantry Regiment—as the baron shouted to me—and he gave its blue-and-gold extravagance an unchallengeable dignity. He stood at the front of the box, his hands crossed upon his sword hilt, and accepted the shouted tributes without sign either of impatience or satisfaction. He was paler than his wont, and his eyes were fixed steadily on some far-off point beyond the white, upturned faces. Did he for a moment look back—say, at Lizzie Smith's little sweet shop in the High Street, or on those ragamuffin days when he had stolen like a thief through the haunted galleries of Old Stoneborough? I did not think so; or if he did it must have been as upon a period as unreal and fantastic as was this scene to me. To him this was the reality. The rest—the poverty, the hardships, the apparent helplessness—must have seemed like a play in which he had acted his part, not carelessly, for no man with such a purpose can afford to bungle even the least detail of his life, but with a secret imperious laughter.

"*Viva el liberador! Viva el general! Viva! Viva!*"

I saw Lisbeth suddenly stretch out her hand and lay it upon his. This scene, which seemed to express a passionate gratitude, must have moved her profoundly. It justified him. It reconciled them. And at that touch I could have sworn that the blood rushed up into his set face and that he sighed deeply.

"*Viva! Viva!*"

He turned. He made a gesture towards Marreno, who stood beside him. He may have had a sincere desire to turn the enthusiasm from himself. If so, he failed. The Latin-American has no pity.

"No, no! *El general! El liberador!*"

Then in one of those sudden lulls which fall upon mob fury a man's voice rang out. I could not hear the words. The mere sound was an insult.

There was one thing to be said for Marreno. He had courage—self-control of a sort. He gave no sign. His expressionlessness was deadly. I heard the baron click his tongue.

"*Ça y est.* He won't swallow that. So much the better."

The next instant he had me by the arm in a grip so fierce that it made me turn sharp round. The man's face had undergone a terrible change. The good humor which made its ugliness not unlikable had been wiped out. He looked bestial. The thick lips were thrown out in an expression that was horrible in its greedy cruelty. I followed his eyes. The orchestra had broken into the national anthem, and over the heads of the audience, temporarily at rest, I recognized her. She stood on a line with us, nearer to the stage, gazing up into the president's box. She was unchanged. For all the gaudy evening dress and air of reckless well-being, the something weather-beaten and tired and insatiable which had moved me to a strange pity still lingered about her. She was smiling to herself—as she had smiled that evening—with irony and anger, but with pity and admiration too. The generous, violent face was tremulous. At a touch perhaps she would have burst into a fit of crying, or into a fit of large-hearted laughter. So she, too, had beaten her way through somehow. And now John Smith could look to himself.

An officer of Marreno's army had her by the arm. And he was watching her and smiling, too, with a deliberate, open desire. That wouldn't hurt her now—hadn't hurt her, perhaps, since that time in Brussels when he had left her to save herself, any way or not at all. She had a right to her disaster. And if Lisbeth went down, too, that couldn't be helped. That was the way things happened. Nobody had cared whether she was innocent or not. Innocence didn't save you.

The baron had let go his hold on me. He was making strange groaning sounds in his throat, as though he were trying to curse and couldn't. Then without a word of explanation or farewell he broke from me, kicking and elbowing his way through the crowd with a violence that roused a swirl of resentment in his track. Perhaps the angry murmur drew her attention to the huge figure battling towards her. At any

"And Dad was my age when he sat for that!"

FEW young looking men were prominent in business, in politics, or in any of the professions when high wheeled bicycles were upsetting confidence, and the breezes were wooed by weeping Dundrearys.

Whiskers used to make the middle-aged man look so old that he was likely to wonder whenever he passed a mirror whether it wasn't about time for him to be selecting administrators and letting the family know the name of his favorite undertaker.

What a difference clean shaving has made! Now the man of forty, in addition to being at his best, can look it.

COLGATE'S
Rapid-Shave Cream

softens the beard at the base—
where the razor's work is done.

Its marvelous effect is almost instantaneous. With *plenty* of hot water or cold, soft water or hard, Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream makes a close, moist lather which emulsifies the oily coating upon the hairs of the beard and plumps them for easy shaving.

You will say after using Colgate's that it is better than you thought a shaving cream could be.

COLGATE & CO. *Established 1806* NEW YORK

Fill out and mail the attached coupon for a free trial tube containing cream enough for 12 easier shaves than you have ever had

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. P
199 Fulton St., New York

Please send me the free trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream, for better, *easier* shaving

Name——

Address

State

Why over 100,000 busy executives are free from "cluttered desks"

THOUSANDS of men now keep their desks cleared for action!

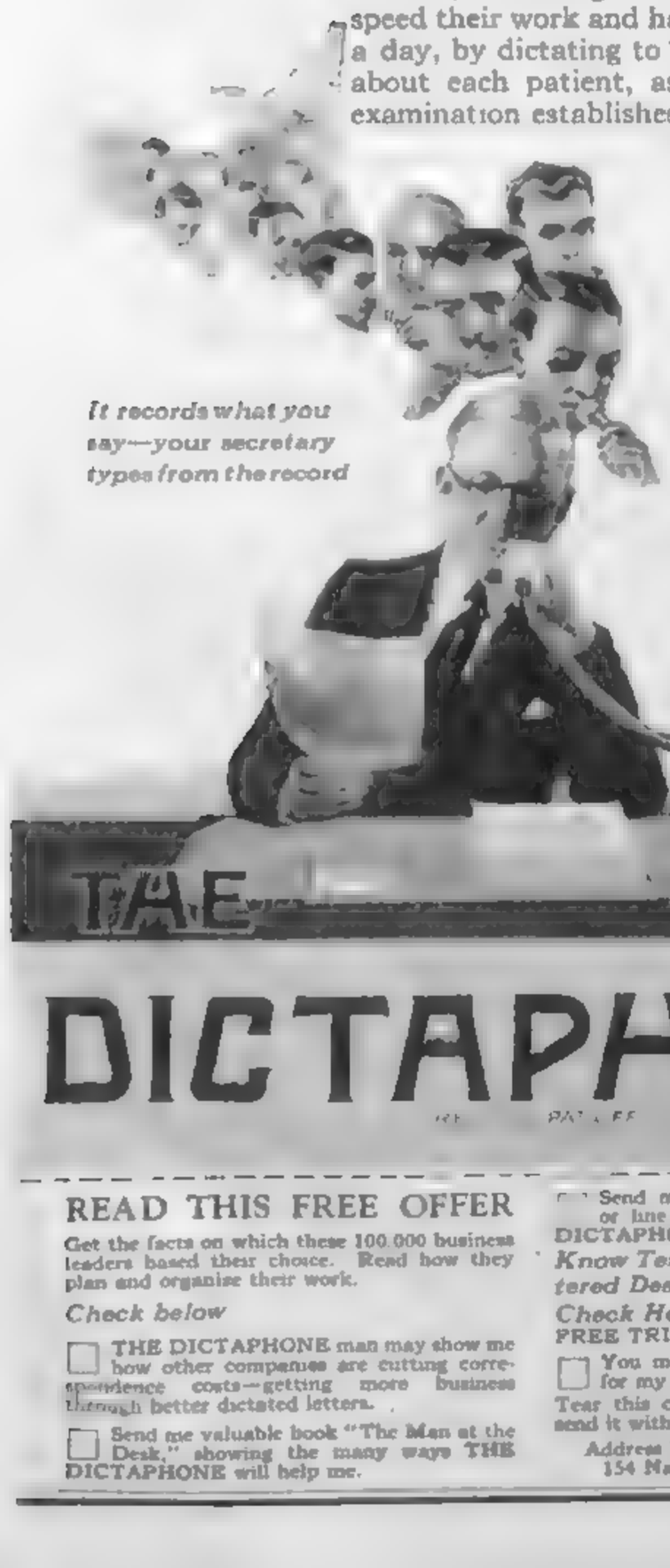
Over 100,000 of these "doers" in business keep their work moving because they have THE DICTAPHONE handy for instant use. As the morning mail is read they dictate to THE DICTAPHONE clear cut answers or notes to their secretaries, *and their desks are cleared.*

When they have directions to give they outline them fully when the plan of work is fresh in mind—then have the chance to see how their words look in cold type before they're released.

Verbal arrangements or telephone conversations are instantly repeated to THE DICTAPHONE. *Their minds are never cluttered with half-remembered facts.*

Each detailed part of the day's work is carried forward by letter or memo as far as it can be, laid aside, then the next is taken up for like action.

It's the same method that enables hundreds of doctors, including many famous specialists, to speed their work and handle hundreds of cases in a day, by dictating to THE DICTAPHONE, notes about each patient, as fast as each successive examination establishes the facts.



It records what you say—your secretary types from the record

Thousands of executives in big corporations like

Metropolitan Life
New York Central R. R.
Texas Co.
National City Bank
S. W. Straus & Co.
Travelers Insurance Co.
Lever Bros. (Lux and Lifebuoy)
Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.

use THE DICTAPHONE in this way to speed and safeguard their detail—to get more time for creative thinking.

THE DICTAPHONE

READ THIS FREE OFFER

Get the facts on which these 100,000 business leaders based their choice. Read how they plan and organize their work.

Check below

☐ THE DICTAPHONE man may show me how other companies are cutting correspondence costs—getting more business through better dictated letters.

☐ Send me valuable book "The Man at the Desk," showing the many ways THE DICTAPHONE will help me.

☐ Send me names of men in my locality or line of business who now use THE DICTAPHONE.

Know Ten Days' Relief from a Cluttered Desk.

Check Here and Get
FREE TRIAL INSTALLATION

☐ You may install THE DICTAPHONE for my use FREE for TEN DAYS.

Tear this coupon. Check your choice and send it with your letterhead.

Address Dictaphone Sales Corporation
154 Nassau Street, New York City

rate, as though warned, she turned quickly, spoke to her companion, and they were gone before the German could reach them. A fresh inrush of people checked his pursuit. I saw him standing there, staring about him like a maddened, baffled animal.

XXXII

I WENT to John Smith. And it was typical of the man that though the gilded, pretentious anteroom was full of officers and officials who had been kicking their heels in wait for him for hours, he received me instantly. He even rose from the littered table where he had been working and offered me his hand, and when I ignored it the eyes—more penetratingly blue and living than ever in that tanned and haggard setting—considered me with a quizzical kindliness.

"I think it's foolish of you to feel like that, Fitzroy. After all, we can't help ourselves."

I found myself stammering in a sort of sullen, ludicrous self-defense.

"You nearly rode me down in the plaza the other night. At least you wanted to."

"No, really," he protested. "I didn't recognize you. I was frightfully tired. I had been two days and nights without sleep, and I had to watch Marreno like a cat. Afterwards—well, you looked so obstinate and disapproving ——" He laughed and I felt the blood rush to my face. "By the way, what do you disapprove of, Fitzroy? Life? God? You've got all sorts of vague notions about pity, haven't you? But look here!" He took me by the arm and led me to the window that overlooked the patio. "Those are Marreno's quarters. I'm sharing house with him at present, ostensibly to be in close communication, really so that we can keep an eye on each other. Well, if you were to stand here long enough you would notice that, though everything seems very much asleep, el Señor Presidente receives visitors. They are very unobtrusive. But they are weaving all kinds of little schemes for my benefit. Assassination, perhaps. But Marreno would prefer to be a hero. And he'd like to catch me alive and do to me what he did to Alvarez before he died. So it's more likely he'll try fighting. He's utterly irreconcilable—ambitious without brains or character. Obstacles like that have to be cleared out of the road, Fitzroy. There's no other way to build up an empire in this world. God knows that as well as I do."

"Why should you build up an empire?" I retorted.

"Because it is the will of God."

There was no answer to that except to say that he was either mad or consciously blaspheming, and neither taunt was true. Nor did I want to taunt him. As he stood there looking out into the sunlight, I felt sick at heart—heavy with that same vague pity of which he had accused me.

"Well, since we're not friends, what is it you want?"

"Paula is here," I answered.

He gave no sign—except, perhaps, I thought, of a faintly admiring amusement.

"How do you know?"

"I saw her last night at the theater."

"Have you come to warn me?"

"I had to."

"Why? Why not let the storm burst?"

"You know why. Because it would burst over Lisbeth. It's an incredible situation, but until she is out of danger I have no choice but to take your part," I broke out involuntarily. "I'm afraid for her."

"There's no need," he retorted haughtily. "Whoever else is in danger, she is safe."

I laughed.

"You talk about God's will. One would think that you were God. Don't you—or won't you—realize the danger she is in?"

"Are you speaking as a doctor?"

"Even if I wasn't a doctor, I should see how frail she is."

He went back to his place at the littered table and sat down. Though the slender, beautiful hands were clasped, he could not and perhaps did not try to control their trembling. Another man, hard hit before an open enemy, would have laughed and acted a fine self-confidence. But in all fundamentals he had never acted. And there was a queer moving pathos in his open fear for her.

"Of course I've seen. Fitzroy"—he leaned towards me, his strange eyes seeming to draw me against my will into a profound intimacy—"she's terrible and pitiable, too, isn't she? You've known her all her life—better than I do. You know what I mean. So frail, as you say; so very frail. Anything might break her—a blow, a sudden shock. She might die when her baby comes. That's what's in your mind all the time, isn't it? That's why you don't shoot me or go about telling the world the sort of fellow you think I am. And yet I'm powerless beside her. Obstinate—or strong? I don't know. But there's something here"—he laid his hand against his breast—"something fine that I can't move; perhaps that I don't want to move. And yet it might break my life."

I looked away from him. It was intolerable that he should lay himself bare to me. It was disarming. I had to say to myself, "This man is a murderer who has betrayed not only the woman you love but many women—beyond forgiveness," and even then could feel nothing but a dull disbelief.

And as though he knew the thoughts that were passing through my mind, he asked gently, "You know I love her?"

"Yes," I answered with bitter truth. "I believe you do."

That seemed to be all he wanted, for a moment afterwards he went on with a cool matter-of-factness:

"So that you and I have got to pull together. As regards Paula, I could have her arrested and sent out of the country. But I couldn't stop her talking and I have enemies enough to spread the news. It would be best for you to see her." He saw my flash of incredulous resentment and went on deliberately: "I am not afraid of her. If you must, you can bring her here. But take a message from me first. Ask her what she wants. I am not personally rich in money, but I could raise enough to satisfy her. I am prepared to buy her off—at any rate until Lisbeth is out of danger. But if she has come here to make trouble or to demand impossibilities ——" His voice dropped and became dangerous. "Explain to her that I have unlimited power here. Tell her that Lisbeth is my wife. Anyone who attempts to touch her position I shall simply stamp out. I can do it and I will." He began to pace the room. I believe that a thought came into his mind which he banished at once, but not utterly. He added in a changed tone: "I do not want that to happen. I always liked Paula. She has more courage in her little finger than ten men, and we had great days together. Tell her I have not forgotten."

He took it for granted that I would go. And I remember looking him up and down, feeling my helplessness, and wondering why in heaven I couldn't loathe him.

"I'm just another tool to you," I said.

He smiled.

"A very fractious one. Well, I don't see that that is a matter for reproach, is it? Tools are a necessity. Even a Raphael had to have a paint box, I suppose. If I could do without other men—and women—I would. You can be sure of that. As to Paula and me—we should simply strike sparks out of each other. And even you don't want a conflagration at the moment."

"How shall I find her?"

"I shall find her for you. I have spies everywhere—even in Marreno's camp. Give me your address. I will let you know immediately."

"Suppose I fail?"

"You won't. But in any case I shall send Lisbeth up to Chevaga, out of reach. All this turmoil is bad for her. I know that as well as you do."

"Wherever you are there will be turmoil. Your life is made up of nothing else."

He shrugged rather scornfully.

"You mean that wherever there is action there is violence. Well, action is life. Those volcanoes out there—when they are dead and cold this earth will be so much nearer its end. They have destroyed people and cities. So shall I perhaps. It's inevitable. It has always been inevitable."

"In the end you will destroy Lisbeth too."

He turned full on me. His face was white but perfectly expressionless.

"I suppose you are trying to shake my faith in myself. You should know me better. And you're paying Lisbeth a poor compliment. She's big—bigger than you are. I have made her happy—and I shall make her happy. Don't delude yourself, Fitzroy. She made no mistake. I'm her man as no one else could have been. When she has her child—when all this is over—she will see clearly that I had no choice. The things that fret her now will fall into their place. That is"—suddenly the color poured into his face like a released tide and

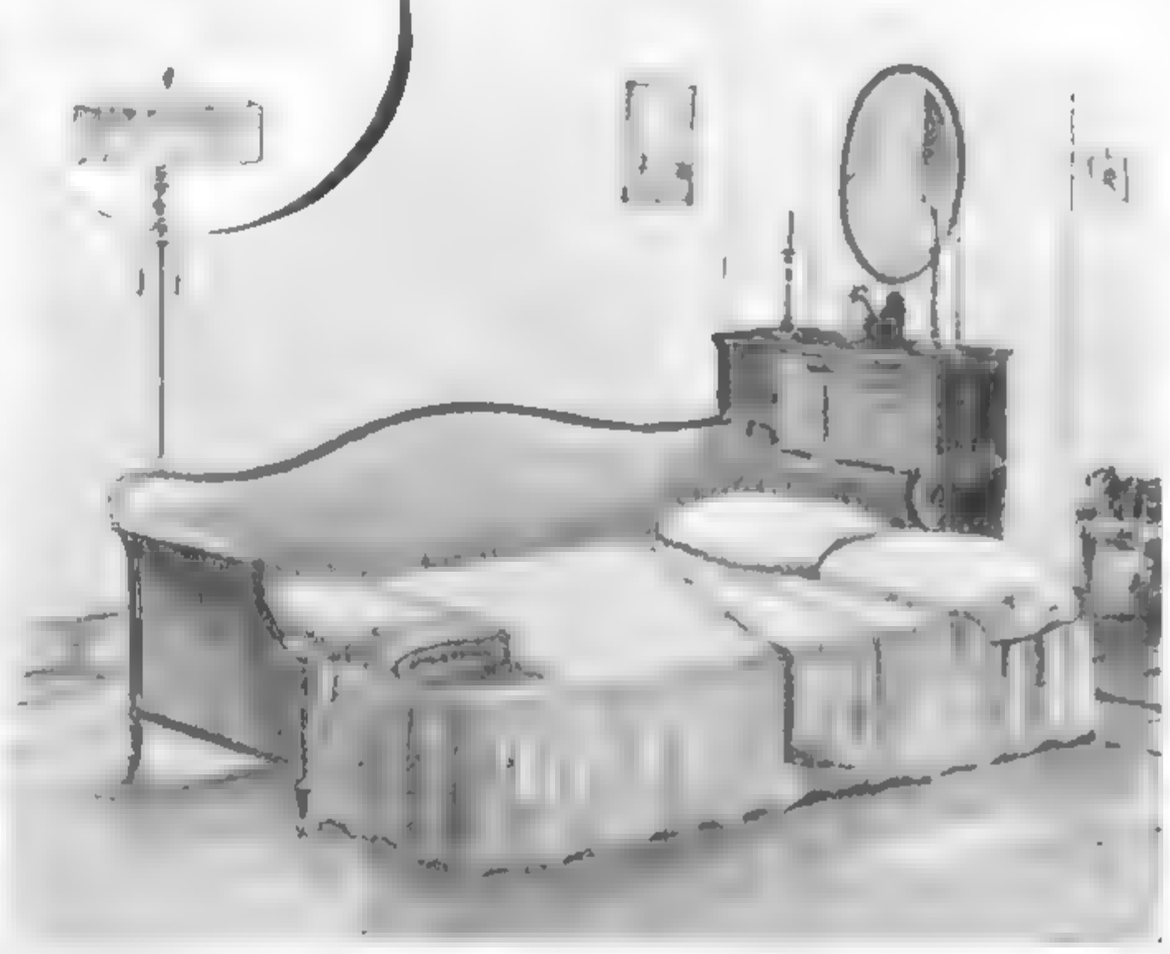
(Continued on Page 113)

On Wednesdays it has become the custom, quite, to serve raisin bread as part of the luncheon or dinner menu. Naturally—since bakers everywhere prepare for Wednesday special bakings of their finest Sun-Maid Raisin Bread. And generally they include as well, rolls and coffee cakes, muffins, "snails"—and Sun-Maid Raisin Pie, of course! These, and other tempting raisin foods, are to be had, fresh and fragrant from the oven, at any bakery, grocery store or delicatessen in your city. Make their service a regular Wednesday custom in *your* home.

Endorsed by bakers everywhere, by the American Bakers' Association, the Retail Bakers' Association of America, and by the Bread and Cake Bakers' Association of Canada

Raisin Bread *Special* on Wednesdays

Makes guests *feel* welcome



VELVET silence—somewhere a clock ticking a measured cadence. The phone rings—ring-ring—ring-ring-ring!

A voice in the hall: "Yes, this is Holton four one hundred. Who? . . . Frances! Why, Fran, you darling, whenever did you get to town? . . . You say you're at the Ambassador and Jack's with you? . . . Every hotel in town is full? Well, you old goose, why did you even consider a hotel? . . . You knew we didn't have a guest room? You're quite right, but we have the loveliest Davenport Bed you ever saw with a real bed in it and—what's that? Room for both of you? Don't be silly, it's a real bed, I tell you, and you'll be just as comfortable as can be. Jump in a taxi and hurry on out, we're dying to see you both!"

The Davenport Bed makes guests *feel* welcome. No matter how snug and tiny the apartment, there is always comfortable accommodation for the extra guests in its generous size bed with real bedsprings and mattress.

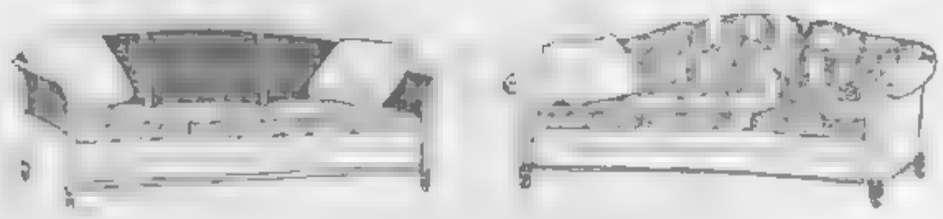
By day the Davenport Bed is a beautiful and inviting davenport. It brings a tone of luxury and substantial comfort to the living room. Your furniture store will show you a variety of Davenport Beds in various upholsterings, designs and woods. A wide selection of styles will make it an easy matter for you to choose the particular Davenport Bed that will best suit your requirements.

"The Home in Good Taste" is a pleasing presentation of correct home furnishings, accompanied by photographs of Davenport Beds in many styles. Write for a copy.

DAVENPORT BED MAKERS OF AMERICA
[more than 80 individual manufacturers]
1129 Standard Oil Building, Chicago

The DAVENPORT BED

SERVES BY DAY AND BY NIGHT



© 1924 D. B. M. of A.

Continued from Page 110

I realized that he had been speaking under a violent restraint—"unless you have so poisoned her mind, so blinded her with your own trivial vision ——"

I was too startled to answer, and in a moment his whole aspect had changed again. The charm of that contrition was like a flood of generous warmth breaking over me. I can feel now the conscious and deliberately exerted strength of his fascination. He put his arm over my shoulder and for the life of me I could not have shaken myself free.

"There! You're the very devil, Fitzroy. You've made me sorry. And I've never been sorry about anything. Of course I trust you, damn you! I believe you want the best, even for me. That's why I'm afraid you'll make a mess of things. You honest, unselfish people are more dangerous than an army of lunatics."

"What do you want me to do?" I asked grimly. "Tell Lisbeth—and try to catch her on the rebound for myself?"

"Well, at least I could fight you then," he retorted. "As it is, I suppose if you could get me married to her according to your own trumpery little laws you would thank God and go in peace."

That seemed so obvious that I did not answer, and he sighed and said something under his breath about fighting a mist. But after that our conversation became purely formal. I was to find Paula and persuade her to silence, threaten her if necessary, and bring him the result at the president's reception that night.

"Tell her," he said finally, "that what she does in the end is of no interest to me. The ceremony I went through with her was a convenience to both of us and nothing more. She knows that. Her time for bargaining is short."

I remembered Paula and wondered, but I said nothing and we parted abruptly. On the threshold of the antechamber I ran into the baron. But he was quarreling with a Quetzelangan official and did not even see me.

His great voice boomed through the crowded room, thick and shaken with anger.

"But I must speak to him—I must! Tell him that I saw her and that I will not be responsible!"

And then as I looked back I saw him catch his opponent by the collar and swing him off his feet and toss him into the gaping crowd like an importunate cur. He himself went striding down the corridor towards the general's room, and even the armed sentry did not attempt to stop him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Small-Town Stuff

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Etiquette

THE book of etiquette, carefully hidden behind the eight volumes of the world's great masterpieces in prose and poetry, lest visitors discover it and think you but newly arrived at an appreciation of culture, is a commendable bit of literature and useful as far as it goes. It tells you to sit in solemn unconcern until the waiter retrieves your fork from the floor, to wait until the lady nods before lifting your hat, to keep the lady on the inside of the walk where her view of the shop windows will be unobstructed, and everything like that. But you will search through it in vain for words of counsel needed in time of crisis.

What, for example, shall you do when the fowl you are carving skids from the platter and comes to rest in the lap of a guest? Shall you request the return of it? Or shall you quit your chair and retrieve it in person, meanwhile chatting lightly to give the impression that migratory fowls are not to be taken too seriously? Or shall you ring for the maid and ask her to remove the wandering fowl and bring on the coffee?

If there is but coffee enough for another cup, and you think your guest will require it, and your husband horns in with a request for more, and you endeavor to kick his shins beneath the table and kick a shin belonging to your guest, shall you apologize when his agonized yell reveals your error? Or shall you quite placidly ask him to have another cup and leave the issue to his discretion?

When the clock strikes eleven and you assure your guest that you are accustomed to late hours, and he takes you at your word and lights another cigar, shall you suffer on or take it for granted that his state of boredom is no less acute than your own, and show him mercifully to bed?

If you live in a small town and get invited to a wedding, and the local dealers are all sold out of gravy ladles and sugar spoons when you call to make your purchase, can you select some other gift without appearing ignorant of social customs?

If you wear a rented dress suit to a party, and some chap whose suit obviously is made to measure persists in his inquiries concerning the identity of your tailor, shall you do it then or must you wait until you get him outside?

When the girl who told you she didn't feel at all hungry orders a dinner costing three dollars and seventy cents, and the tickets and taxi are yet to be paid for, and you have but one lone ten-dollar bill, shall you feign illness and get her away from there or wait until you get to the movie and then shake her?

If you are chewing gum and the De Peysters offer to pick you up in their car and they think gum chewing vulgar, shall you park it just outside a second bicuspid and mention your toothache, or shall you swallow the darned stuff?

If you step out on the porch of your host's residence and there find a charming feminine guest whose name you cannot recall, and she mentions neither Freud nor the price of sugar, and you can't get a line on her, shall you ask permission to smoke or offer her one?

The book of etiquette is all right in its formal and placid way, but it is too much like free speech: When you feel greatest need of it, it isn't there.

Thinking

RODIN'S Thinker sits bowed, with his chin in one hand. This, however, is an uncommon attitude for thinkers. As a general thing the man who has his photograph made with his chin resting in one hand is possessed of the kind of chin that needs a rest, and fluent amateur talkers seldom are thinkers.

Much of the world's thinking is done by men who have their feet on desks. It is the attitude, however, that encourages meditation, and not the fact that the feet are resting on something. Persons who are given to meditation while resting one foot on the accelerator are not called thinkers. They are called lunatics and other things similarly inadequate.

Thinking is a simple mental process of placing one foot in front of the other along a path suggested by common sense. Following the path leads at last to a sound idea, but many who get under way with the best of intentions are led afield by idiocies masquerading as ideas, and become cranks. These idiocies have a remarkable vitality, and when one of them gets into a head and begins to call itself an idea it lives on indefinitely.

If a man sits and stares into space, you are safe in assuming that he is thinking, except in the spring of the year. If he does it in the spring, it is probable that he is merely killing time.

Men who resort to thinking in an effort to expedite the business of getting somewhere usually get to Easy Street, but men who are enamored of the belief that thinking is an end rather than a means seldom develop into anything except expert whittlers.

Many authorities hold that animals and birds do not think, and this belief is substantiated by the rapidity with which they are permitting themselves to be killed off by men who do not think except in terms of present profits. Animals and birds, however, have instinct. Instinct enables them to avoid many hazards, and no doubt it is much less tiresome than thinking; but one is privileged to question its infallibility while watching a hound dog snapping at the heels of a mule.

Teeth You Admire in Women

Clean and pearly—free from dingy film
All men should have them, too

A vast change has come in late years in respect to pretty teeth. Now you see whiter teeth everywhere, and everyone admires them.

A new method of teeth cleaning has come into vogue, and millions now employ it. It combats the film—the cause of dingy teeth. If you don't know it, the test we offer will prove a revelation.

That cloud is film

You can feel on your teeth a viscous film. It clings to teeth and stays. Unless removed, it becomes discolored. Then it forms dingy coats. It particularly discolors teeth of men who smoke.

That film is the teeth's great enemy. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They cause many serious troubles, local and internal. So teeth which show a film-coat are unsafe.

A solution found

Dental science has found two ways to solve this great film problem. One way is to disintegrate the film at all stages of formation. The other is to remove it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created to apply these film combatants. The name is Pepsodent. The use has now spread the world over. Careful people of some 50 nations employ it, largely by dental advice.

Also fruit effects

Research also proved that certain peoples who eat much fruit are more immune from tooth troubles. Many of them are famous for beautiful teeth.

The reasons are now known. Fruit acidity multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. And those are the agents on which Nature depends to combat acid and starch deposits.

So Pepsodent is made to produce twice daily these essential effects obtained from fruit. It multiplies these tooth-protecting agents in the mouth.

Let it convince you

Pepsodent will quickly convince you. Once you see and feel its good effects, you will never go without them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

Look at your teeth in ten days, and you will know why millions now use Pepsodent. Cut out coupon now.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Pepsodent REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste based on modern research, now advised by leading dentists the world over.

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

10-Day Tube Free 1300

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 753, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

2,500,000 In Use

The soundly established success of the Square D Safety Switch is a matter of common understanding in every industry where electrical current is used. And logically so. Its ingenious and practical advantages, and the fine quality which is a Square D characteristic, *deserve* the appreciation which has been made so clear and emphatic by more than two and a half million installations.

SQUARE D COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.
FACTORIES AT: DETROIT, MICH., PERU, IND., WALKERVILLE, ONT.
BRANCH OFFICES: Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, New York, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Toronto, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Montreal, Atlanta, Cleveland, San Francisco, Winnipeg, Vancouver
(52)

SQUARE D
Safety Switch

UNWRITTEN HISTORY

(Continued from Page 21)

belong to a production under such conditions is worth a lifetime of class work.

I never shall forget a fortnight of agony that I endured when I endeavored to direct an early effort of my own for a special charitable performance with a company consisting entirely of actors and actresses of vast experience and high standing, who, although they considered my play worthy to appear in, all regarded me as an amateur of the rankest kind, as, of course, I was. From the very moment that we started to work, first one and then another came to me in the kindest way, all for my own good and not in the least, of course, for theirs, for the alteration of lines, of business, of intonations, of positions, of plot, of character. Allowing myself to be torn this way and that, out of respect and awe of their greater knowledge, I took away a manuscript after the first rehearsal that was more like shredded wheat than a well-typed play.

Not only was this process of steady alteration continued day after day, with a complete disregard of me both as director and as author, but presently whole mornings were spent in argument and attempted explanation by actors who began to discover that they were like scattered beads from a broken string or isolated pieces in a picture puzzle. One by one, no longer on speaking terms with one another, they failed to arrive. Every morning the stage became less and less populated. There were fewer "Oh, my dears," and "Oh, my darlings," fewer little bags which had a fatal knack of disappearing, to be found after an emotional hunt; fewer backbitings and nasty whispers, until at last, with only the bright-eyed girl who was still perfectly willing to speak the lines of a maid which long ago had been removed from the script, I made a bonfire of the harrowed thing, went home for an original copy, engaged another company of less important people, and started all over again with a Pineroistic eye and a front of false marble like that of a Turkish bath.

The young and inexperienced actor does not need direction half so much as the leading man no longer in the first, second or even third flush of giddy youth who has been in the habit of browbeating the humble author and the obsequious stage manager, and who brings to his work in addition to an inability to learn his lines, all the old bad tricks of barnstorming days and the determination to keep to the middle of the stage even if, like the boy who stood on the burning deck, he has killed the play stone dead. The modern star, of course, stands in need of elementary teaching with every part that she essays. Otherwise the electric bulbs that blazen her name over the entrance to the theater pop, one after another, blackening the lives of manager, author, company, stage hands and all the other people who hang about the theater for their daily bread.

Almost a Dramatist

Charity covers a multitude of sins, and so the play was permitted to proceed by an audience of lenient and elderly ladies who either slept or talked. In hideous surprise at its fatuous stupidity and utter lack of grip, I watched it from the pit; and when the painful afternoon was over made a second bonfire and wrote it all over again. I was by that time almost a dramatist, though the second writing was never produced. The fifth was, and so was the sixth; and both, bearing no relationship to each other, achieved pronounced success, as advertisements have it.

It is a great life if you don't weaken. Living in the country, so that I might play golf or tennis every afternoon, take my dogs for runs behind a well-oiled bicycle and keep a friendly eye on rose trees, I had as little use for London clubs as they probably had for me. I was, of course, a member of the Authors' Society and enjoyed its protection on several occasions, of a club in St. James's Square whose bedrooms I used from time to time, and of other social clubs that I only lunched at when it was necessary to impress a publisher. I never dared to aspire to the haughty Savile, whose members were not mere writing men but literary gents and geniuses, and I never became a Savage, although as a guest I sometimes reveled in their delightful evenings.

Working every morning and every night, following a grim routine and doing without the luxury of waiting for inspiration, which has a knack of coming to men who have got out of the habit of work, I met very few brothers of the pen—editors, critics, publishers—until I had the honor to be elected to the Garrick, of which I was very proud. But some time before this event—and it was to me an event as well as an excitement—I had become a rural politician, chairman of a local Unionist association, to which my first burst of oratory in favor of Charlie Mills as a candidate for Parliament at a general election might have been made in Greek, an enthusiastic follower of Lord Roberts in his national-service scheme, the tragic and pathetic story of which was told by F. S. Oliver in his Ordeal by Battle, a frightful indictment of the egotism and blindness of the old bad men of politics who might have prevented the war, and the editor of the London World.

My appointment to the old chair upon which Edmund Yates had sat so successfully, and made rather shiny during its twenty years of placid occupation by my kind friend William Drummond, caused as much astonishment to me as it did to everyone else. The paper was then in the hands of the four brothers Yates, who milked it very dry, and it was suffering from a lack of new pasture, which made its milk a little thin and pale. I never quite understood why Drummond suddenly resigned, nor why I, after much turning over of better and more able names, was asked to step out of the ranks of regular contributors into the navigating room.

New Blood and Old Tradition

In spite of my incessant work for Charles Frohman, and a contract for a novel a year, I jumped at the offer with the greatest eagerness, though with a certain amount of funk. For one thing I felt that my editorial inexperience and comparative youth would cause a shudder of apprehension to run up and down the spines of the contributors, among whom the most necessary and distinguished were Frank Hill, the leader writer; William Archer, the critic; Mostyn T. Pigott, the poet; Lady Colin Campbell, Lady Jeune and Clotilde Graves—Richard Dehan. And for another I knew well enough that the perfectly natural jealousy of excellent men who considered that they had earned the right to the chair would be a difficult handicap to overcome. The faithful subeditor, too, whose whole life had been devoted to the paper was, of course, set in his views. New and possibly daring blood would give a shock to his constitution. The secretary, who had been in the office from tousle-headed boyhood, the advertising manager and the office boy, who would never see forty again, all were accustomed to a steady jog trot, an invariable routine. Not intending to edit the paper with my face to the wall, or to permit it to go along without the crack of the whip, a few jags at the mouth and a drastic though gradual change of passengers, I felt that my appearance was regarded by them with painful interest, like that of a new and possibly erratic bowler to an old-fashioned county team.

The World was something more in those days than a weekly journal for men and women of society and politics, which went into every country house and English club in every British possession. It was an institution. Its form and tradition, facial expression, religion and clothes were as familiar to its readers as those of Lord Chesterfield to his circle of friends. To change the cut of its coat, the brim of its hat, the shape of its boots, the tone of its voice, the angle of its chin, would be the act of a vandal, the work of an agnostic, the deed of a Bolshevik. I loved it too well to do any such thing; nor was I so unwise as not to know with what resentment my countrymen look upon innovations and change of habit. But with a kind message from Buckingham Palace to "tell that boy to keep the paper bright," I proceeded at once to a tightening up of the waistline and the injection of a tonic. I also caused much heartburning and agitation in the office by getting my brother Philip to make Will Crooks, M. P., a Celebrity at Home, on a page which had never known anyone before who wasn't in Debrett. It was so well done, however, and written with such charming humor and delicate character drawing that when the regular reader had recovered from the awful surprise of seeing such a name in the World he read the article with pleasure,

(Continued on Page 116)

ROLLIN

The First Popular Priced Car To Have European Type Motor—4-Wheel Brakes—Balloon Tires

The Rollin is the world's first automobile to offer this trio of advanced engineering refinements.

When Rollin White started out to design a new Four, he knew no halfway measures.

Long trained in a school which taught "Quality first regardless" he literally lived in the great engineering laboratories of Europe in search of the last word in fine motor design.

Here he discovered the higher efficiency of the small displacement, high compression motor, with new manifold and carburetor developments, plus force feed lubrication—all incorporated in his latest achievement—the Rollin.

From Europe, Mr. White learned of the rapid progress of 4-wheel brakes which provide such an increased factor of safety.

Promptly, he put 4-wheel brakes on the Rollin.

He found European engineers wildly excited over their highly successful experiments with the popularly termed Balloon Tire.

With eager rapidity he specified Balloon Tires for the new Rollin.

Any manufacturer would be proud to have but one of these features.

Rollin has all three.

Touring Car De Luxe $975*; Three Seated Coupe Roadster, $1175; Five Passenger Sedan, $1275. Prices f. o. b. factory.

*This same model with wood wheels, cord tires and 4-wheel brakes, but without De Luxe equipment, $895.

THE ROLLIN MOTORS COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

The Secret of Business Lighting

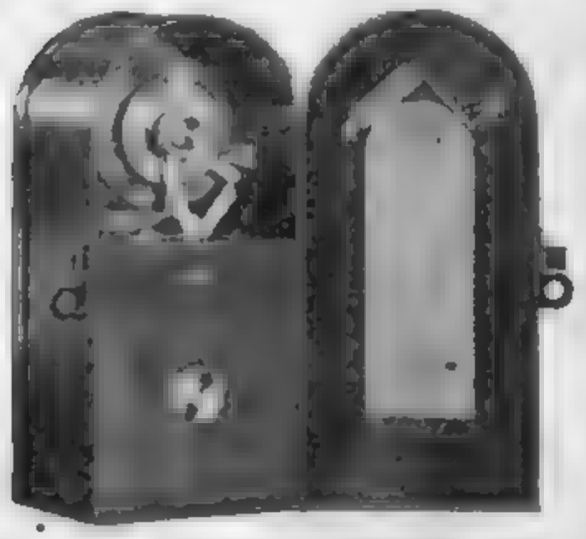
Today lighting is so great a factor in commerce that its intelligent use may spell the difference between success and failure.

I came to life to manage this important part of your *business*. I am a

TORK CLOCK

I turn electric lights on and off REGULARLY

I am the secret of business success in the regular use of light for production, for selling and for advertising. I make lighting do *what you planned to have it do* while you think of something else. When light is not needed, I save it. I cost little to buy and nothing to operate. This is what I look like on the job.



Just install me in place of the switch anybody may forget to turn

Tork Company, 8 W. 40th St., New York

Please send quotation through your nearest distributor on the correct size of Tork Clock to control the following number and size of lamps to the address written below:

(Continued from Page 114)

and sent me a post card to say so. They all sent me post cards from time to time, especially when I anticipated John Hare's knighthood by a year or so in a careless but prophetic moment, and ignorantly permitted a statement to stand as to there being three great oaks near the gateway of a certain ducal park instead of four. Men who have retired to the backwater of club life have lots of time on their hands.

Instantly, too, I combed London for one of those idiot philosophers, pleasantly illiterate after having been through Eton and the army, who could just manage to string together enough words to fill a column in which to describe his point of view of life. Many of them tried their mounts without quite clearing the jump, and so in desperation I became The Man of the World myself and signed his weekly effusion of confessions and comment Brummell, because he professed to be an expert, among other things, in clothes. No one except the dear old subeditor knew the secret of the authorship, and so half a dozen of the sort of men I did my best to interpret stoutly maintained that they were he. They did not look in the least foolish, having long ago recovered from so childish a trick, when I collected these papers together and brought them out in book form over my name. Even then, in fact, one of them continued stoutly to maintain that he was the author and gave it out on every race course that he had made a handsome present of his efforts to dear old Cossie, who was frequently mentioned therein. He went back to the army again on the fatal fourth of August, and like George Osborne at the Battle of Waterloo fell face downwards with a bullet through his brain. Long rest his amusing soul.

I went home one afternoon to go over the proof sheets of this book and found my temporary valet, an Admirable Crichton who had been lent to me by an officer in the Buffs, sitting at my desk, with a funeral pile of cigarette stubs near his elbow, reading the last pages with raised eyebrows. Begging him to remain where he was and continue to the bitter end, he condescended to do so; then rose and criticized the thing.

"I strongly advise you not to publish it, sir," he said with grave concern. "It ain't a gentleman's book."

Some Nervous Hours

He had come to this drastic conclusion because Brummell dropped all his final g's, broke down his fourth wall and indulged in frequent bursts of almost illiterate eloquence. Despite this probably good advice, the book went forward to the press and a critic less conventional than this gentleman's gentleman was kind enough to call Brummell "the Mr. Dooley of St. James's Street." Notwithstanding which I regret to say that my friend's good man never quite regarded me with the respect that he had had for me before. He continued, however, to play cricket on my village team and to get most correctly drunk every Saturday afternoon on warm beer.

Far from being disgruntled at my elevation to the poop, every contributor hastened very kindly to visit me on the first Wednesday afternoon to wish me luck and swear fealty to the cause. I shall never forget those nervous hours when they were shown up one after another to the prim editorial den in that narrow old house in York Street, Covent Garden, now empty, dusty and forlorn; and although I had written weekly dialogues and numerous stories for the paper for several years, we came face to face for the first time under those trying and somewhat emotional circumstances. I felt like a sublieutenant who had been shoved over the heads of all his senior officers to the command of the ship. If they shared the feelings of such senior officers they did not let me know it; and, as a matter of fact, I don't think any of them envied me my job, because they all knew that the paper had been offered to Lord Northcliffe and refused, and might any day be offered to any syndicate with enough ready money to satisfy the proprietors, who desired cash and were prepared to let the credit go. I gathered these facts then, and could see that a huge effort would have to be made to rekindle the faith of advertisers by bringing the blood pressure of the old gentleman up to normal and adding a beat to his too-slow pulse if he were to be saved from amalgamation with the weeklies of the polloi.

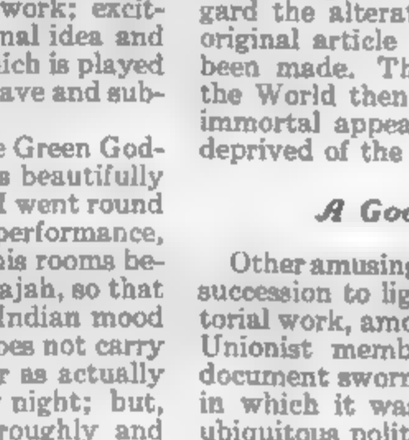
William Archer, who had stamped both feet on most of my plays, and in his capacity of the World's critic would certainly be obliged to repeat the painful process, caught the humor of the thing. In his dry Scotch way he said that he would be perfectly prepared to step aside when anything of mine was produced in London if I thought it desirable, and thus he would be spared the unhappy necessity of jumping on his editor. I naturally refused to fall in with any such idea and had the dissatisfaction of being well trounced on several near-by occasions.

George Arliss

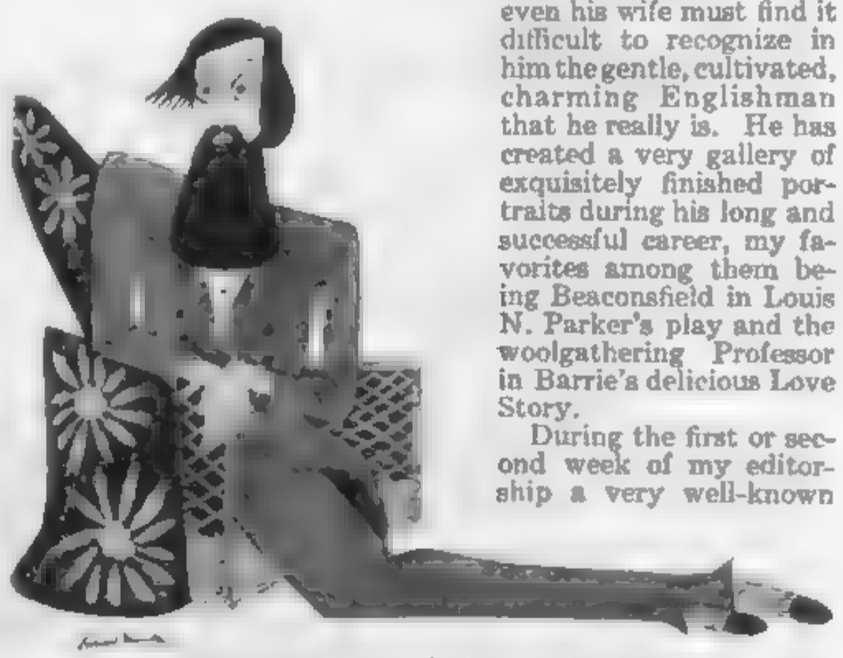
William Archer, as everybody knows, has always been, even more than a great dramatic critic, devotedly attached in his rigid, immovable way to the theater in all its forms. He is the man who put Ibsen on the English-theater map, thereby throwing Pinero out of sweet lavender into the seamy side of life. He is also the man who, after having spent the best part of a lifetime in telling dramatists where they went wrong, and in writing handbooks in which to show them how to go right, suddenly took it into his head to prove his infallibility by writing a play himself, which, oddly and wonderfully enough, is a most remarkable success. In spite of this—or because of it; it is difficult to say—it is a very admirable piece of work; exciting, dramatic, having an original idea and a finely drawn leading part which is played by George Arliss in his most suave and subtle manner.

When, after having seen The Green Goddess in New York where it was beautifully produced by Winthrop Ames, I went round to congratulate Arliss on his performance, I found that he had fitted up his rooms behind the stage like those of a rajah, so that he might get into the proper Indian mood while dressing to go on. He does not carry his artistic thoroughness so far as actually to color himself all over every night; but, metaphorically, he is as thoroughly and completely Eastern as Kooch Behar during every performance, and even his wife must find it difficult to recognize in him the gentle, cultivated, charming Englishman that he really is. He has created a very gallery of exquisitely finished portraits during his long and successful career, my favorites among them being Beaconsfield in Louis N. Parker's play and the woolgathering Professor in Barrie's delicious Love Story.

During the first or second week of my editorship a very well-known novelist whom I had never met, and who had never heard of my existence, sent his bland and glossy secretary to see me, with a note to say that with the desire to give the paper a decided lift and me a feather in my cap he would consent to be made a Celebrity at Home if I would send a man with a more than usually brilliant pen to see him in his London house. On the list of futures for this page his name had never been entered; but, not so much out of loyalty to my craft as because I scented fun, I complied with his demand. When the result of the interview had been written and set up, the proof was sent to the novelist in question and duly brought back by the perpetually bland and glossy youth.



Winston Churchill, From a Caricature by the Author



Lytton Strachey, From a Caricature by the Author

I could hardly believe my eyes when I found that the article had been almost rewritten on the proof and at every mention of the novelist's name such enthusiastic adjectives as "great," "distinguished," "epoch-making," "brilliant," "historic," had been blatantly looped in. Not content with this, he had altered the plain words "house" to "mansion," "workroom" to "library," "back yard" to "garden," "drawing-room" to "ballroom," "a small collection of modern paintings" to "a gallery of old masters." His readers had become his world-wide public, with posterity the limit, and, in short, every line on the whole of the page had been festooned with the sort of unblushing exaggeration which is only associated with a publisher's preliminary announcement of a second-rate book.

The whole thing was utterly impossible and preposterous, and I hinted as much to the secretary of this pachydermatous person, whose answer was, however, that the article must be printed as altered or not at all. The fun that I had somehow scented was well in sight, and even the unadventurous subeditor agreed with me when I sent word to say that "I would be quite delighted to insert a facsimile of the decorated proof sheet in the next issue of the paper." Almost before the office had recovered its breath, however, the secretary came bounding back from the great novelist's mansion, white to the lips, begging me to believe that posterity's friend would be only too glad and thankful if I would regard the alterations and additions to the original article as though they had never been made. Thus, simply because we of the World then put into practice Portia's immortal appeal to Shylock, London was deprived of the laugh of its life.

A Good Story Killed

Other amusing incidents followed in rapid succession to lighten the monotony of editorial work, among which was the visit of a Unionist member of Parliament with a document sworn to by four British officers in which it was set forth that a certain ubiquitous politician, son of an even more brilliant and ubiquitous minister, had stolen their plan to escape from the Boers, used it and left them high and dry. It was a document, I was assured, which would not only quadruple the circulation of the World but put a full stop to the career of the politician, who has since occupied nearly every seat in the various cabinets of several governments except that of Prime Minister.

Acting on the advice of the cautious subeditor, whose gray hairs stood literally on end, I consulted our lawyers with this bomb in my hand, and was told with all the painfulness of legal humor that, although it was perfectly true that its publication would quadruple the circulation of the paper, it would put a full stop to mine. Criminal libel is a nasty thing to face, and I am thankful to say that I curbed the editorial itch for a scoop. Later the politician brought an action against someone less well advised and it is hardly necessary to say that he left the court without a stain upon his character.

I was visited a little later by an undoubted duchess in a carriage which caused a little crowd of Covent Garden hangers-on to collect in York Street, which always smelled of cabbages, who came in person very graciously to invite me to dinner to meet other undoubted flowers of the aristocracy—those who had not been married from the chorus, as was the new and rapidly growing fashion of that time—if—there was, of course, an if—I would print a long and detailed description of her daughter's presentation frock in a prominent part of the paper. But as frocks were almost the

(Continued on Page 119)

Triple-knee stockings for sturdy youngsters

—*that's what makes them wear so well*

For forty years most stores have carried two kinds of children's hose. The Allen A for their better grade and a secondary grade for the lesser trade.

For sturdy boys don't scuff through Allen A's. And while they wear like leather, they are made for those who want their children's hose presentable, too.

Allen A were the first, years ago, to put in a triple knee, to give greater wear.

They were also the first to improve the appearance of children's hose by knitting a broad ribbed stocking.

Today mothers everywhere buy them because they wear so well. And the children like to wear them, too, because they look the part.

Allen A

HOSIERY
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

UNDERWEAR
FOR MEN AND BOYS ONLY

Allen A

THE ALLEN A COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

All Value No Frills

—why so many men prefer Cinco to most ten-cent cigars!

You don't want folderols when you buy cigars. You're not hunting fancy shapes. Size alone doesn't interest you.

What you're after is the best cigar your money can buy.

And you certainly get just that in Cinco at two for fifteen cents.

But what *we* say about Cinco may mean nothing to you. What *smokers* say must mean a lot. Hundreds of smokers said this:

"Cinco is better than the average ten-cent cigar—and I save 25 per cent."

But the best proof of all is your own taste. The one way to get the truth about Cinco is to smoke Cinco.

Then you'll know what we mean by the advantage of the Eisenlohr Process and the Eisenlohr experience of over seventy years.

OTTO EISENLOHR & BROS., Inc., Philadelphia
Cigar Manufacturers for Seventy-three Years

Buy Cinco in the handy pocket pack

Ten good smokes for 75c; triply wrapped to keep the goodness in. Stay as fresh as in a humidor—and you never run short.

After all nothing satisfies like a good cigar

Cinco

(Continued from Page 116)

only things that we didn't go in for, the dinner never came off.

Another time one of the Irish members of Parliament broke into my room with a stick like Harry Lauder's and threatened to beat the life out of me if I didn't desist from holding him and his fellow members up to ridicule in my editorial notes signed Atlas, and for half an hour stamped about, yelling the roof off and hitting everything within reach except me. I told him that it would give me much joy to throw him down the narrow flight of stairs onto the mat at the bottom, and I presume that he saw that I could; and so eventually the cyclonic disturbance was followed by the usual Hibernian sunshine over two whiskies and sodas in a near-by hotel. I continued to hold him and his friends up to ridicule, and he and they continued to refuse home rule for Ireland and thus allow England to rule her own home.

At the moment when I undertook to become Atlas I offered the World to Lord Roberts as the organ of national service, and it was with his consent and under his personal direction that a long series of articles headed Our Unpreparedness for War was written, which formed the basis of his final appeal in the House of Lords. He was, it will be remembered with shame, dismissed as an old man in his dotage.

The least said about this, probably, the better; but when I look back at my many meetings with Lord Roberts during those days of his eager activity, and remember his passionate desire to make England strong enough to prevent the possibility of the frightful and useless holocaust which has thrown civilization into the sort of ruin that is caused by a gigantic volcanic eruption, the blood rushes to my head and the temptation to be indiscreet is almost more than I can withstand.

Like all the men of his rare type, Lord Roberts was very simple, downright and humble. Afraid of nothing when he carried on his job, he was curiously frightened of cats, bishops, politicians and Lady Roberts. He dined once at the country house of a mutual friend, rose in the middle of dinner, ran out into the garden and stood trembling on the lawn because a yellow-eyed Angora kitten had poked an inquisitive head round the door. Something to my surprise, he preferred the Athenæum Club to the Naval and Military; and as the former held peculiarly inhospitable ideas in its treatment of guests, I had to sit with him on an extremely hard sofa at the top of a flight of stairs whenever he asked me to meet him there to discuss propaganda.

Lord Roberts at the Athenæum

I asked him once why he chose that pompous place rather than a more comfortable service club, and he said, "Well, you see, I know almost everything there is to know about the men of my own profession, but nothing at all about the men of the others. I like to watch them moving about."

They were in the nature of curiosities to him, like kangaroos and seals to a small boy; and I must confess that two or three of the learned and distinguished gentlemen who haunted the club bore a marked resemblance to those very nice beasts. They have joined their fathers now, so there can be no resentment at this by no means invidious remark.

Lord Roberts dined with me one evening at a club of my own, with several of his brother generals who supported his views, and when he entered the dining room a little late every man in it immediately sprang to his feet.

Intensely disconcerted and abashed, he said to me reproachfully, "Hamilton, why did you arrange a thing like this?"

I assured him that, of course, I had done nothing of the sort, but that it was a spontaneous mark of the deep respect and admiration in which he was held; but I don't think that he got over it during the whole of the meal.

I took him to see Harry Tate at a music hall one afternoon to remove the nasty taste of a parliamentary attack, and he laughed so much that he almost rolled out of his seat. His old deep-set blue eyes, which had a longer sight than most men's, were red with tears when he left the place.

Once he explained to me with great feeling why he had not brought the South African War to a quicker termination. He hated men to be wounded and lose their lives, he said; and over and over again, when he saw himself described in the Liberal papers as a jingo and a firebrand, he used to writhe under such a stupid and deliberate misrepresentation and cry out, "Don't these idiots know that I'm not demanding preparation so as to go to war, but in order to prevent it?" He was a big enough man never to say "I told you so" when the day came at last, and when he died it was among the troops who knew him better than those who liked to imagine that war had been outlived as a bad habit. I was not the only man who wept when Bobs went west.

I have said that my election to the Garrick Club was, to me, an event as well as an excitement, because, on the day that I came up for election, Beerbohm Tree gave out that he was going to drop a blackball in the box. A man who loved to poke fun at all and sundry—and pretty rapierlike fun it was—it appeared that he had taken umbrage at one or two of the would-be jokes that I had made about him in the World; especially at the one that I cracked, obviously enough, in commenting on his forthcoming production at His Majesty's Theater of A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Friendly Faces at the Garrick

It was Seymour Hicks, already a member of the Garrick, who cleverly maneuvered the irate Tree away from the scarcely deserved blackball, and so I got in, and a welcoming luncheon was given to me in the little room that is thickly hung with pictures of Charles Mathews, which has known so many cheery and wonderful gatherings. I sat between Lord Esher and Kennedy Jones, opposite to Barrie and Frohman; and in addition to the jovial Hicks there were present at the round table the everkind Arthur Chudleigh, Sir Harry Poland, Sir James Mathews—afterwards the public prosecutor—and, I believe, Gerald Duckworth, the publisher; the brothers Spottiswoode, Lord Cork and Colonel Chator. I don't remember whether W. J. Locke and A. E. W. Mason were there, but both of them were extremely kind to me; as, indeed, were H. B. Irving—the image of his father; Marshall Hall, the handsomest man at the bar; Comyns Carr, whose satire was sharp enough to shave an elephant; Roland Berkeley, who wrote several very charming things for the World; and Lemuel K. Bangs, the London representative of Scribner's, who knew more about the haunts of Dickens than any living man, and might easily have stepped out of the pages of one of his books with his coat that was several sizes too large for him, hair that was parted at the back of his head and conducted round over each ear, a routine as invariable as that of a sewing machine, and a sunny nature that made him a close relation of Mr. Cheeryble. Frank Richardson, an odd creature, who was the inventor of the beaver habit and wrote whole novels about what he reveled in calling face fungus, was very friendly too.

In those days W. J. Locke was, as he still is, probably the one English novelist whom canons, schoolmasters and inveterate maiden ladies of high culture always read without being ashamed to admit it, and I used to think that he bore a close resemblance to all these three himself. Very precise, neat and classical, he seemed to come to the club as an Eton master in holy orders goes to a smoking concert, or to a bridge party in which there are a not too linguistically careful master of foxhounds and a beautiful lady or two of rather chameleonic pasts. As for A. E. W. Mason, with his glistening eyeglass, his frequent bursts of laughter, his thick black hair, his way of tearing upstairs for no apparent reason, his whole-hearted delight in everything that was decently good, it was worth going to the Garrick to catch his optimistic infection, and not in any language has a better story than his Four Feathers ever been told. As a member of Parliament, he succeeded in looking the very picture of an embryo Prime Minister, but no man of his sunny nature and keen sense of humor could stand that atmosphere long. Locke and he burst into playwriting from time to time with the usual varying success.

At the luncheon the conversation drifted to the subject of halfpenny newspapers, and I let myself out in absolute condemnation of those snippety, sensational things which I said had the same effect upon a decent street as a jangling tramcar, only to be covered with confusion when Lord Esher dug me in the ribs with his elbow and whispered that the man to whom I was talking was a director of the Northcliffe Press.

A delightful club, the Garrick, homogeneous to an extraordinary degree, with as many old masters on the walls and occupying its most comfortable chairs as are to be found in the National Gallery and any other similar building in London except Westminster Abbey. The first time I ventured to enter it, being commanded to give the password, so to speak, to old Monkey-Brand, the inveterate doorkeeper, I went up the wide staircase timidly to the morning room; but turned tail and fled when half a dozen prehistoric peeps stuck their heads antagonistically round several high-backed chairs and glared. It was a week before I dared to try it again.

But when one had found one's feet, and been present at half a dozen of its gorgeous Saturday nights, and witnessed the sight of high pillars of the law and letters, stage and diplomacy, art and science, medicine and music, departing in the chilly small hours in the body and on the roof of a four-wheel cab, one warmed into confidence and crossed its friendly threshold with more courage.

The story runs that Barrie, going one day to speak to Bernard Shaw at a table in the coffee room near the window, looked for a moment at the curious mess upon which the master was browsing, and said, in his rolling Scotch, "Oh, tell me, Shaw, have ye eaten that, or are ye going to?"

By no means the least important and picturesque person in the club was the steward, who, if he had been an actor, would obviously have been cast to play the parts of peers. Like a large, grave and responsible guardian angel, he flitted silently from room to room, seeing to it that the servants left nothing undone. The only time that I entered into lengthy conversation with him was when I went into the club just before midnight on a Saturday out of the season and asked if any of my friends were there.

"Yes, sir," he said; "his lordship. Seated in the corfee room, sir, with three large whiskies and sodas, sir, a-talkin' to 'isself, sir, and I don't think he knows that he's alone."

At the Mercy of Beerbohm

And when, knowing that I was, and not very keen on remaining so any longer, I joined his lordship at the deserted board, I don't think he knew that I was present, judging by the half-tearful *apologia pro vita sua* that he continued to indulge in and to which I considered it discreet to leave him as quickly as I could.

In the last Christmas number of the World for which Drummond was responsible I wrote a long and absolutely mad skit in dialogue, called The Danger of Innocence, in which, under the most diaphanous disguises, I caricatured in words many of the people who were then notoriously in the public eye. With the laudable idea of piling Pelion upon Ossa, Drummond asked Max Beerbohm to illustrate it with his inimitable caricatures in black and white. As one of his victims, I went to tea with the last of the dandies, who at that time, I think, was putting together a weekly page of mosaics of the choicest marbles for the Saturday Review about plays, so that he might look me over. But he never looked at me at all. He ambled about, dressed to the most utter perfection, small, gentle and cherubic, and gazed at the wall, at the carpet and out of the window, while he talked about cabbages and kings with the musical rhythm of a running brook. This disconcerting but delightful process was, if I remember rightly, repeated several times, during which, being unobserved, I made a caricature of Max. When his of me was delivered I was aghast to find that he had seen me through the back of his head as a broad-shouldered dwarf in a much-waisted overcoat, a Wellingtonian nose and a John Bull tall hat. I might have been a pawn belonging to a set of grotesque chessmen especially designed for the relaxation of the alcoholic inmates of an inebriate sanitarium. One rarely sees oneself as others see one, and so I am afraid that he was right. Someone stole my caricature of him or I would have used it here.

No longer, alas, is he to be seen at London first nights with a gold-headed cane almost as long as himself, snow-white buckskin gloves, several inches of collar, a miraculous waistcoat and a very tall tall hat which must have descended to him from a Georgian blood. He is a countryman today and the drama of life absorbs his interest now.

Continued on Page 121

RUGBY No. 700
Black and Tan
Rubber heel

A Sturdy Packard style

MEN of muscle need shoes of muscle—meaty uppers lashed with linen cables to a deep foundation of oak sole leather. Every stitch must hold like a rivet in a submarine. The shape must be that of an athlete's foot; broad beamed—so bones and muscles can do their work; snug in the instep—with a broad low heel of rubber that gives support to the base of the foot arch and poise to the whole body.

FOR three generations Packard Shoes have been distinguished for *solidity* of construction and for the essential fineness given only by craftsmanship of real shoe makers.

IN your city there is a Packard dealer. He sells Packards because he believes them to be the best shoes made in this country. He can show you any style you want and give you a fit that will keep your feet happy.

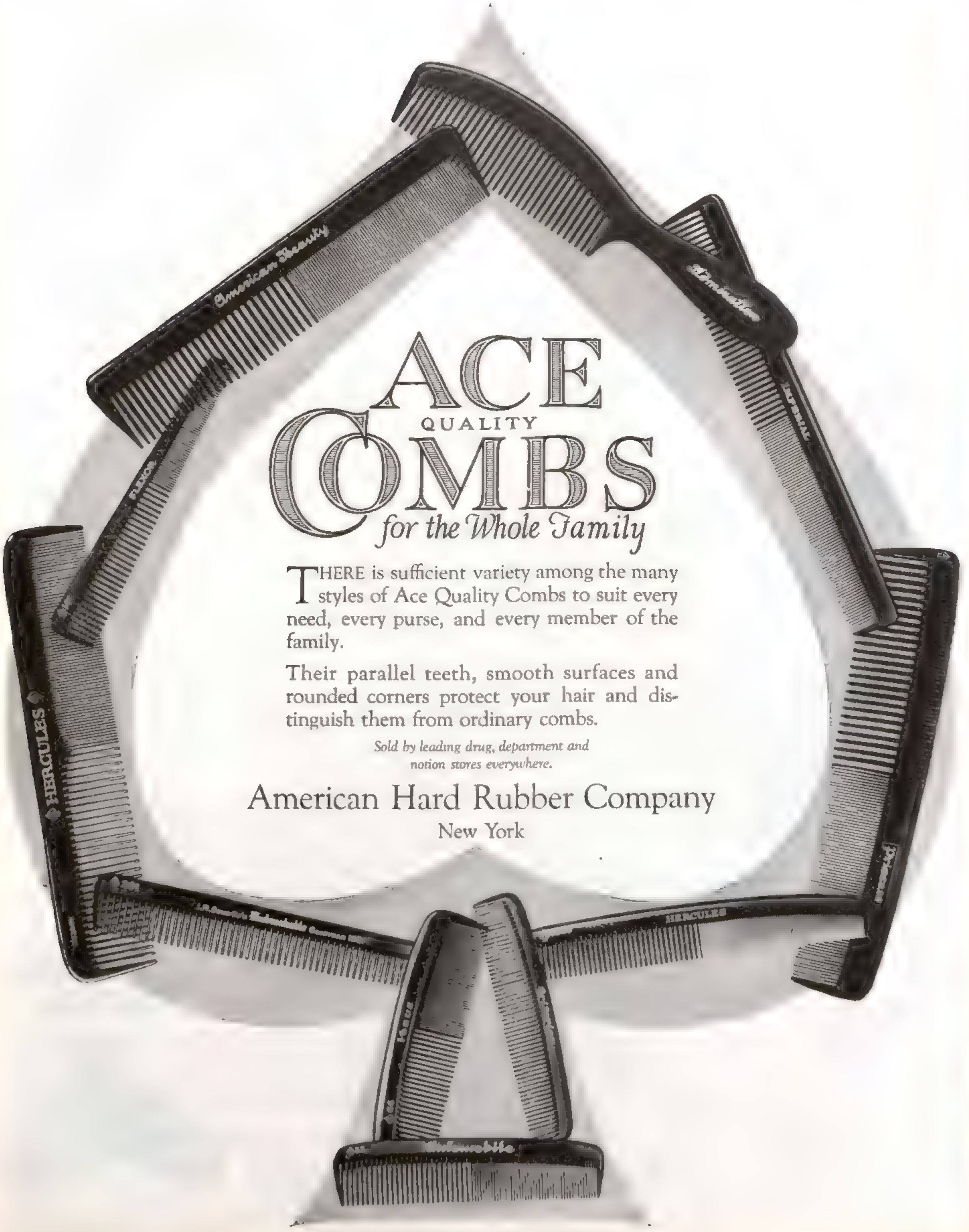
IF your feet are troubling you ask him about our wonderful Phlexopedic Archup.

Packards are worth from $9 to $12. If you don't know a Packard Dealer, write to us

M. A. PACKARD COMPANY
BROCKTON, MASS.

THE Packard SHOE

Wonderful Phlexopedic Archup



ACE
QUALITY
COMBS
for the Whole Family

THERE is sufficient variety among the many styles of Ace Quality Combs to suit every need, every purse, and every member of the family.

Their parallel teeth, smooth surfaces and rounded corners protect your hair and distinguish them from ordinary combs.

Sold by leading drug, department and notion stores everywhere.

American Hard Rubber Company
New York

(Continued from Page 119)

I greatly enjoyed my time on the World during which I worked far harder than the mythical nigger who, as a matter of fact, slacked when there was no stern eye upon him as he always does. Continuing to write plays and books, and contributing something like three thousand words to the paper every week-end, I attended the office mostly when everybody had left it, sometimes letting myself in with a latchkey at an hour when the market carts were beginning to rumble into Covent Garden to disgorge the fruits and vegetables of the earth.

I cannot claim to have discovered any colossal geniuses, but I am able to say that I encouraged many young writers in their work. I twisted several serious men into humorists -mere humorous persons, as Doctor Johnson called them—and printed the first dialogue that Gilbert Frankau ever wrote—a brilliant blaze of verbal fireworks and set pieces, far more Oscar than Wilde. He had not then perpetrated his Byronic adventure that amazed London in One of Us and was squeezing his artistic soul into the cramped quarters of a successful cigar business out of which he has long since emerged in a blaze of literary triumph.

I cut down the long-winded social stuff little by little in order to make more room for satire and light-hearted things, bearing in mind the fact that King Edward did us the honor to read us in the bath. I also paid great attention to new books and permitted Lady Jeune, whose copy no living creature except one valuable printer could ever read, to babble almost to her heart's content. In one of her Belles-Lettres, which nobody outside the office knew that she wrote, I remember that, in referring to Queen Alexandra, she said, "Poor sweet dear thing. When she came in to declare the bazaar open to the public she did look so dowdy and bored." And the problem was whether to let it stand or cut it out A first-hand observer of all the important social events, she thought aloud in her weekly contributions, and when her untranslatable pages came back from her pet printer duly set up I metaphorically took off my coat and actually gave a new point to a large blue pencil. Never spiteful or really unkind, her frankness was appalling in a world of very thin skins. Her comments were much more valuable than those of Pepys, and, as a faithful record of the history of her time, deserve a permanent place in the British Museum. But they have appeared in book form.

An Alibi That Was Too Good

Every Monday morning as regularly as clockwork it was my duty to attend at the printing office of Eyre & Spottiswoode in one of the courts off Fleet Street to go through the wearing and domestic process of putting the paper to bed. As I always had far more matter than was needed, the inevitable juggling feat faced me of pouring several quarts of good liquor into an unexpanding pint pot. Going over a mass of proof to watch for split infinitives and the small inaccuracies that took an impish delight in escaping a more and more blasé eye left me limp and eyesore at the end of the day.

I shall never forget one of these, when, from force of habit, I drove from Fleet Street to Paddington Station and found myself dining in solitary fatigue at home in the country when I ought to have been at an important function at the leading woman's club in Piccadilly, the Lyceum. It was half past nine when the telephone bell awoke the echoes and an indignant voice asked me if I was aware of the fact that a hundred and fifty literary lights, including Anthony Hope and May Sinclair, and probably W. L. George, were waiting, hungry and with growing impatience, for my attendance at a dinner at which I had undertaken to launch a bitter attack at clubs for women.

I nearly jumped out of my skin. It was impossible to get back to town under an hour and a half, and all I could do was to send the most abject apologies to the chairwoman and ask that, in extenuation of my inadvertent rudeness, it should be explained to her that a terrible accident to one of the printers that afternoon, in which he had lost his right hand, had contributed to distract my attention from the engagement. To add to my feelings of horror, the next morning brought a flood of sympathetic telegrams from the members of the dinner party, at which none of the prepared replies to my speech were able to be delivered, expressing infinite regret at my being one hand short, and that my writing hand. It dawned on me at once, of course, that either because he had misunderstood me or in order to instill a touch of drama into an exploded affair, the club porter had turned the accident to the unfortunate printer into an accident to me.

Imagine what it meant to sit down and write a pile of letters not only in explanation of that mistake but of the one, far worse, which made me ruin the dinner.

With the loyalty and enthusiasm of the old contributors, and the young and lively blood that was injected into the veins of the World by the new ones, circulation improved and the advertising pages became very much more healthy. For my own part, having a deep affection for the paper, I strained probably far too many nerves to place it on the sort of paying basis that would restrain its four proprietors from offering it for sale again. That year, indeed, was one in which every man jack of us settled down to a grim tug of war in the fervent hope of pulling the proprietors over the mark. Every possible economy was made, the rates of payment were carefully reduced, and whenever I met a nice, quiet, solidly rich man who had no social, political or financial ax to grind—and I did meet two or three—I did my best to persuade him that it would be impossible to indulge in a more delightful hobby than in that of becoming proprietor of what we regarded as our World.

Sold Out to Northcliffe

Eloquence must have failed on each occasion, and on the day that I took to the office, in desperation, a check representing every penny I could scrape, together with a sum of money lent by one of my brothers with which to buy a half share of the paper, I was put to one of the greatest disappointments of my life. I heard unfamiliar voices in the room above my own as I sat working rather late, smelled the aroma of strong cigars and finally listened, with a sense of impending trouble, to a leaving procession of feet. There was a short and uneasy silence. Then my door opened, and with a rather pale face and a tragic expression the secretary came in and told me that the proprietors had seen fit to sell the paper, literally over my head, to Lord Northcliffe, who had refused to touch it a little over a year before. The policy of trying to spoon up spilled milk had never seemed to me to be anything but a waste of time, so I bottled up a rush of Saxon words.

The following morning, after several brief and bitter telephonic talks to distressed contributors, who had been quick to catch the rumor of the sale, a confident Amalgamated Press young gentleman entered the editorial room without the usual deference to etiquette, and issued orders, sitting on my desk. And then I spoke. In fact I did more than speak. I evicted. And when I received a brief notification of the fact that my contract had been purchased with the paper, I replied, with equal brevity, that there was a slight mistake. I pointed out that I was not included with the furniture and the effects. I carried on with my dear old friend the subeditor, whose future, at a ripe age and set habits, looked very black, until Lord Northcliffe, who was not on speaking terms with me, sent in Sir Gerald Campbell to carry the lighter burden of the now-monied Atlas.

Then followed a quick succession of editors, among whom, if I remember rightly were Lord Winterton, Keble Howard, the novelist and playwright, and eventually young Flateau. But under the dynamic régime of the Napoleon of the press the poor old World became more and more like Joseph in a coat of many colors, and was put to bed for the last time during the war.

It was a sad moment when I said good-by to all my fellow tuggers, most of whom found themselves at a loose end, as I did, and my parting from the subeditor was not made without emotion. Thus ended the most strenuous chapter in my career of ups and downs, in which I was so loyally supported by William Archer, Mostyn T. Pigott, Lady Colin Campbell, Lady Jeune and all the other members of the old World coterie, as well as those who joined up under me. It was back to the army agin, sergeant, back to the army agin—the army that consisted of men who scratched a living as free lances, writing novels and plays and such.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr Hamilton. The fifth will appear in an early issue

One Box Free At Drug Stores and Drug Departments Present Coupon

Be Careful

Lest the breath offend

Bad breath is one of the gravest social offenses, one of the most common. The offender is usually unaware, but it kills all charm.

Cigars or cigarets may cause it.

Or decaying food between the teeth.

Or affected teeth or gums.

Or a stomach disorder Or certain foods or drinks.

A mere perfume simply covers up bad odors, and everybody knows it. It suggests concealment.

May Breath combats those bad odors, whether from the mouth or stomach. It is a mild antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form.

Do not merely hide one odor with another. May Breath brings the scent of purity, the odor of spring.

Dainty people everywhere now carry May Breath with them—in their pockets or their bags. Before any contact they eat a tablet and feel safe.

They know that their breath is inviting. It will add to their charms, not destroy them.

You will do this when you know. Let us buy a box to show you how much May Breath means. Cut out the coupon and present it. This is something you need and want.

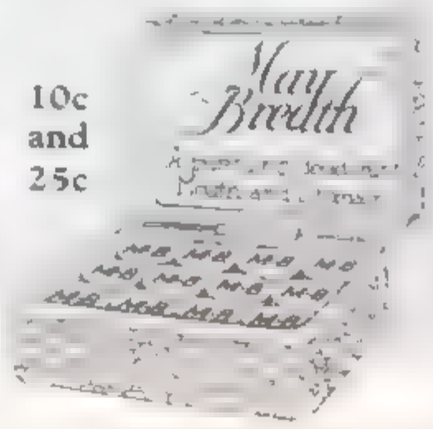
May Breath is candy tablets, designed to deodorize the breath. Not a mere perfume, but a mild antiseptic purifier. Carry it with you.

Your charm
Is destroyed if the breath offends. A May Breath avoids that risk.

In your home
Be as careful as you are with friends. Insure sweet breath

Spring odors
One May Breath tablet brings that added charm

10c and 25c



GOOD FOR A 10c BOX

Present this coupon to any druggist or drug department for a 10c box of May Breath free. He will charge to us.

All leading druggists now have May Breath. If your druggist fails you, send coupon to us. Only one box to a family.

TO DRUGGISTS: These coupons will continue to appear. Redeem as per our offer, send to us as they accumulate, and we will pay you 10 cents each in cash.

MAY BREATH COMPANY
Dept. M-10
1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Motorists Wise- SIMONIZ

"Pay!" exclaimed A. Motorist Wise, "I should think it does pay. I *kleened* and *simonized* my car, saved a paint job, and now everybody thinks I have a new car. And it hasn't been washed since I simonized it."

Simonizing your car keeps its beautiful shining gloss undimmed. It restores the original luster and prevents dust and dirt from becoming imbedded in the finish. It's the easiest and best way to care for the fine finish of any car.

Once simonized, wiping with a soft cloth easily removes dust and dirt without scratching or injuring the finish. Remove the oil spots, stains, and blemishes with Simoniz Kleener before putting on the brilliant, protecting coat of Simoniz.

The Simoniz Company
2116 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill
70th Street and West End Avenue New York City
London Paris

KOH-I-NOOR
The perfect pencil

It Wears and Wears

The art of pencil making has never produced a finer product than the Koh-i-Noor, for artists, draftsmen and for business offices.

One will outlast several cheaper pencils.

Made in 17 degrees, and for sale by leading stationers everywhere.

SPECIAL OFFER

To prove the quality and economy of the KOH-I-NOOR, we will mail you two on receipt of 25c.

KOH-I-NOOR PENCIL CO. INC.
34 EAST 23rd ST., NEW YORK

GUARANTEED RADIO TUBE REPAIRS equal to new

WD 11 and 12	$3 50	UV 201 A	$3 50
UV 200 C 300	3 75	C 301 A	3 50
UV-201, C 301	3 00	DV 6 A	3 50

All tubes returned P P C O D
Dealers and Agents write for special discounts

HARVARD RADIO LABORATORIES
284 Old Colony Ave., Boston, Mass.

SALESMEN EARN BIG MONEY Selling "Indestructible Twill" Wearproof Suits. Retail $12 50. Something new $1 comm. No delivering. Clothing experience unnecessary. Price and quality sells them. Prem. Inducts. Permanent agents and district managers wanted
Wearproof Clothing Co., 456 No. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 26

better he was than the Prince of Wales at dancing and I said, "Huh, I guess you mean on horseback!"

"The floor's pretty good tonight, ain't it?" he said; and I give him a withering look kind of sarcastic and said, "Yeh? Why don't you try it?" "That was a dirty mean dig," he said; and I said, "Well, not half as bad as the one you gave my fifteen dollar dogs."

Oh, since ma first took up mah jongg
She don't notice daddy no more!
All our clothes are on the blink
Since she brought home her laundry chink;
Make believe poor dad ain't -

Now you look here, Frankie La Mutt Motte I mean! I'll sing all the songs I want to, in or out of jail! Solly Davis didn't write them for me for love.

What's this, what's this? Well, so can you! Now that ought to settle all bets and arguments!

When the world is so sad
And you're feeling quite bad,

Hand me that towel, please, Babe. Atta bim.

Just you try to cheer up for a while.

Gee, but this slipper's tight. Can you lend me a foghorn, Shirley?

Throw all worry and care
In the discard for fair,
For your face it should wear a broad smile!

Did I write that? Be yourself, Babe, be yourself! That's one of Solly's best-selling dance ballots of the season!

There's no reason for being so gloomy,
So just cheer up and don't be so moony!

The chorus is good, too, Babe. The words are beautiful.

Just let a little sunshine in the shadows of your heart,
And happiness with you will come to stay.
For all your little troubles
They are but empty bubbles,
A smile or two will chase the blues away.
For every cloud you'll find a silver lining,
For every tear a handkerchief will do!
So let a little sunshine—in—the shadows of your heart!

Wow, that was murder on the high C's!

And happiness will come to stay with you!

That's sold two million already, Babe, and they're still pluggin' it strong in all the cabaretts and dance halls. Solly's a genius of the first order, Babe, and all the musical comedies are after him to write the words to fit the notes

Oh, yeh, they're signin' up all the best song writers on Broadway! Oh, my, yeh big guns, too, like Irving Bant o, Al Gan - burg, Moe Silver and Buddy O'Dell. And you know those babies can write some, Babe, and not one of them ever got past the seventh grade in grammar school!

You thought you threw me over
But you know I turned you down.
But you wouldn't play straight, so I gave you the gate ——

Oh, must you go so soon, Babe? Where you going—buy-buy? Well, don't be a piker, Babe; and if I was you I'd hold out for a kolinsky at the least! Well, good-by, dearie. See you in church—when you get hitched

—Max Lief

Scandal—F. O. B.

SPEPYS was the pulse of propriety,
A narrator sage and discreet.
The foibles and fads of society
He recorded—but didn't repeat.
When slung by the itch journalistic,
His reports were profuse and exact,
But damages, legal or fiscal
He dodged with meticulous tact.
His chronicles risque and ribald
Of sessions with bottle and keg,
Or boudoir adventures—he scribbled
In Pitman or Gregg.

O tempora! Also O mores!
O manners confusingly frank!
O era of dramas and stories
Our forefathers would have termed "Rank!"
Convention and tact are outmoded;
Good breeding and modesty pall;
Reserve is a fetish exploded—
We know that the Ego is All!
No more in a codified volume
Are our scandalous musings interred.
We print them in full in a "column"
At so much per word!

We dine—and our host's indiscretions
Are broadcast next day without fail.
We drink—and make public confessions.
We flirt—and report in detail
We revel in verbally shelling
The righteous, austere, and correct.
Our specialty's kissing and telling
And no one appears to object!
Poor Pepys—bon vivant sly and sociable,
Your cue came too early, alas!
In an era when gossip's negotiable,
What a roll you'd amass!

Ted Olson.

It's Hard to Say

THERE are no feathers on a whale,
No fins upon a flea,
Nor fur upon the lowly snail,
Which seems unfair to me.
For ducks have feathers by the score,
And even skunks have fur,
And fish have fins and scales galore
Why do such things occur?

You take a dormouse for a cruise
Upon a racing yacht,
And will it learn to shine your shoes?
Well, maybe; maybe not.
For how can anybody tell
What antelopes will do
Or what insurance they can sell?
I leave the case to you.

I've been about the world a bit
And yet I can't affirm
That gloves could not be made to fit
An ant or angleworm.
I've never seen it tried, and so
I've never worked it out;
There are so many things to know
And talk and think about!

Berton Braley.

Daddy's Formula

"DO YOUR courtin' close to home,
Then you won't have far to roam,
Through the mud and darkness deep,
Ketchin' cold and losin' sleep!"

That's what daddy said, but gosh!
Ought to heard what brother Josh
Said when daddy's back was turned!
I bet daddy's both ears burned.

"Good advice," says Josh, "and true
When the neighborhood was new;
But the time has come to show
These old fogies that we know
How to shed old-fashioned airs
And mix into world affairs."

II

Brother Josh, next Sunday he
Went a-sparkin' Lindy Lee,
Way down there in Tennessee

Me, I stayed at home instead,
Ponderin' what daddy said.

After dark I slicked my hair,
Washed my neck with extry care,
Spent the evenin' over there,

Continued on Page 125

Suggestion for the First Draft in the Next War to End War

You've heard how ageing in wood improves fine wines—

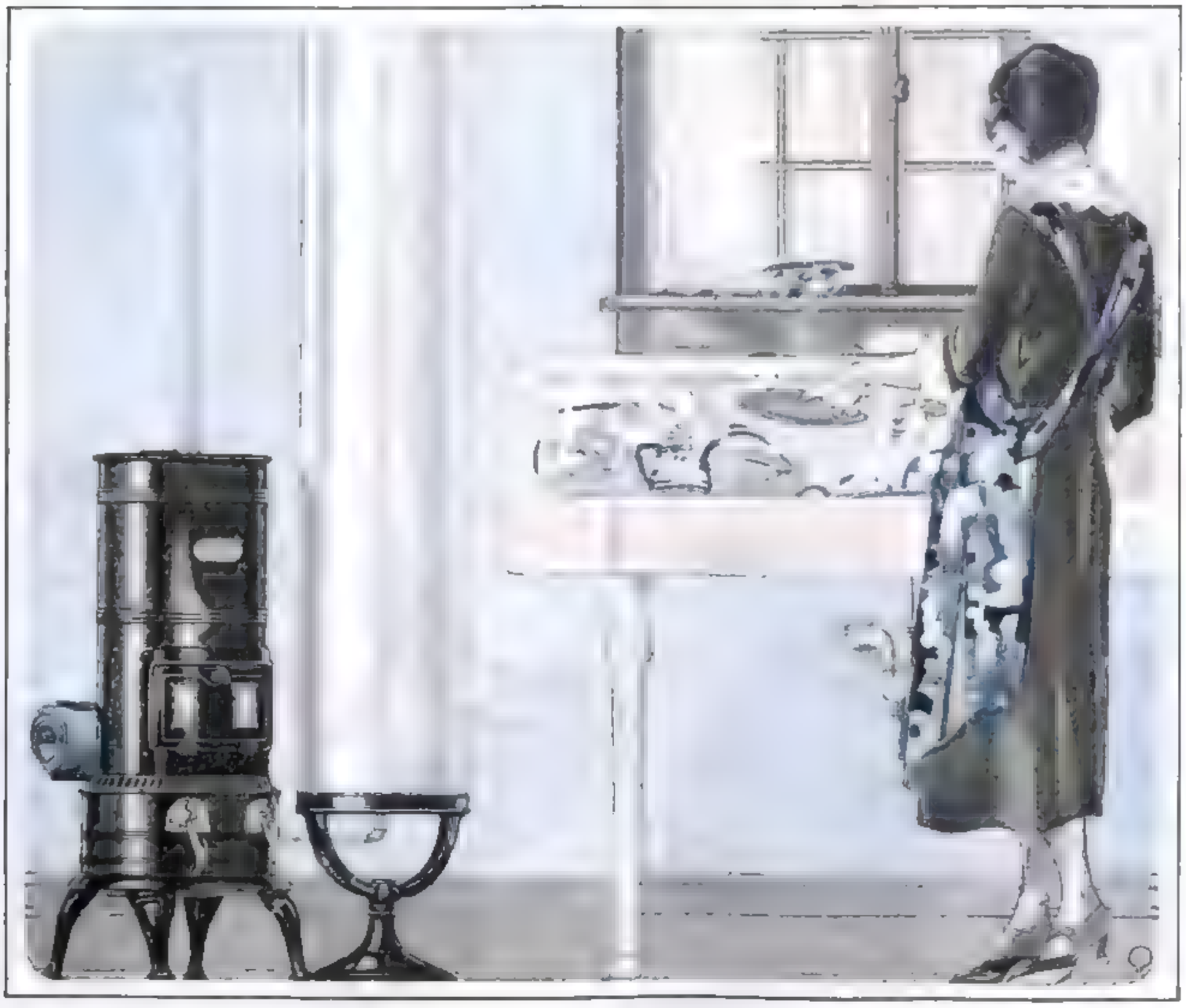
Listen to this:

In this tin is the best Kentucky Burley Tobacco money can buy, and then every bit of it aged in wood—to take out harshness and bitterness.

That's why Velvet Tobacco tastes so mild and mellow, and you can't get that good taste in any other way. Remember—Velvet, *aged in wood.*

That sounds reasonable, and I'll buy a tin of that aged in wood Velvet Tobacco today.

© Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



"There's plenty of hot water"

IS there any one thing that adds more to the comfort of home than plenty of hot water?

You can have all the hot water you want —for the dishes and the laundry, for dad's morning shave and that youngster's bath —once you put a Florence Tank Water Heater in your house.

It burns kerosene, the cheapest of fuels, and costs surprisingly little to use. At full heat, the operating cost is only two cents an hour; and after the water in the tank is once hot, the burners can be turned down low and the water kept hot at even less cost.

Easy to start—quick to heat

To start the Florence Heater, you merely turn a lever and touch a match to the Asbestos Kindler. The water heats quickly, for the powerful burners keep the intense blue flame close under and around the coils through which the water passes. The Florence does not burn from a *wick* flame but a *gas* flame—the vapor from kerosene—just as in the burners of the famous Florence Oil Range.

The Florence Heater can be installed in any house where there is running water. Your plumber can quickly get the Florence Water Heater for you and install it in your home. If you are not acquainted with the nearest dealer, please ask us for his address; and in any case write us to mail you our descriptive booklet.

Florence Stove Company Dept. 555, Gardner, Mass.
Makers of Florence Oil Ranges, Florence Ovens, Florence Water Heaters, and Florence Oil Heaters

FLORENCE
Water Heaters

Distributed to Plumbers through the Leading Plumbers' Supply Houses

Entire Contents © 1924, F. S. Co.

(Continued from Page 122)

Settin' up with Susie Hatch,
Just across the tater patch.

"That's it!" daddy says to me,
"Court the girl at home!" says he.
"Patronize home industry!"

III

Seems the Lee boys had a fight
After church that Sunday night,
With the Hupps of Turkey Run.
(Old grudge, born in Ninety-One,
When Pap Lee he shot a pup
That belonged to old Tom Hupp.)

Josh, aspirin' to be kin
To them Lees, they drawed him in!
Nose was broke when he got back,
One tooth gone and both eyes black!
Me, my heart was beatin' high,
Happy as a lark; for I
Was engaged to Susie Hatch,
Just across the tater patch.

IV

Notwithstandin' all, Josh he
Up and married Lindy Lee,
Way down there in Tennessee.
Come back in a year or so,
Tellin' us a tale of woe;
Ever since the weddin', he's
Fought the battles of them Lees.

Always worried half to death;
Hasn't drawed a peaceful breath
Since the wretched day that he
Went and married Lindy Lee,
Way down there in Tennessee.

"Sorry," daddy says to him;
"Chance for happiness is slim;
Ain't a thing that you can do;
When you married Lindy, you
Married all her troubles too.

"Ought to court the girl that's near,
Playin' safe and keepin' clear
Of unknown experiments
With them foreign tanglements.
That's my motto, son," says he.
"Patronize home industry!

"Peace is round you everywhere,
In the good sun, in the air;
All you got to do is take it;
Trouble's only what you make it.

"Quit your itchin' for to roam,
Huntin' trouble. Stay to home;
Mind your business—keep it sizzin';
Leave your neighbor mindin' hisn
And world peace will come a-whizzin'!"

V

Maybe Josh was right, and we
Shirk responsibility;
But so far I seem to've found
Daddy's old-time notion sound.

I ain't shot nobody's pup;
I ain't wed to Lee nor Hupp;
Let 'em chaw each other up,
If they're bound to—just so they
Keep their chawin' fur away.

When a Hupp waylays a Lee,
Way down there in Tennessee,
Trouble never pesters me;
I'm a-workin' peacefully—

Daddy, me and Susie Hatch,
Right in our own tater patch.

—Lowell Otus Reese.

DOLLS

(Continued from Page 32)

Tonight the bitterness of a starved and unappreciated affection was flaring volcanically within her. For years she had served Roger Towers, given of herself to him, loved him. For an instant she recalled that long-ago day she had applied to him for work; the courtliness of his manner. She had loved him then, she admitted to herself at this moment of his failure, his helplessness.

At this moment of his abandonment except for her. Edwina, she knew, was nothing to him. His son was not. She was aware of a sudden song in her heart. Why, she knew all his affairs; she knew his secrets, his worries; she had shared with him the killing difficulties of these last few days, when he had changed before her eyes from the man of strength and resources to this broken wreck.

Suddenly a terrible hatred of Vivien flared into her mood—Vivien, who was at a party. Across the bed was a gown of mauve-colored brocade shot with silver she had discarded apparently for something lovelier. Miss Winters thought she had never seen a lovelier gown than the mauve-colored brocade shot with silver. A ridiculous curiosity as to what possibly lovelier gown could have claimed Vivien's fastidious favor swept her. She told herself she was absurd.

It was at this point in her thought that she realized Edwina had asked her some question.

"Yes," she answered noncommittally, hoping the next remark would give her a clew.

Edwina said: "Mr. Warner thinks father ought to get from under, forfeit the contracts, pull out of the game. His bank's willing to see father through personally, but they won't go on if he continues meeting the unions' demands." She paused for an instant, then said: "Father could pull out, couldn't he, with enough to live comfortably on?"

Miss Winters glanced instinctively about Vivien's room.

"Oh," Edwina added sharply, "I don't mean this sort of thing. I mean simply—a few thousand a year."

Roger Towers rose as she finished speaking. He stood between the two women for an instant in complete silence, and then he said, "I've never forfeited a contract yet."

Edwina rose to her father's height; she clasped his hand in both of hers. On the instant she knew the old ineradicable love of family, the instinct to help and save one's own—the old, old indifference to the outside world. She perceived herself, in a vision, as her father's help and strength. A glow definite as physical warmth swept her. Then she had taken her father in her arms; sobs were tearing through her—long, racking sobs, happy sobs.

"I love you—love you," she was saying to him over and over in absurd incoherence, absurd affection.

And then she realized that Roger had withdrawn himself from her arms, was holding her away from him, the better to look into her eyes, to question her purpose.

The only thing she could say to his searching was, "I love you, father—love you."

Presently they were seated side by side on the length of Vivien's chaise longue, her arms about him still. Across the width of the room, Miss Winters had withdrawn from the circle of this affection and stood regarding them aloofly. It was the first time in the twenty-five years of her association with Roger Towers that she had been privileged to see him in an intimate, human relation. Tonight he was the broken, shattered man, surrounded in a love she did not know, nor he, existed. And Miss Winters was happy for Roger Towers. The affection she knew for him, and could not spend, was here poured out in lavish measure. Standing thus apart from Edwina's new-found love for her father, she knew vicariously a happiness similar to theirs. She had lost all thought of Vivien. They had.

For a time Miss Winters focused on the things father and daughter were saying to each other; the life they were planning. They talked of a long trip together; of the little place in the country where Vivien withdrew each year before the opening of her social whirl. They would live there, Edwina planned; there was a most alluring garden.

"But you are to be married," Roger's words were uninflected.

Edwina said, "I've decided not to marry Doctor Sayman."

Miss Winters was surprised at the sudden ice in Edwina's eyes. But Roger was uninterested in the announcement; it passed from his attention as she spoke.

Edwina began again to tell of the life they would lead; the books to be read, pictures painted. She was not uneloquent.

But, watching Roger, Miss Winters experienced a sense of chagrin. It was as if, listening to Edwina, he shrank, dwindled, contracted. She blinked her eyes twice in rapid succession to banish the absurd illusion. But it persisted. It was as if, in the interval Edwina persuaded her father to give up his business life and retire from the strife of active participation, he grew instantly old, with all the pitiful littleness of extreme old age. Even she was tempted to call out, to stop Edwina's unheard-of transformation of her father's virility to this shambling feebleness.

She made a gesture of desperation. But like all of Miss Winters' gestures, tremendous within her, outwardly it was of little consequence—futile, stillborn. Neither Edwina nor her father saw the gesture, sensed it.

It was then, while Edwina still was holding her father in the shelter of her arms and talking to him of retirement, that Vivien's low laughter sounded in the house.

"Wait for me in the library, Scotson dear," they heard her say. "The poems are on my desk. I've put criticisms on the margins. You won't think them absurd?"

In the instant hush that closed on Edwina's voice and the man grown strangely old in her arms, that closed in a sensation of strangulation on Miss Winters, Vivien appeared suddenly and beautifully in the door.

Beautifully—that was Miss Winters' impression. A cloth-of-silver wrap hung away from the graceful bare shoulders. The gown she had chosen, of silver tissue that clung about her form like the gauzes in which Grecian maidens clothed their slim loveliness, was more beautiful than the mauve-colored brocade. About her throat diamonds suggested the white stars that flower in the silver of an evening sky.

She paused a moment on the threshold and surveyed the room—Miss Winters in the embrasure of a window, Roger shrunken in Edwina's arms. The determined gloom of their expressions amazed Vivien; she thought of watchers beside the dead. How could Edwina have taken the news this way? What had she said to Roger to make him look as he did? No possible happening warranted a gloom like this. It must be dissipated at once.

Vivien smiled at them then, moved forward into the room. As she did so Miss Winters took a tentative step away from her shelter in the embrasure of the window.

"You won't need me any further tonight, Mr. Towers," she said constrainedly.

Vivien regarded her deliberately; she decided it would be well for Roger's secretary to witness what would transpire, and so she answered, "Please stay a little longer if you're not too tired. Mr. Towers so depended on you."

Then she had crossed to Roger, sunk upon her knees beside him, looking into his eyes.

He turned to her at once. Edwina's arms slipped away from him. Very quietly she rose, withdrew to the distance Miss Winters kept across the width of the room.

Vivien said nothing. She merely held Roger in her white slim arms. She merely let him drink of her eyes—strength of her eyes.

In the amazement she felt on witnessing such a scene, Miss Winters for an instant lost definite count of what was occurring; she saw things impressionistically. Roger Towers, looking into Vivien's eyes, grew suddenly young again, virile, full of strength. Her happiness at what she saw was so intense, so real, that she found herself wanting to cheer, as one wants to cheer the contestants of a race.

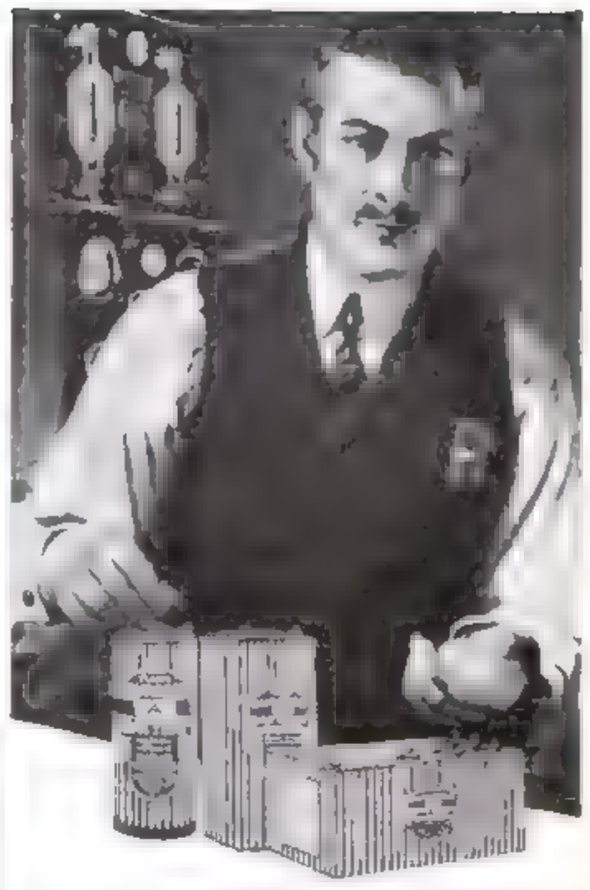
Before him, upon the floor, her gleaming wrap fanning its delicate length behind her like the tail of some star-hung comet, Vivien trembled upward to his arms. She was tentative in her gestures, her appearance, her whole personality. But strangely, in the fugitive loveliness of her yielding sweetness Miss Winters sensed a strength like that of steel, supple, bending and unbreakable. She turned in amazement to the girl beside her. Their eyes met in an instant's sympathetic wonderment, an instant's comprehension of the power and force that were Vivien's. When they looked again Vivien had risen.

She said, "Could I possibly understand, dear?"

Roger raised harassed eyes to hers.

"It's simple enough. The unions have snowballed prices to such an outrageous degree that we've been losing money steadily on all the enterprises. Up to today we've met their demands rather than close down. But this morning came another raise. It means, if I meet it, increasing losses. The banks advise me to close down." After an interval he continued: "It's no possible fault of mine."

(Continued on Page 127)



—"These are the batteries I recommend

Before we standardized on Burgess Radio Batteries here in our broadcasting station we tested batteries of every description. Frankly, we were surprised when we found such a remarkable difference existed between them.

Burgess Batteries in our opinion are the utmost in battery construction and performance."

BURGESS BATTERIES

"ASK ANY RADIO ENGINEER"

Send for--

The 'A' 'B' 'C' of Radio Dry Batteries

If you are a user of dry batteries in radio service you will find this *book of instructions* crowded with authoritative information and suggestions. As a handy reference and buying guide, it is well worth the few moments spent in the filling out and mailing of the coupon below.

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
101 Washington Street,
Madison, Wisconsin

Please send me free of charge a copy of the booklet, "The 'A' 'B' 'C' of Radio Dry Batteries."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

THE appealing beauty and convenience of Fairfacts Fixtures put in your bathroom walls, will be a constant pleasure. These fixtures are in perfect harmony with all the other appointments. They add the final touch to bathroom comfort and luxury.

A complete variety meets every need—shelves, towel bars, paper holders, soap holders, tumbler and tooth brush holders and many combinations.

Fairfacts Fixtures are made of china—the only material that will not develop surface cracks or become stained, tarnished or dingy. The touch of a damp cloth instantly restores their glistening snow-white loveliness. A tile contractor should install them when your house is built or remodeled.

THE FAIRFACTS COMPANY, INC., *Manufacturers*
Dept. X, 234-236 West 14th Street, New York City

SEND FOR BOOKLET

We have prepared a booklet "The Perfect Bathroom" which will tell you all about Fairfacts China Fixtures. Write for it today.

Look for this Fairfacts trade-mark

Fairfacts Fixtures

BUILT IN YOUR BATHROOM WALLS

(Continued from Page 125)

"Not any, of course," Vivien agreed. She continued to hold him in the tenderness of her arms.

With her words Miss Winters was conscious for a moment of being hung up in the air; intuitively she realized that Vivien meant somewhere a move that would be significant.

What she said was, "But to pull out when things are black, Roger ——"

Upon the softness of her voice Roger cut in with a cry that was raucous as the cry of a wounded beast. In the heat of his chagrin, he rose from Vivien's arms, to pace back and forth the length of her rose-colored, rose-scented boudoir. Edwina's eyes met Vivien's in a glance of instinctive anxiety. For the length of the glance, at least, they were not mother and daughter temperamentally unsympathetic, but two women watching the man they loved.

Edwina's feeling was mingled helplessness and chagrin. Somewhere in her consciousness was the thought that before Vivien came in she had managed very well with her father. Something not herself impelled her forward. She moved into the circle of her mother's vision; there was a slightly aggressive tilt to her chin.

"Father's through," she said in a tone of finality.

Vivien turned to regard her with a glance of complete and unutterable surprise.

"I don't understand."

Roger interrupted.

"Edwina and I have been talking things over ——"

From her vantage point in the shadows Miss Winters had again the illusion of Roger's shrinking, growing little with age, pitifulness. It occurred to her that this was a duel worth watching—Edwina, under whose ministrations Roger withered and shrank, grew old and pitiful; Vivien, from whose eyes he drank strength, virility.

It was then she saw that Leighton had returned and was standing in the door. His gaze leaped from his father to Vivien—rested upon her with the urge of one who glimpses a promised land.

But Edwina was talking, and as if under a vast constraint. Miss Winters was puzzled by this, until it occurred to her Edwina had sensed her mother's power, her inherent strength.

She was saying, "Father's worn out. You've no idea the state he's in. Mother, he's decided to give up business." Vivien listened with an air of delicate consideration. "There'll be enough to live on. That little place of yours at Westport ——"

She gained fire as she progressed with her idea, drew near her mother in the intensity of her desire for coöperation; her face was strained with the strength of her feeling; her voice had grown unnatural, slightly shrill. It was as if what she was saying to her mother in this volcanic way were the symbol of far deeper, more profound things. It was as if this duel were the culmination of a warfare long waged between them.

Miss Winters at intervals caught the exact words that were passing; at other times their phrases were merely an impression as of flashing swords.

"And surely, mother," Edwina was saying—"surely the sort of thing Leighton's going in for—when he's on the point of marrying Helen —— And the extravagance of our life here—this huge house, the servants, Newport and Florida—you can't hesitate to give them up when it means father's release from all the hideous slavery of business."

She stopped when the words were said, and across the space between Vivien and herself she advanced a little way, with outstretched arms, and eyes that held a white fire of relief at things long thought and given voice at last.

Vivien, at Edwina's tentative gesture, moved toward her. And moving, she drew with her Roger, who had returned to the circle of her white slim arms. For an instant Vivien's arms held the burden not only of the man but also of Edwina. For an instant her arms held them together in a soft and circling embrace.

Then she was saying, "You're so right, Edwina. Nothing we have, nothing your father's ever given me counts in the least against his happiness, against the thing he's wanted to do—or be."

Edwina raised her head with an abrupt gesture at her mother's words, looked the older woman in the eyes.

"What do you mean?" she asked with a blankness in her voice like that of a surprised child.

"I've wanted all these things because your father wanted them," Vivien said.

Roger turned to his wife when she had spoken; a slow smile lifted the dejected corners of his lips.

"Edwina says I'd like the quiet of a retired life," he ejaculated.

His slight remark caused Edwina to start perceptibly, to turn to him as if for verification of the things she had said at such a white heat of belief to Vivien just now. But Vivien, relaxing her arms from about Edwina and Roger, slipped nonchalantly from the wrap dragging at her shoulders.

"I wonder if you'll understand something, Edwina dear?"

Edwina nodded assent. But Vivien, before she spoke, lifted one of her beautiful hands to feel of the honey-colored hair piled on her small head.

"Yes, mother?" Edwina prompted her, a slight impatience straining her voice.

She was thinking that this was the most important talk she had ever had with her mother or father, and she saw no reason why the state of Vivien's coiffure should interrupt its progress.

Vivien said, "My dear, I'm a very poor wife to your father. I'm afraid I've always been."

An undercurrent of amusement shaded her voice; she paused when she had said the words, looking up at Roger with a glance all sincerity and sweetness. He bent and put a kiss upon her hair. In the silence that succeeded his gesture Miss Winters found herself holding her breath with a strangling sensation as acute as physical agony. It came to her that to have him kiss her in that adoring way she would barter everything she held of value in this world and the next. Tears were in her eyes.

"You see," Vivien went on, speaking to Roger, "I've always encouraged you to do the daring, the dangerous thing." She shook her head gently at the implication of her words. "It isn't at all the thing for a wife to do. Wives should urge safety, conservatism—shouldn't they, Roger?"

Her uplifted eyes were so sure of the negation of the question she put that almost Miss Winters acquiesced audibly.

But Roger said, "Vivien, you're—you're ——"

He hesitated and failed in the word he sought. Vivien turned to include Edwina in the gaze she did not relinquish from Roger.

"It's the other woman usually who urges the dangerous thing."

Edwina said "Mother!"

Vivien at that included Miss Winters too.

"You know, Miss Winters, he's liked the daring things."

The drab little woman met Vivien's eyes with a sudden pride. This scene was the most that she had ever known of life; it brought to her lips the stimulating taste of reality.

"He likes the daring things," she said, and was shamedly conscious of her dullness of repetition.

Vivien turned from Miss Winters' confirmation.

"You see?"

Edwina was experiencing a sensation as of a toppling universe; she steadied herself with stubbornness.

"Frankly, mother, I don't."

"I'm very poor at analysis." Vivien shook her head. "But it's always been my intuition to urge Roger to the impossible, and always he's liked it."

"Oh," Edwina ejaculated dryly, "The Master Builder!"

Vivien regarded her with surprise.

"That play of Ibsen's? Well, no; quite the contrary." Her tone held an unaccustomed note of crispness. "You see, there it was the other woman who urged the dangerous thing, not his wife." And then, in a different voice, "If you're wise, Edwina, you'll be the wind always to your husband, not an anchor." She turned to Leighton, still standing in the doorway: "I think Helen senses this ——"

His glance leaped to hers in radiant affirmation. He was crumpling a letter he held in his hand.

It was then for a flashing instant Edwina saw her mother as the puppet master of the family—playing Roger to the game of success; herself to the rôle of débutante, the maker of a brilliant marriage; Leighton to ambition. Her thought was interrupted by her father's sudden words:

"The demands of the unions surpass anything imaginable."

Vivien said, "Why in the world didn't they strike those dull years when there wasn't any building? It would have been such fun to pull out of the game then, wouldn't it? Do you remember how terribly bored you were with nothing to do?" She shuddered delicately at the recollection and turned to Miss Winters: "You remember, don't you, how quite unmanageable he was that time he was virtually a retired man?"

Miss Winters nodded. She was clear in her mind now about several things that had been a baffiement and bitterness to her these years of association with Roger Towers. She was clear in her mind now why it was he loved Vivien with an entirely unreasonable love.

Vivien was saying, "Work out of this horrid mess first, Roger. You'll like to remember you didn't retreat under fire when we're taking all those trips to South America and the Pacific islands."

"But it isn't so easy as you think," Roger answered. "It isn't my wish in the matter. It's the question of a tremendous loan at the banks." He stopped short on the word and turned to look his wife full in the face. "I saw Humphrey Warner. He's willing to advance what I need if Peters agrees."

"Oh," Vivien interjected, "Billy Peters ——"

"But I haven't been able to get in touch with him all day." Roger turned to Miss Winters: "Where's he been? What does his secretary say?"

She answered, "He was in the country. But they expected him in town tonight."

Vivien interrupted, "I sat next to him at dinner this evening."

"You saw Billy Peters tonight?"

Roger regarded her with amazement. She nodded sweetly.

"I told him you weren't in the least worried over the union situation, because you'd foreseen it from the first and made provision. What could be more natural than for those horrid bricklayers to ask for a raise when buildings are in demand?" She lifted interrogating eyes to Roger. "It's one reason I went," she added obliquely. "It seems so terrible to lack courage when things are black."

Roger crossed to her.

"If Peters agrees to the loan ——"

"Of course he will!" Vivien exclaimed.

Watching her mother, Edwina experienced a feeling of being lifted high into the air, miraculously held there. Of a sudden she saw her father as having been lifted by Vivien, held by Vivien's sheer will, her seeming acquiescence that yet achieved always the thing it wanted. She saw Leighton as lifted by Vivien—she saw herself. On the instant her affair with Sayman appeared the most senseless absurdity; she saw it as Vivien must have seen it—the rebellion that was in it, the childish revolt.

Her decision to break with him flooded her with the joy of a great finality. She was aware of looking at her mother with new eyes.

Then she saw that Roger was crossing the room to his own door. The haggardness had gone from his eyes, the lines of strain about his mouth were relaxed to something almost boyish in the intensity of enthusiasm Vivien had wakened. The pitifulness of old age Miss Winters had seen so enormously in him, and that Edwina sensed without definitely seeing, was vanished into an impression as of his chest outthrust, head upflung. Vivien turned to follow him, and paused.

"Edwina," she murmured, "Scotson's downstairs. He dropped whatever he was doing to take me to the Meades'. I hate to be rude—you tell him good night for me?"

At her words, Edwina was aware of a sudden trembling. Scotson, who loved her, was downstairs. She was going to him.

Then Vivien, satisfied with what she saw in Edwina's eyes, moved after Roger. She had caught up the gleaming wrap upon one arm, whence it trailed across the floor behind her like the tail of some gorgeous and fragile and transient comet. About her slim throat the diamonds Edwina had deplored twinkled like white stars. In the undulating lights of her silvery gown her grace was as revealed as if she went unclothed. Her head was uplifted to Roger, who bent above her, whispering.

Edwina watched them as they passed, and Scotson's words recurred to her:

"For such a woman Pericles built Athens to a dream of marble; for such women men build palaces and Parthenons, cities—civilizations."

(THE END)

In four sizes for home use $4.50 a pair

For all home uses Brown & Sharpe clippers are practical, convenient and will last a lifetime.

BROWN & SHARPE Mfg. Co.
Providence, R.I. U.S.A.

JUST SEND US THIS COUPON

Brown & Sharpe Mfg. Co., Providence, R.I.
Please send a free copy of your new booklet, "How to Use Clippers"

Name
Address
City State

PENNSYLVANIA QUALITY LAWN MOWERS

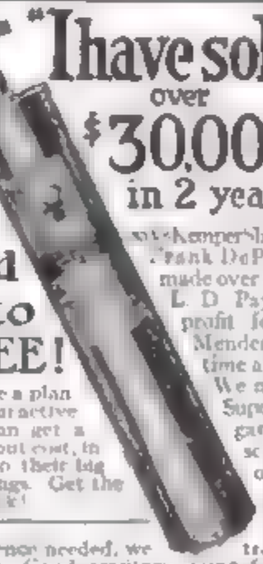
Look for this STAYTITE Handle on the next mower you buy. It stands for everything good.

The New STAYTITE Handle Identifies P Q Lawn Mowers

PENNSYLVANIA Quality
At Hardware and Seed Stores
Send for Folder—"The Care of Your Lawn"
Penna Lawn Mower Works
1621 N. 23rd St.
Philadelphia

"I have sold over $30,000 in 2 years"

W. H. Kemper-Slidell
Frank DePries
made over $32 5 profit in one day
L. D. Payne averaged $20 77 profit for 217 days. F. E. Mendenhall only worked half time and made $100 a week
We need more men to sell Super Fyr-Fyters to hotels, garages stores factories, schools homes and auto owners. Approved by Underwriters Get our [illegible] to make real money
train you free how to



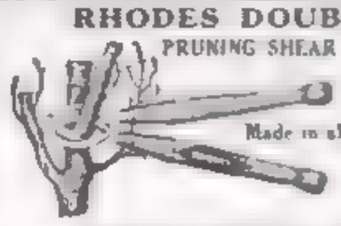
Ford Auto FREE!

We have a plan whereby our active workers can get a Ford without cost, in addition to their big cash earnings. Get the [illegible]

No experience needed, we get orders. Good territory going fast—write us today.

The Fyr-Fyter Co., 2426 Fyr-Fyter Bldg. Dayton, O.

RHODES DOUBLE CUT PRUNING SHEAR



Cuts from both sides of limb and does not bruise the bark
Made in all STYLES & SIZES
All shears delivered free to your door
Send for circular and prices.
RHODES MANUFACTURING CO.
325 Division Ave GRAND RAPIDS MICH

Safe Milk
For Infants, Children, Invalids, the Aged, etc.
Avoid Imitations

PURE-BRED POULTRY Most profitable varieties. Also EGGS and BABY CHICKS. Belgian Hares, Incubators [illegible] Low at prices [illegible] FREE
Nichol's Poultry Farm, Box 32, Monmouth, Illinois

WANTED [illegible]

ROTO Prints *Perfect*

PERHAPS no single feature has done as much to increase the popularity of America's leading newspapers as has Rotogravure. Rotogravure made its first appearance in the newspapers of this country in 1914. The paper which introduced it as a regular feature began with a four-page section. Its circulation was then 200,000. Today that same paper carries a twenty-four page Rotogravure Section and its circulation has increased to more than 500,000

"AS YOU WOULD SEE IT

GRAVURE
Pictures ~ the Universal Language

What an index to the mood of this age in America!

One quick glance tells the story. To young and old alike, pictures are the universal language, and in pictures Rotogravure gives you the high lights of the world's news at home and abroad in faithful detail. There is no misunderstanding the message of Rotogravure. It is quick. It is accurate. It is wholesome. It stimulates the thought of your entire household.

Rotogravure is interesting and as broadly varied as is news itself, for Rotogravure is the screen on which the alert eye of the camera registers the world's activities.

If there is a Rotogravure Section in your local paper, you will find it listed in company with the finest papers published in America.

Kimberly-Clark Company

ESTABLISHED 1872

Neenah, Wis.

NEW YORK, 51 Chambers St. CHICAGO, 208 S. La Salle St. LOS ANGELES, 510 W. Sixth St.

Intaglio printing is variously called gravure, photogravure, rotogravure and similar names. There are many printing plants in the important cities of America equipped to supply rotogravure sections to newspapers. We will be pleased to furnish complete information on request.

IF YOU WERE THERE"

How Would $6.30 a Day Extra Appeal to You?

"I have made as much as $6.30 extra in one day," writes Mr. Norman E. Richardson, of Colorado, "and that seems to me as good a spare-time proposition as one could wish." Mr. Richardson has been selling us his odd hours for four years and enjoys many an easy, generous commission from new subscribers and from those who have been with him ever since he started.

Your Spare Hours Are Worth Dollars

We pay many of our workers up to $1.50, or more, an hour to represent locally *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. We will offer you liberal commissions, and bonus too, if you will help care for our present large list of readers and enroll new subscribers. You need absolutely no experience—just the willingness to try work that is easy and pleasant.

--Mail This Coupon Today--

The Curtis Publishing Company
719 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: I'm interested, so please tell me, without obligation, all about your plan.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

REPORT OF INTERNATIONAL OPERATOR NO. 2006—HA! HA!

(Continued from Page 9)

For a minute was all confused on account of never having expected to meet anybody that said "Ha! Ha!" the same as it is written. After quick deduction clue, however, made following statement: "Well, Chief, proprietors of first three grocery stores south from this latter building on east side of Charles Street all look exactly alike. Medium height; dark hair; smoke expensive brand cigarets; have habit of wearing pants turned up at bottom."

Chief Gatswell now discontinued by offering this statement: "That is exactly right. (Ha! Ha!) It is a splendid start and I see you are well on your way to becoming a International Operator. (Ha! Ha!) Tomorrow visit all the grocery stores in the city (Ha! Ha!) and bring me a written report describing all customers observed in same. (Ha! Ha!) Albert, (Ha! Ha!) open the door (Ha! Ha!) so that International Operator No. 2006 (Ha! Ha!) can get out. (Ha! Ha!)"

10:07 A.M. left Agency extremely sketical as to integity of Chief Gatswell. Made up mind to consult President Phair at all costs. Decided enter P. O. and shadow Lock Drawer 81 till University agent removed mail from same.

10:33 A.M. at P. O. Lock Drawer 81 in plain sight. Pretended whereupon to copy civil-service posters. Employee now stated no loitering allowed in P. O. After a minute's private conversation called him on one side and conducted the following examination:

Q. Who is loitering?

A. You are.

Q. Is not this latter building govament property?

A. Yes. Get out.

Left P. O. 11:06 A.M. for outside where could observe drawer through window. Shadowed here till 12:01 noon. Suddenly saw gent opening said drawer. About to start into P. O. when gent stood up. It was Chief Gatswell.

Did not move. Chief took out letters, slipping same into green bag. Deduced Chief Gatswell was robbing President Phair's correspondence. Dodged behind telephone pole regarding from left as Chief left P. O.

Young man medium height, dark hair, smoking expensive brand of cigarets; habit of wearing pants turned up at bottom on outside of P. O. door. At first did not connect said subject with Chief and decided follow Chief to see what he done with stolen mail. But as Chief left P. O. subject approached same. Overheard following conversation:

SUBJECT—Mr. Gatswell.

CHIEF—(with some apserity) You are not going to get a cent out of me, so beat it.

Approached subject and gained his confidence by borrowing a match. Thus acted because Chief had jumped into taxi and personal financial condition prevented from following same. Also because overheard conversation had given deduction clue to mystery of P. C. D. University. After conversing privately for a minute took subject on one side and conducted the following examination:

Q. I am going to ask you a frank question. Was you a student of Perfection Correspondence Detective University, Mr. Phair, President, Lock Drawer 81?

A. You said a neckful.

Q. Was you led to suspect that they existed a secret and guilty collusional connection between said University and the Squarite Detective Agency?

A. You big simp, they are the same thing.

Q. How so?

A. Gatswell is Phair, and Phair is Gatswell. But you cannot prove it on them because he has got an old man named Phair who is a dummy for him.

Q. Mr. Phair wrote me personal letters stating he was well pleased with my progress.

A. If he wrote you any better letters than he wrote me he was going some.

We now compared certain letters on both our persons and found same identic, line for line, i. e. "My young friend. My new partner. My dear friend and partner. Well, Partner, I am going to be on the square with you because I am on the square with everybody. Partner, I am now going to run out and mail this letter personally so it will be sure to reach you." And all like that.

Subject now stated, "These are not typewritten letters, you big simp; they are printed and sent out to everyone the same except a girl with a typewriter puts dates on them. Moreover though Chief Gatswell is a crook and took a reduced fee off me of $230.00 to become an International Operator and though he is also a comic as often as he circles around a shot of hooch, he is not crook enough nor comic enough to make up his own letters. He has stolen them from others. 'A man is best fitted for the life that most appeals to him. If you are dissatisfied with your present situation there is something wrong with same. There are no ifs and buts about it. Our course is not only practical but enjoyable. It is not difficult and anyone with common sense and an ordinary education must inevitably acquire the fundamental rudiments without great effort.' Yes, that is what they all say, and I ought to know, having completed four other detective courses and six assorted miscellaneous courses, and right here in this city I have just completed the course offered by the Starmaker Motion Picture School promising to make me into a star after ten weeks of personal instructions."

"In how many weeks?" I resumed as I made a sudden clue deduction in my head.

"Ten," he offered.

"What did you say was the name of the school?" I followed up.

"The Starmaker Motion Picture School, corner of Charles and Center, Rialto Building. It is as bad a fake as the Squarite Detective Agency and if I did not have strong educational desires I would certainly be discouraged by all what has happened to me in the educational world."

Left subject to again read Dee's letter. Clue deduction seemed unassaillably (Ha! Ha!) substantiated and conclusive. 12:12 noon studied A.M. Herald pasted up in window of newspaper office.

Item in middle of Page 3:

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF HEIRESS

RYDON EXCITED OVER FATE OF DAUGHTER OF BANKER HUBBS

RYDON, May 10—Inhabitants of this little city have been staggered by the mysterious fate of Huldah Higginbottam Hubbs, only daughter of Henry Higginbottam Hubbs, Rydon's wealthiest banker. For some weeks Miss Hubbs, known among Rydon's younger set as "Dee," has openly expressed her discontent with her home life. Preceding her disappearance she sent to all her friends identical notes suggesting suicide. As a result Rydon River is being dragged for trace of the missing girl but so far without result. The distracted father has publicly offered a reward of $1,000.00 for information leading to the discovery of his daughter's whereabouts or the finding of the body. The fact that Miss Hubbs was known to have almost $700.00 in her possession has suggested to the local police the theory of foul play and this hypothesis has been strengthened by the fact that a black-hand gang has recently been operating in the neighborhood of Rydon. The missing girl is of medium height with dark hair.

On reading this piece where the $700.00 confirmed clue deduction felt excessively eginmatic smile steal over face.

Studied situation. Proceeded Starmaker Motion Picture School. Students not present. Displayed personal star ("Private Detective") and was allowed to examine books. Huldah's name not on books. Clue deduction evidently no good. Walked through business and residentious district in state of agitated emotions.

6:46 P.M. not being in evening attire and being too hungry to walk around further, returned to room.

Because Miss Melton was not waiting to see me come in felt disappointed, for that is human nature (Ha! Ha!) Compared Miss Melton with Dee. Both goodlookers. Dee, however, very snippy to me in Rydon and always engaged to Milt or some other fellow not including me though you might not think same from reading that letter.

6:48 P.M. in room. On table by bed found tray with cold supper including plate of bread, butter, sauce, meat, potatoes, pickles, glass milk, and large portion apple pie. No sign as to who had brought same. Examined tray for finger prints but did not find any. Decided would have to consider source of this mysterious tray as simple psychology case.

Now discovered that while examining apple pie had bit out large hunk and thoughtlessly swallowed same. Dinner whereupon being in damaged state proceeded to eat remainder to avoid waste.

Had hardly discontinued 6 50 P.M. when knock came at door. Miss Melton. As she looked at remains on tray, i. e. the dishes only—I could notice a kind of eginmatic smile on her face.

I now conducted the following examination:

Q. Was you responsible for the preparation of this latter meal?

A. I brought it up to you without my aunt knowing anything about it. She would scalp me if she knew. She is an old dragon and she has made life miserable for me ever since she took me from Lake Kinnikinnick when my mother died. They was a young man here a little while ago who was a detective like you and he pretty nearly starved to death before he got home again. I hope you are not offended.

Q. I will not be offended if you will tell me what your eyes are so red about. I will bet you five dollars I know your first name.

A. My eyes are red because of something I saw today and you do not know my first name because nobody in this city knows it except my aunt and she always calls me by my middle name.

Q. I can tell a girl's first name just by looking at her. Genevieve.

A. My name is not Genevieve; it is Irma.

Q. That is just what I started to say when you interrupted me. "Genevieve," I started to say, "would not be a possible name for that girl because she is too pretty to be called Genevieve. Her name is Irma and could not be anything else." By the way, don't call me Fred, because my first name is Alex. Why do you always look as if you was getting ready to cry?

A. You are the most frightful jollyer I have ever seen in all my life and we have some fierce ones at Lake Kinnikinnick. Well, I will tell you and I am sure you will think me a big fool to cry about it. This afternoon I was out in the country with my aunt buying some vegetables from a deaf farmer who is batching it, and across the road there is a deserted farmhouse with an old well or something about twelve feet deep and with no water in the bottom but only soft mud. A pig had fallen in and he could not get out and he was squealing. And they were lowering a man down to get the pig out. Well, there was something exactly like that which happened in Lake Kinnikinnick the day before I left and I could not look at that well without thinking of the happy days I spent there.

Q. Where? in the well?

A. Oh, aren't you mean! You are the meanest thing I ever saw in all my life. No, not in the well; in Lake Kinnikinnick. Oh, I don't believe there was ever better times in the world than we used to have in Lake Kinnikinnick. Why do you always laugh when I say Lake Kinnikinnick? It is a fine old Indian name and what is in a name anyhow? I think anybody should be proud of whatever name he has. I do not see why these girls who go into the movies always change their names first. What is the matter? Why did you get that funny expression on your face all of a sudden? Come down to the kitchen tomorrow morning before my aunt is up and I will get you some breakfast.

Q. I got that expression on my face because while you was talking I made a sudden clue deduction.

A. Well, don't forget about breakfast.

8:30 P.M. discontinued thinking. Wrote report. 11:53 P.M. went to sleep face completely covered with a extremely eginmatic smile.

EXPENSES: Theaters $0.00; Taxis $0.00; Hotels $0.00; Miscellaneous $0.00. TOTAL $0.00.

III

MAY 12.

ON WAKING 6:53 A.M. resumed case. Tried to think. Successful. Plans for both cases well in hand. Absolutely certain clue deduction suggested by Irma's statement O.K.

(Continued on Page 133)

14-inch home model, $30
21-inch concert model, $35

Connect in place of headphones

No batteries required —no adjustments

The pianist playing on the stage

The pianist playing in your home at the same instant

Piano-Tones, Pure and Unchanged

MUSIC MASTER, the Musical Instrument of Radio, delivers difficult piano-tones with the true resonance of the original—without blast or other mechanical distortion.

The horn of MUSIC MASTER is wood, just as the sounding-board of the piano is wood—the physically perfect material for true tone-reproduction. The gooseneck of MUSIC MASTER is a non-vibrating metal—cast aluminum.

In the art-metal base is a powerful, perfected radio reproducer—attuned to catch the most fugitive sound-waves and reproduce them in the tones of realism.

At your dealer's today, hear this superb instrument, without which no radio set is truly complete. Hear it—compare it!

MUSIC MASTER CORPORATION
Formerly General Radio Corporation
Makers and Distributors of High-Grade Radio Apparatus
CHICAGO — S. W. Cor. 10th & Cherry Streets, PHILADELPHIA — PITTSBURGH

DEALERS—JOBBERS—

Write for full description and prices of the MUSIC MASTER line of proven radio products. Regardless of what you are now handling, it will pay you to investigate MUSIC MASTER

Music Master
RADIO REPRODUCER

A Fast-cooking Oil Stove That Will Give You More Time for Play

WHAT woman wants to spend long hours in the kitchen cooking during the glorious months of summer? All the minutes you can shorten the cooking-period count as hours in the increasing of your health and happiness.

Where gas is not available there's no other fuel that will give you better, quicker, cooler service for cooking than oil—provided, of course, that you buy the right kind of oil cook stove.

What is a good oil cook stove? Well—any oil cook stove equipped with the Lorain High Speed Oil Burner will give you the maximum of service and satisfaction. Why? Because the Lorain Burner applies a clean, odorless, blue flame of great intensity *directly against the cooking utensil.* Because the vital part, the inner combustion tube, is guaranteed for ten years against burning out.

Then there's the patented wick-stop that automatically determines the correct height of the wick for lighting and burning, which with the Lorain Burner are one and the same. Then again, the tapered combustion tubes prevent "boil-overs" from reaching the wick.

Ask the nearest dealer who sells oil stoves equipped with the Lorain Burner to explain these and other features to you. Then you'll see why a Lorain-equipped Oil Stove will shorten the time spent in cooking and give you more time for recreation.

BECAUSE the short chimney oil stove burner produces an intense flame which strikes directly on the bottom of the cooking utensil, the heat generated has, in the past, caused the early destruction of its vital part, the inner combustion tube.

This fault has been completely eliminated in the Lorain High Speed Oil Burner by making the inner combustion tube of "Vesuvius Metal" which is not affected by the destructive action of this intense heat.

Therefore, American Stove Company now gives the following *unconditional* guarantee with each Lorain Oil Burner.

Guarantee

Should the inner combustion tube of the Lorain High Speed Oil Burner burn out within 10 years from date of purchase, replacement will be made entirely free of charge.

Many famous makes of Oil Cook Stoves are now equipped with the Lorain High Speed Oil Burner, including:

DANGLER
Dangler Stove Co. Cleveland, Ohio

DIRECT ACTION
National Stove Co. Toledo, Ohio

NEW PROCESS
New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

QUICK MEAL
Quick Meal Stove Co. Div.

CLARK JEWEL
Geo. M. Clark & Co. Chicago, Ill.

Look for the RED WHEEL

LORAIN
OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

Sole Manufacturers of Gas Ranges Equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator

World's Largest Manufacturers of Cooking Appliances

LORAIN
HIGH SPEED OIL BURNER

(Continued from Page 130)

7:04 A.M. downstairs and into kitchen. Before able to prevent same Irma had given me two fried eggs, some bacon, bread, butter, coffee, oatmeal and one orange

"Oh," I offered, "I did not come down for this. All I come down for was to ask you for some advice."

"What advice?" she returned.

"I am very fond of a girl," I assumed, "and I do not know what I should do about it."

"Have you known her long?" she continued

"Oh, yes," I followed up. "I have known same all my life"

When I stated this she looked first all confused and then sort of sad

"Well," she returned, "what is the matter? If you love her why do you not marry her? Doesn't she love you?"

"I am not sure if I know," I resumed modistly. "What would you say of a girl who had broken four dates with you in three weeks, each time accepting five days in advance and then alleging at the last minute, 'Oh, how sorry I am! I have just remembered that I had a previous engagement.'"

"If she is a friend of yours," Irma offered, "I will not hurt your feelings by saying what I think. But I will state that I do not know any girl in Lake Kinnikinnick who would treat a man that way."

"Well," I discontinued, "I will have to think it over but at present I need fifty cents to telegraph to the town where she lives, and I am broke. I would also like the A.M. Herald of yesterday."

At this point 7:17 A.M. Irma fished into a small pocketbook and lent me sum required. This sum was necessary for my plan, but borrowed same from Irma as simple psychology case to see if subject was kindhearted or otherwise. Proceeded to telegraph office where sent message to Rydon on sole basis of clue deduction.

9:15 A.M. reached Squarite Agency. Albert reported Chief Gatswell out of town. Busted past Albert to Chief's office. Chief seated as before but without smell of spiritual liquors. Face carried headache expression. Money pocket, however still bulging.

"What does this mean?" snapped Chief Gatswell with some asperity. "Why do you bust in like this? You are only a conditional employee and you might as well understand same. If you have some cases bring them in and I will see that you get your percentage of rewards secured by agency in those cases. Otherwise keep out. Albert, when this gentleman comes again you can tell him yourself whether there is any work for him or not. Remember that."

"Well, Chief," I returned, "I have got a case for you right now."

He almost jumped out of his chair. "What?" he offered in a loud voice.

I repeated, "I have a case for you, Chief."

"What kind of a case?"

"A black-hand kidnapping case."

"Where did you get it?"

I now pulled out clipping with despatch from Rydon.

"What has this got to do with you?" he hollered. "This was in all the newspapers. I saw it myself over a week ago."

While offering this atrocial falsehood Chief Gatswell was copying down names, addresses, etc. from clipping.

"Because, Chief," I resumed modistly, "I knew this girl in Rydon from childhood's earliest hour and here is her picture and name in my watch. Last night I shadowed a suspicious character that I had seen in Rydon and tracked him to black-hand den where it is kidnapped girl is being held for a reward. It is a deserted farm house but at 6:00 P.M. she is alone except for one old man, the rest of the gang going in town to eat in a restaurant. Two of us can get her easy if you will bring along a revolver. I will call for you a little before six. It will not be necessary to wear evening attire."

Chief Gatswell now resumed for a long time trying to make me tell location of black-hand den but without success. Finally agreed to be ready a little before six. Left office with Chief shaking me by hand and stating he had known from first I would be greatest International Operator of age.

9:30 A.M. back at telegraph office. Answer telegram waiting. Favorable. Caught ride to country in truck investigating statements made by Irma. Returned. 11:30 shadowing mission corner Charles and Center. Subject appeared as per clue deduction. Shadowed subject to boarding house in residentious district and noted number on cuff. In excited state.

Discontinued to return to room. Did not reach same, aunt being absent and Irma hauling me into kitchen and giving me lunch. Kidded Irma from 12:30 noon to 1:30 P.M. Resumed case.

6:00 P.M. found Chief waiting Squarite Detective Agency. Chief seemed enthusiastic and not in least sketical. Offered me pistol. Refused, as did not want same.

6:03 P.M. in taxi. Passed residentious district to country road. 6:18 P.M. stopped taxi. Chief paid chauffeur and dismissed same. Resumed along country road to one running north. Cloudy and dark. Farmhouse in distance with one light. On other side of road deserted farmhouse without light.

6:23 P.M. offered following remark "Well, Chief, kindly lend me your pistol while I creep up and see if everything is O.K."

He done so.

I proceeded toward house with a extraordinarily eginmatic smile playing over face. On return resumed. "Here is your pistol, Chief. Everything is O.K. Follow me closely"

Begun crawling again toward house. Lilac bushes. Offered in whisper, "Well, Chief, now you can stand up a minute. We are behind these bushes."

When he was halfway up I gave him a shove so he went over to one side and down the old well or cistern that Irma had told me about the day before. For I had gone out there in the A.M. and P.M. both and covered the top of this man trap with light branches so it looked solid

6:27 P.M. heard splash as chief landed in mud and so on twelve feet down. His first action on standing up was to pull pistol from pocket. This did not do much good because I had taken all cartridges out and filled inside of same with mud.

I now conducted the following examination:

Q. Partner, I am giving you a chance to enroll in my big value course of climbing out of wells, because my friend, a diploma from the Perfection Well Climbing University is a passport to any well in the land. I can see by your eye that you have well-climbing desires so you should by all means prepare yourself to be a Trained Well-Climber because, in my opinion, that is what you were made for.

A. *******

Q. Anyone with commonsense and an ordinary education can acquire the fundamental rudiments without great effort of a profession not only practicable but enjoyable and there are no ifs nor buts about this as it is only a question of making up your mind. My Friend and Partner, a man is best fitted for the life that most appeals to him. Are you satisfied with your present position? Well, Partner, Trained Well-Climbers with Integity and Loyalty is what the world needs today because in the U. S. at present we have more wells than there are people trained to climb out of same. There is only one question I want to put to you before we start. Do you wish to prepare yourself to be a National or a International Well-Climber?

A. *****

Q. Well, Partner, you have made a wise choice. You will not only be learning by earning but you will make big money while having all expenses paid by other people. Though the usual fee for supertuition required to train a man to become a International Well-Climber is $1,000.00, in your case I am going to make a special rate. Yes, Partner, because I am always on the square I am going to charge you a small sum only, which, by a comical coincidence, will be exactly the total amount paid by me for detective studies in the P. C. D. University plus the supertuition paid to become an International Operator. I am going to lower a piece of string and when I haul up that string I hope I will find $210.00 tied to end of same. In that case I will give you enough supertuition so that you can get out of where you are in a hurry. Otherwise, since time is money, you may have to wait until I can spare a minute to call up on the telephone, if he has one, that deaf farmer who is at present your nearest and only neighbor. But, Partner, do not do anything you do not want to do, because maybe there will be a heavy rain tonight and you can swim out.

A. *****

(Q. 15 minutes later): Well, Partner, I am certainly glad you were mistaken about having left your money at home and it is certainly good news for both of us that you

When You Build or Repair

Know That Good Hinges Mean Good Doors

A FINE DOOR can be ruined by hinges of indifferent quality. If a hinge works loosely, the door sticks and catches. That means marred paint or varnish on door and jamb—noise, annoyance. When you first think of building or repairing see the merchant who sells

McKINNEY HINGES

Consult him as to the kind of hardware you'll need and its cost. Then set aside enough money to meet requirements. A common mistake is to wait until the last minute to consider hardware and its price. You'll find practical aid where McKinney products are sold.

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
PITTSBURGH PENNSYLVANIA

Tom Wye in the New Colorings

Every man's taste in colorings can be pleased to the dot in the Tom Wye color range. There are rich solids in tan and platinum. A gayer note in blazer patterns, plaids, squares, checks and blends. Beautiful heathers in oxford, beaver, green, seal, autumn, Scotch, gold and blue. Sporty brushed wool jackets for the man whose tastes incline to the ultra-fashionable. Look for the Tom Wye Label. Made by—

TOM WYE, Incorporated Winchendon, Mass.

Tom Wye

KNIT JACKET

Molasses pie . .

To make Molasses Pie pour 1½ cups of scalded milk over 1 whole egg and yolks of 2, slightly beaten. Add ½ cup Gold Label Grade Molasses, ¼ teaspoon each cinnamon, nutmeg and salt. Line a tin with pastry and fill. Bake until a knife comes out clean. Cover with meringue made of two remaining whites, and brown in hot oven.

Brer Rabbit Molasses

Send for recipe book "O" Penick & Ford, Ltd., New Orleans, La.

had your supertuition fee ready and waiting in your pocket. I am not going to give you a receipt for same because in so doing I would feel I was starting you wrong since confidence in your fellow workers is the corner stone to success in your chosen profession. Goodby, Partner, and I am pretty sure you will not make any publicity about this big-value supertuition you have just paid for because if you did you would get a lot more comical publicity out of it than anybody else. Goodby again, Partner. I am now going to my office to send you immediately the instruction and assistance necessary to climb out of this latter well which you are now in, thus initiating you in the greatest career in the world—that of an International Well-Climber.

When he got all through answering, and the answer this time was worse and longer than any of the other answers, I leaned over the edge of the hole and in a low gentlemanly voice made the following remark:

"Ha! Ha!"

Then I went away from there.

Did not have to return Starmaker Motion Picture School To Stardom in Ten Weeks—because had completed shadowing mission that A.M. Proceeded directly to boarding house in residentious district of address noted on cuff. Rang bell. Asked for Huldah Higginbottam Hubbs.

"Nobody of that name in this house," returned lady who opened door.

Check followed by sudden deduction clue. Resumed with following request:

"I will repeat to you a list of names and ask you if any of those persons are at present boarding with you."

Repeated whereupon from memory names which had seen day previous on books of Starmaker Motion Picture School.

Blossom Lovely.

Spring Carol.

Belle Personne.

Beauty Darling.

The boarding-house lady followed up: "Yes, Miss Beauty Darling is here. She came in a couple of days ago. She says she is in the movies, but I think she is only going to some business colege up town. Well, I will tell her that you are here."

7 15 P.M. Huldah entered parlor looking white and discouraged.

"Well, Huldah," I now offered, "I am a trained detective with what is called the camera eye and it might interest you to know that during the current A.M. I traced you to this address by means of a few simple deduction clues. Now I am going to tell you something. The school you are attending and where you expect to be made into a movie star in ten weeks is a fake. All they are after is your $700.00 and by this time they have already got most of same."

"Oh, Alex," she now gasped, "how did you find out that?"

"For a trained detective," I resumed, "such things are very simple and as a trained detective I could have warned you against the pitfalls of all such fake establishments. But you did not consult me. Well, I have notified your father and he has wired me that he would reach city at 6:00 P.M. so he must now be waiting at the New American House. We will go there at once."

"No," she returned, taking her hat and coat from the hall rack and putting them on; "no, I will never go back again. Still I have no objection to seeing Dad. I know now that my regular name is not so bad after all; that is because everybody at the boarding house kidded me so about my screen name. I never really wanted to be a movie star anyhow; and especially I do not now, after having seen the people running this school. But Dad has got to understand I will never come back to Rydon unless he buys a new car in place of that old rattletrap of ours which is as old as the flood. Why did anybody think I wanted to commit suicide? I made my letters as plain as possible without giving everything away. Oh, Alex, how mean I have been to you. I never supposed you were so wonderful and I had no idea you were a celebrated detective. When did you learn it? Now that you are a success why do you not marry some nice girl and settle down?"

As she offered this latter she sort of blushed.

"Well," I judged with an emphatically eginmatic smile, "maybe that is just what I am going to do."

Now took Huldah to Banker Hubbs. Same tried to beat me down to $500.00. Refused; offer of $1,000.00 being unassailably (Ha! Ha!) substantiated and conclusive. Received $1,000.00.

Said good-by to Huldah 8:15 P.M. Immediately sent taxi man to well, having previously forgotten all about Chief's position in same. Proceeded whereupon to rooming house, arriving at 8:42 P.M. Irma in parlor alone. Closed door. Engaged subject in private conversation for a minute. Then, calling her on one side, conducted the following examination:

Q. Was you ever lonely while in this city?

A. Well, I'll say I was. Why?

Q. Yes, that is what I would like to ask you—why?

A. Well, I guess anybody would be lonely no matter where they lived if they had ever lived before in Lake Kinnikinnick.

Q. I was in Lake Kinnikinnick once. Four of us went there in an automobile and we had dinner at that big hotel—what is its name now?

A. Oh, the Kinnikinnick House. Oh, listen, why didn't you tell me before you had been in Lake Kinnikinnick? Oh, isn't it the sweetest town in the world! How anybody who has ever lived there can bear to go anywhere else is beyond me. I don't know what ever got into my aunt. Oh, do you remember that mission-style public boathouse? Oh, isn't it swell!

Q. It certainly is. By the way, is Lake Kinnikinnick a live town? Can a young man get a job there?

A. A job! Listen. Every week in the Kinnikinnick Herald there is almost a half column full of little ads and there is always at least two about jobs.

Q. I would like to ask you what chance for success you think a young man would have who should come there with a thousand dollars and buy into some business?

A. The best in the world. There are a hundred more people there this year than last year.

Q. Not very far from the Kinnikinnick House there is a clergyman who has a house with a yard and a fence in front of same. His oldest boy is medium height; dark hair, smokes expensive brand of cigarets; has habit of wearing pants turned up at bottom.

A. Oh, you must mean the Reverend Johnson. He still has front yard, but the fence that used to be there has been taken down, and little Henry Johnson, that is the oldest boy, sixteen years old in January, has now taken the pledge against smoking till he is twenty-one, when his Grandfather Simmons will give him a gold watch.

Q. How much does the Reverend Johnson charge to marry people?

A. I do not know but I think you give him just what you feel like.

Q. When we get married I will give him $5.00.

A. What are you talking about?

Q. When does the first train leave for Lake Kinnikinnick?

A. You can't get there except by starting in the morning.

Q. Put on your hat and pack your satchel. If there is a good show in town we will go first, and afterwards we will take a taxi and wake up Reverend Johnson when we get there.

A. Oh, Alex.

EXPENSES (May 12 etc.)—Theater $4.00; Taxis $16.00; Hotel $5.00; Miscellaneous including stamps ($0.04) to send announcements of marriage to President Phair of Perfection Correspondence Detective University and Chief Gatswell of Squarite Detective Agency, $33.54. TOTAL $58.54.

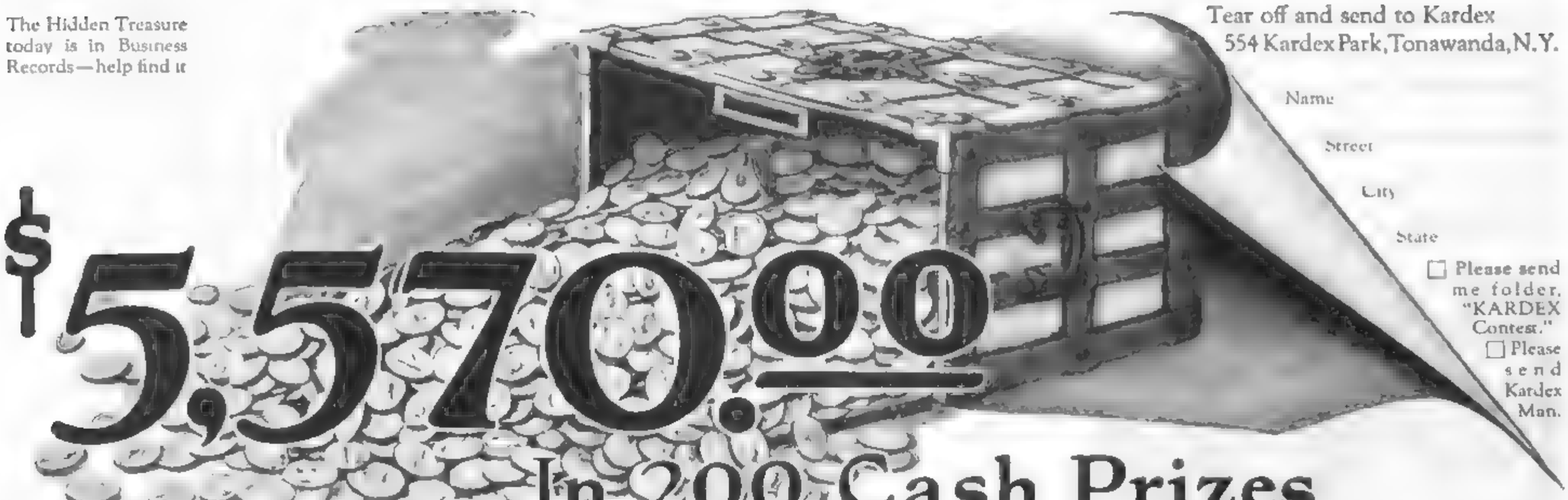
So that is how I happened to marry Irma, and though at times, when she is not feeling good, neighbors may see a sort of eginmatic smile stealing along my face I have never yet regretted what I done.

Some people, however, wonder why I married Irma instead of Huldah.

Well, there were two reasons why I done same and the first reason was that after hearing such good reports about it I wanted to see for myself what Lake Kinnikinnick was like. You see I had never been there in spite of having successfully kidded Irma as to same (Ha! Ha!) But, speaking serious, there was a real reason for this apparently peculiar choice. Huldah looked up to me because I was a successful detective. On the other hand Irma looked up to me because I was willing to live in Lake Kinnikinnick.

And I knew I would not always be a successful detective but I knew I would always be willing to live in Lake Kinnikinnick. And a man wants that his wife should always look up to him because that is human nature. (Ha! Ha!)

The Hidden Treasure today is in Business Records—help find it



Tear off and send to Kardex
554 Kardex Park, Tonawanda, N.Y.

Name

Street

City

State

☐ Please send me folder, "KARDEX Contest."

☐ Please send Kardex Man.

$5,570.00 In 200 Cash Prizes For the Best Ideas on Business Records

Grand Prize $1000, Second Prize $750, Third Prize $600. 197 other Cash Prizes of from $500. to $10.

Given to the men and women who send in the best plans for the keeping of any business record by the Kardex Method

An Opportunity as Broad as Business Itself

All business depends on records of some sort. Every man or woman who uses or creates records of any kind should take part in this contest.

This is an opportunity for you to draw a dividend on your experience with records, regardless of the nature of those records, regardless of the kind or the size of the business.

We are offering these prizes to draw attention to the need for better business records. In modern business their importance can not be over emphasized.

Better, Simpler, More Accurate, More Usable, Money Saving, Profit Building Records are Needed

—Kardex men everywhere are available for advice on record keeping problems

20,000 record forms, representing every line of business from "Abrasives" to "Zinc" are on file at the Kardex Institute. These are in daily use by over one hundred thousand Kardex users. If you are now using Kardex or can show how Kardex can be used on your own records or on any record you should enter this contest. Explain your plan in a letter and send with it the card form you suggest. If your idea is one of the 200 best, you will receive a cash prize, perhaps the Grand Prize of $1000.00.

Send for the Kardex Contest Folder

Learn how Kardex Methods save time and money, how they prevent errors and how they make business better by showing vital facts at a glance.

Then write out your ideas for improving your own records with Kardex, with an explanation of what it saves in time, labor and misfiling, and how it makes record keeping quicker, more accurate, more legible, fool-proof. Design Kardex card forms to illustrate your ideas and send your material to the Kardex Contest Department.

Every Form of Record Offers Opportunity

Determine how you can make your ledgers, cost records, purchase, production, personnel, and inventory records, records of credits and collections or the records of any other department more vital by the aid of Kardex Methods.

Everyone Can Enter This Contest

Department heads can tell of their work with records in their own branches of business. Clerks, whose daily work is the keeping of records, may know better than anyone else wherein the forms of records or methods of working with and using them may be simplified or improved. All have an even chance to win the Grand Prize of $1000.00 and the 199 other cash prizes.

This Contest is in the Highest Sense IMPORTANT

Business is today more competitive, more complicated, more heavily burdened by indefinite information than ever before. Useless motions and needless waste must be cut down. Business records must be simplified. Guesswork must give place to accurate and accessible facts.

Records Must Be Simplified

Thousands of records are now being kept wastefully. Think of the time lost tumbling through boxes and books that can be saved by the Kardex cards-in-sight methods. Think of the complicated record forms that can, with a little thought, be redesigned and made to save time and money. Think of the records that can be combined to save duplicated effort. Think of the costly mistakes that are made because of complicated systems. Think of the lost and misfiled records—all unnecessary.

It is to stimulate this kind of thinking that we offer these prizes. Live, forward looking, ambitious people in business will take part in this contest; those who are constantly looking for ways to cut losses, to increase business at lower cost. For you this contest is a great opportunity. To you it means not only the chance to win one of the 200 cash prizes, but increased earning power as well resulting from sound thinking on a problem of saving time and money for your business.

—The Kardexed Stock Record at Parke, Davis & Co.

This contest opens Feb. 1, 1924, closes Apr. 30th. Prizes will be announced July 1st by the Judges, who will be appointed from men in business organizations who are especially fitted by experience and training in office management and record keeping. Awards will be made strictly according to merit. In case of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded those involved.

Any contestant may submit any number of ideas using different kinds of records, but can be eligible for only one prize. No one connected with Kardex is eligible. Material entered in the contest should be postmarked not later than Apr. 30th, 1924.

Start now. Write today for the Kardex Contest Folder which will give you full details governing the contest and necessary information about Kardex to guide you. Address The KARDEX Co., 554 Kardex Park, Tonawanda, N. Y.

Kardex Stores in Leading Cities Throughout the World Where Kardex Forms and Methods May Be Examined.

In Canada—KARDEX, Ltd., 58 Front St. West, Toronto

KARDEX

Dance music as only these famous orchestras can play it

Exclusively on Columbia *New Process* Records

Apeda, N. Y.

Paul Specht, a concert violinist who has brought to dance music a color and rich harmony that are unique.

Bloom, Chicago

Frank Westphal, piano wizard, whose orchestra is notable in critical Chicago, where only the finest of dance orchestras are in demand.

Apeda, N. Y.

Arthur Hand, violinist-conductor of the California Ramblers, whose rhythmic, fascinating music has captivated New York

Ted Lewis and His Band
California Ramblers
Paul Specht and His Orchestra
Frank Westphal and His Orchestra

A MARVELOUS combination—the Columbia New Process Record and these famous orchestras! It is American dance music at its best; music such as Columbia alone can offer.

Don't deny yourself the greatest of all treats. Hear these orchestras that have captured a continent with their irresistible music. You'll hear them as they *are*, when you hear a New Process Record with all the perfection of instrumental tone and ensemble playing that has fascinated the theatre-going public and the dancing world.

If you like jazz you will be especially enthusiastic about Ted Lewis and His Band. Ted Lewis is a master-hand at syncopation, and New Process Record hits that should be in every record library are "Tiger Rag," "Louisville Lou," "Annabelle" and "Aunt Hagar's Blues."

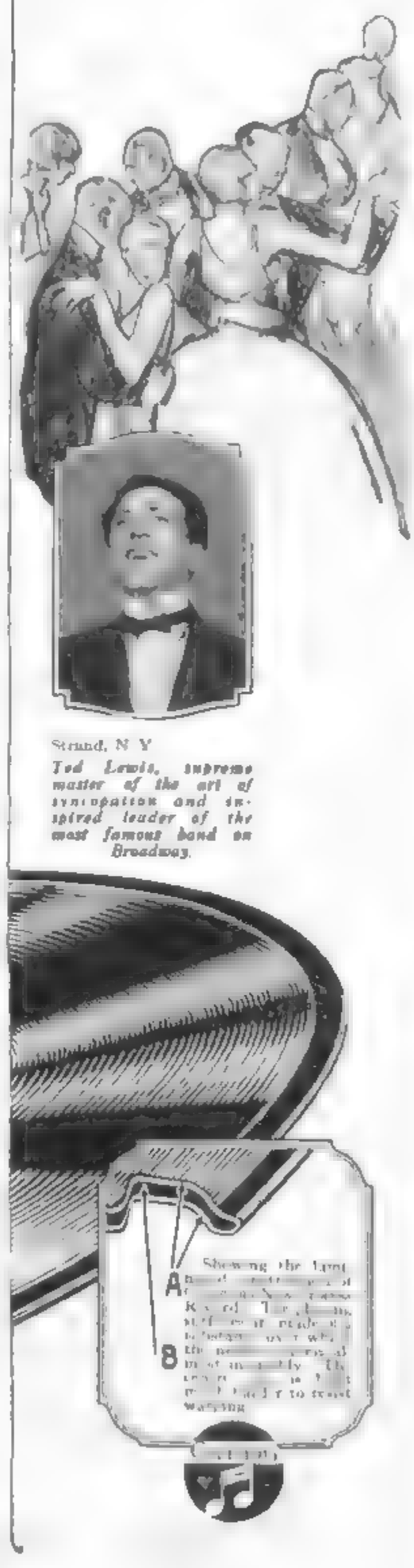
The California Ramblers earned their fame on the Pacific Coast, and New York is now fox-trotting to the compelling rhythm of Rambler music—and applauding vigorously for encores. Paul Specht and His Orchestra are called the "symphonists" of the dance. Hear them in "Chansonette" or "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise," and you will want all of the New Process Records that bring you Specht's music.

Ask your Columbia Dealer to play for you also Frank Westphal's New Process Records. His is one of the most popular dance orchestras in Chicago. In listening to Columbia New Process Records, you will note that we have eliminated the insistent scratch of needle noise, which in the past has been common to all phonographic music. The method by which they are made (and which makes them noiseless) is the exclusive property of the Columbia Phonograph Company, and no one else can use it. So be sure to ask for Columbia New Process Records by name. They can be played on any phonograph.

* * * *

You will agree that the New Columbia Phonograph is a finer phonograph than the world has ever known before. Let your ears take in the subtle phrasing, the delicate shades of tone which the Columbia alone can reproduce. See the many handsome models of this new phonograph at any Columbia Dealer's. Prices range from $50 to $600.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY
1819 Broadway, New York
347 Adelaide St., Toronto, Canada



Strand, N. Y.

Ted Lewis, supreme master of the art of syncopation and inspired leader of the most famous band on Broadway.

Columbia

New Process RECORDS

RAILROAD CONSOLIDATION

(Continued from Page 7)

roads allows great flexibility in adjustment between present and future values through different types of securities.

The relative value of railways is usually fairly accurately determined in the quotations of the public markets, if some period which avoids speculative fevers is taken. Moreover, the excessive capital of weak roads gets its valuation at less than par in the markets. The total value of the railways is today probably less than the value would be on the basis upon which the Interstate Commerce Commission is by law today proceeding to their valuation. This plan of exchange would thus automatically take account of such opportunities to reduce capitalization. Under it the securities issued may not in any event exceed the physical value of the properties as determined by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and would be likely to be even less. There are stupendous difficulties in the way of determining values either for a road as a whole or for any class of its securities. There are almost as many theories as to the proper method of valuation as there are minds dealing with the question. It is perhaps hopeless to anticipate absolute justice in any such situation. In such matters as this the equity can never be accurately satisfied—the problem is to bring the highest intelligence to the solution and to give fair treatment. This plan of adjusting the ratio of securities of different classes to be issued in exchange does not require the exactness that would be necessary in the case of an enforced amalgamation under the law. Furthermore, we are dealing with relative, not absolute values, and if the same standards are applied to each road in reaching the result, there will be little injustice. To leave the question of value to a new and independent determination means interminable delay and duplication of a vast and valuable work already performed. The Interstate Commerce Commission for the last ten years has been working under congressional direction on the valuation of all the railroads of the United States. Though not yet finished, there is a huge amount of accomplishment, and completion of the task may reasonably be anticipated in the not distant future. June 30, 1914, is the basic date for this valuation, and I am suggesting that for the purpose of these voluntary consolidations the determinations of the commission as of this date be adopted, adding, of course, capital expenditures and deducting depreciation and abandonments since that time. I do not assert the absolute correctness of these valuations. If values are to be determined according to the cost of reconstruction at present prices, as is advocated by some, the 1914 figures would doubtless be greatly increased. But in any event they will represent the impartial determination of an eminent and expert body, arrived at after tedious investigation and the most painstaking consideration, and so long as they form a maximum basis for the entire process of determining values, applicable to all the roads in question, the relation established by them is bound to be substantially fair as between one road and another.

Many outstanding securities, such as first-mortgage bonds, might not be disturbed at all under such a plan. It would be possible for the properties to be acquired subject to their lien.

In effect the plan makes available all the usual methods by which railroads have been reorganized or consolidated in the past, imposing only such limitations as public interest dictates and creating a governmental agency to supervise and facilitate accomplishment.

This plan makes possible also the ownership of certain roads and terminals by two or more systems through exchange of securities half from one consolidation and half from another.

It is not to be believed that the great mass of roads will decline to act in accordance with such a declared government policy or fail to avail themselves of the machinery offered. As for such as do not take voluntary action, compulsory consolidation could be entered upon at the end of some further period. The exact method by which it will be compelled may well be left for determination when the need arises, because the size of the problem will be greatly reduced.

Historically, as I have indicated, consolidation enabled the railroads to serve the transportation needs of the country; but the privilege was abused to such a point that it was finally denied. A strict regulatory policy has now developed to the stage where it can with entire safety to the public be trusted to encourage railroad consolidations anew without danger of a recurrence of their former abuses. Consolidation is economically sound and, when subjected to intelligent supervision and control, cannot be other than directly beneficial to the public.

If it be not permitted and encouraged, not to say compelled, under government direction, I am profoundly convinced that as a whole the railways will steadily become less and less able to provide for the growth of the country and we shall be faced with government ownership—a disaster beyond contemplation.

LYNX LUCIFER

(Continued from Page 11)

When the boy went North to begin his business career this comradeship ended. There was no one to whom the lynx, now more than half grown, could be given, for its dislike of all other human beings had become more intense as it grew older. Once when the boy had taken his pet with him to a wooded hollow near the house the lynx had gone bounding off after a rabbit. He had remained away nearly two hours and upon his return had shown for the first time in his life a certain coldness towards his master. This had worn off presently, but the boy understood its significance and remembered it.

As the time for his departure drew near he took the lynx again and again into the woods and thicket-bordered fields and generally managed to start a rabbit. Longer and longer grew the lynx's absences, and once he stayed in the woods all night. The next afternoon, an hour before sunset, the boy, feeling rather sad about it, prepared to make an end.

This time he went with the lynx far into the deep woods, three miles or more from the plantation house, at the edge of a great swamp; and this time he took his gun with him.

He walked, with his velvet-footed companion at his heels, along the margin of a reed-grown lagoon until a short-eared short-legged marsh rabbit, slow and clumsy compared with a cottontail, jumped up in front of him, and the long-limbed lanky wildcat went bounding away, gaining upon the fugitive at every leap. The boy waited a half minute, raised his gun and fired first one barrel, then the other. Reloading hurriedly, he fired two more shots, conscious of a certain pang as he recalled the frantic terror with which the discharge of a gun always inspired the lynx.

"Good-by, Byng," he said, with a touch of sentimentality by no means foreign to his nature. "If I ever see you again I'll know you. But I guess it's good-by forever."

But the woods gods ruled otherwise. After more than two years they had brought the boy and Byng together again. There was no doubt in the boy's mind as to the identity of the great one-eared lynx that had fought the battle in the glade. That missing ear was a convincing identification mark. The black-and-tan hound, which had found the lynx kittens in the hollow oak stump and killed two of them, had mangled the right ear of the third so badly that, as soon as the boy reached the plantation house with his captive, he had clipped away the ragged and bloody remnants of that ear with a pair of sharp scissors.

In this way Byng was marked for life, and marked unmistakably, while, in addition, his great size would render him easily recognizable. As the boy, still thrilling with the strangeness of that dramatic meeting in the glade, walked homeward through the painted autumn woods and the yellowing broom-grass fields where nodding plumes of goldenrod shone in the morning light, he felt that for Byng and himself

Paint

Velumina

The Wall Paint You Can Wash

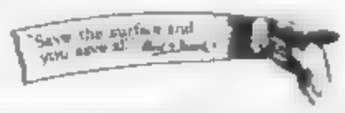
Velumina-painted walls in velvet-soft colors can be washed with soap and water

HOW much longer the finish of your walls would last if you could wash them when they became soiled! How much more beautiful the room would be with harmonious, soft-toned walls!

The delicate shades of Velumina-painted walls are washable! A pore-proof film is formed on the walls that no dust or dirt can penetrate and that you can wash with plain soap and water. Stains and marks can easily be washed off.

Interior decorators specify the velvet tints of Velumina because of their beauty and decorative possibilities. Velumina aids perfect light diffusion.

Velumina comes in white and sixteen attractive colors. It is a "Pittsburgh Proof Product." You will find the same high standard quality in the other "Proof Products," among them Sun-Proof Paint, Pitcairn Waterspar Varnish and many other famous products. Whatever you need in the way of glass, paint, varnish and brushes the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company has a product that will fill your requirements exactly. For sale by quality dealers everywhere.



Won't the new rug make a difference? Have you decided the color it is to be? Let us help you. "What to do and How to do it"—a guide to better homes, is a book that answers a host of questions on home decoration and arrangement. Send ten cents for your copy to the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, Dept. A, Milwaukee, Wis.

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

GLASS — Manufacturers — PAINT

Paint and Varnish Factories — Milwaukee, Wis. • Newark, N.J.

Varnish

The "starting point"—active feet

THE Road to Success won't seem long or difficult at all if you have happy feet to help you hustle after business. Happy feet mean active feet, useful feet, "go-get-'em" feet.

And you can have happy feet—thousands of men are proving this fact every day—simply by wearing the Arch Preserver Shoe, the shoe with a real chassis that supports the delicately formed weight carrying structure of the foot so there can be no sagging, no strain, no pinching of nerves or bones. This shoe will give you the "walk-urge"; it will keep you on your toes, and in the thick of things. You'll really feel young again.

And you'll be proud of your Arch Preserver Shoes too. Smart styles for all occasions. Good, sturdy leathers; best of workmanship;—highest quality shoes.

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

Look for this Trade Mark
on sole and lining

The genuine Arch Preserver Shoe for men is made only by E. T. Wright & Company, Inc., Rockland, Mass.,—for women by The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio.

THE JUST WRIGHT SHOE
is also an E. T. Wright product

E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC.
Department S-13, Rockland, Massachusetts

(The Talbot Shoe Co., St. Thomas, Ont., are licensed by us to make men's Arch Preserver Shoes for Canada)

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

The Man's Styleful Shoe on a Real Chassis

E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. S-13, Rockland, Mass.

Send me your booklet "A Man and His Feet," and name of dealer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

the woods gods had still other adventures in store.

That fall and winter was a busy time for the boy. He had taken over the management of the plantation and he worked hard. Yet, insatiable woodsman that he was, he contrived to spend part of nearly every day in the woods; and always he was on the lookout for the one-eared lynx, who was, he knew, the ruler of all the wild folk of those woods except the big, arrogant whitetail bucks, who feared none of the other wild four-foots, barring only the black bears when at rare intervals they passed through on their journeys from one of the great swamps to another, and the long armored alligators, who were the masters of the rivers and lagoons.

But not once that winter did the boy see Byng, though several times he saw his handiwork. Sometimes it was a smooth-barked sapling scratched and scarred where a tall beast had reared on its hind legs and sharpened the claws of its front feet. Sometimes it was the scanty remnant of a rabbit devoured hide and all, and in the sand near by great rounded tracks nearly twice as large as those of the average wildcat. Occasionally, too, the boy had a feeling that he was being watched and followed. All his skill at woodcraft, however, failed to confirm this suspicion, and finally he decided that his imagination was playing him tricks and he determined to put Byng out of his mind.

It was otherwise with Byng. He could not put the boy out of his mind because the boy was forever crossing his path. The big lynx had a definite range marked by two rivers, neither of which he ever attempted to cross because, in the first place, he was not much of a swimmer, and in the second place, alligators lived in them. The plantation house was situated midway between these rivers, the center of some five thousand acres of forest, savanna and swamp. This was the lynx's hunting ground, a hunting ground abounding in bird and animal life and especially rich in quail and rabbits, both swamp rabbits and cottontails. Here food was plentiful and was easily obtained; even in the first weeks of his freedom he had found little difficulty, thanks to his inherited woodcraft, in picking up a living. And here he was fairly safe.

Few poachers invaded these woods, and during the boy's absence in the North little hunting had been done there. Sometimes at night Byng heard or saw negro possum and coon hunters, but these gave him little anxiety. Twice, however, he encountered a more serious problem when Sandy Jim Mayfield, who lived on the edge of Hoosaw Swamp, followed his pack of long lean deer hounds, hot on the trail of buck or doe, out of the swamp and into the one-eared lynx's territory. As luck would have it, on each of these occasions the pack crossed Byng's trail, and it might have fared ill with him had not these dogs been trained so well by Sandy Jim to disregard all the other scents of the woods when they were on the track of a deer.

As it was, Byng had one close call. Sandy Jim, sitting on his wiry little mare in a narrow woods road, listening to the music of his hounds and holding his gun at his shoulder for a quick shot, saw a long brown shape flash across the opening in front of him. He fired, then cursed himself not only for missing the lynx but for firing at all. The empty cartridge jammed in the breech of his single-barreled gun, and before he could pry it out the buck which his dogs had been trailing walked across the road with a nonchalance and deliberateness which would have sealed his doom had the old hunter been ready for him.

Sandy Jim did not know it, but he had not missed altogether. One buckshot had plowed a furrow across Byng's back just above the haunches. The wound was nothing. It healed within a week. But for months afterwards Byng's hair bristled whenever his thoughts went back to that experience.

The big lynx did not need this lesson to teach him the fear of man. That fear he already had, by inheritance, and it was implanted deep in his being. But his encounter with Sandy Jim sharpened and intensified his dread of the whole human species and helped to repress and nullify the strange promptings which came to him always when his path happened to cross that of the boy.

At that first meeting in the glade he had recognized the latter instantly, and a flood of memories had swept into his brain as the boy lay down in front of him and called to him in the old unforgotten way. For a few moments conflicting forces in his nature had struggled for the mastery; but the influence of unnumbered generations of man-fearing and man-hating ancestors had triumphed in the end. Swiftly he had slunk away into the thicket, trembling, hating, fearing, yet remembering and loving; and always thereafter, when he saw or scented the boy in the woods, these memories—like faint whisperings or dim cloudy picturings in his brain—came back to him. But they never conquered his fear or led him to approach very close to the boy. Even when, as happened upon more than one occasion, he came upon the boy taking a nap in the woods, the lynx kept his distance, watching from some dense covert until the sleeper rose and went his way.

Thus the winter passed and presently it was spring in the Low Country; for the boy a season of delight because of the immeasurable beauty of it and the wonderful birds that it brought—the tall white egrets, the high-soaring ibises, the fantastic anhingas, or water turkeys, the painted blue-and-green-and-crimson nonpareils, and all the other gay-plumaged makers of music who came up from the tropics with the warm weather. He seldom thought of Byng now on his rambles because there were so many other things of absorbing interest to occupy his mind

Then, early one May morning, when the boy discovered a newly born fawn curled up under a myrtle bush and concealed himself near by to await the return of the fawn's mother, the woods gods intervened again.

Three hundred yards up the wind from the spot where the fawn lay motionless on the soft bed of leaves where its mother had left it, a tall wild gobbler was getting his breakfast. The forest was open and park-like here, a mixture of pines and oaks with no underbrush to speak of; and Byng, who had acquired a decided taste for turkey, was studying the situation from the shelter of an oak trunk a hundred feet or so to the gobbler's left.

To stalk the wary old bird under such unfavorable conditions he knew to be impossible. After some minutes' consideration he had almost made up his mind to leave the gobbler in peace, for he realized that this might be a rather protracted affair, and it was not his custom to hunt by day. But at that moment the gobbler, having exhausted the foraging possibilities of that immediate locality, began to stride away through the woods, and it flashed into Byng's mind that he knew where the big bird was going and that there was an excellent chance of ambushing him on the way. Making a wide circle so as to avoid all danger of detection, he set off to post himself at a point in the gobbler's path where a lucky leap might result in a kill.

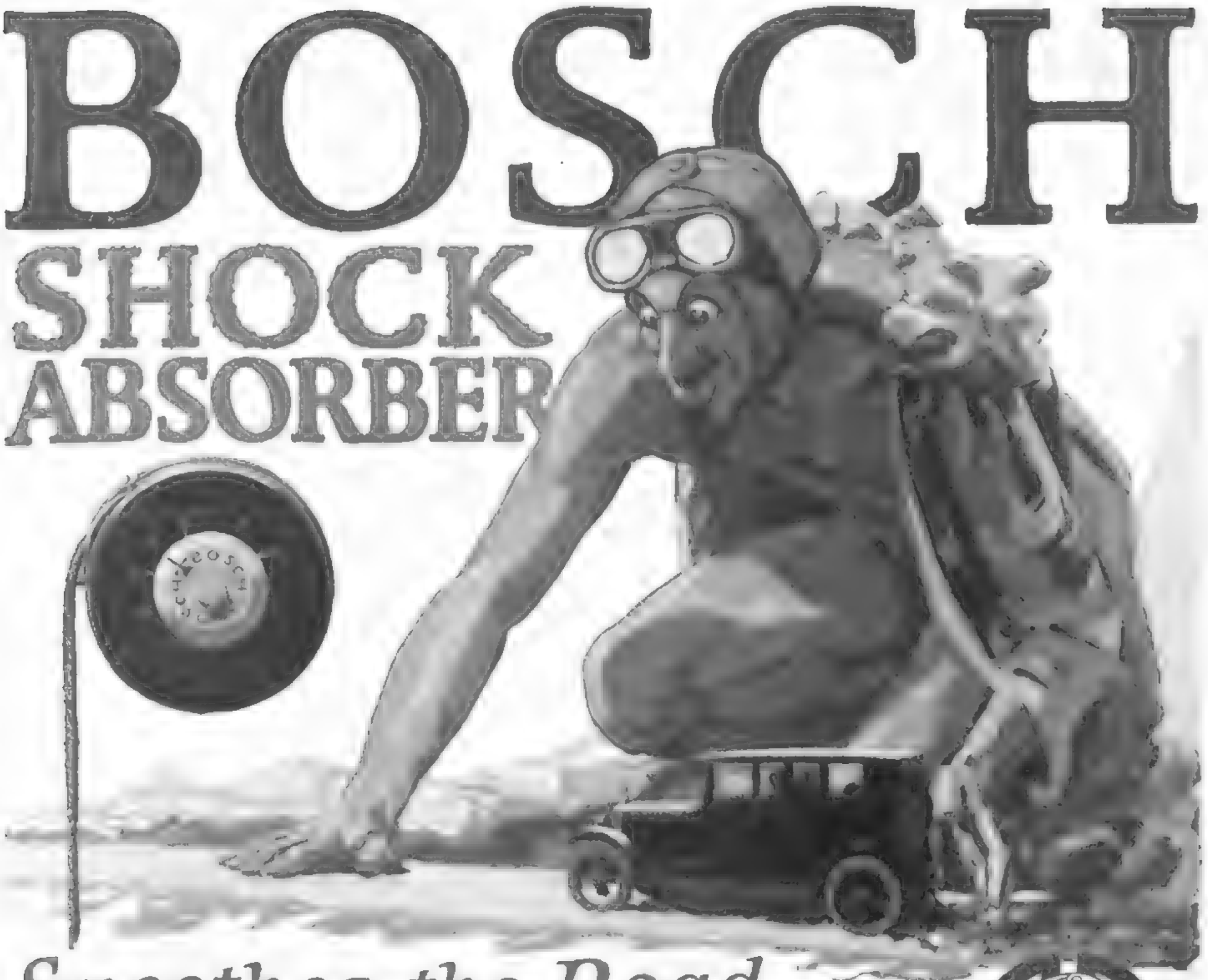
He had almost gained the spot that he had in mind when he halted suddenly. Though a far less efficient organ than the nose of a fox, his nose was of some value to him in hunting, and it had brought him tidings of sweet tender meat near at hand. Swerving sharply, he crept forward very slowly, inch by inch, his cushioned feet making no sound. Presently he stopped close to a myrtle bush, feasted his fierce eyes for a moment upon a spotted, gently breathing thing underneath it, then searched carefully the opening beyond the bush. Next moment he leaped upon the fawn and buried his long fangs in the little creature's throat.

The boy, watching from his place of concealment fifteen yards away behind a log, saw the murder and sprang to his feet with a shout. Nothing in the wild life of the woods moved him more than the love of a doe for her little one. Several times the rare privilege had been accorded him of witnessing this mother love, and he had waited patiently behind his log, anticipating eagerly the moment when the mother, called away by some urgent business of her own, would return. His gaze was resting on the fawn, as motionless as though it were fast asleep, though its big eyes were wide and alert, when, without the slightest warning, the great lynx burst through the leafy screen behind it and tore its throat open.

The boy had been idly whittling a stick. As he leaped over the log and rushed to the fawn's rescue, his eyes blazing with fury, he flourished the big knife in his right hand and shifted his grip upon its handle. To his surprise the lynx, crouching upon its victim, remained motionless, teeth bared in an ugly snarl, blood dripping from its jaws. For a moment the boy believed that he was

(Continued on Page 141)

BOSCH SHOCK ABSORBER



Smoothes the Road

The Bosch Shock Absorber is NEW! New in principle—new in design—new in the comfort it gives and in the way it saves the car. It is the Bosch answer to all existing shock absorber shortcomings. It is not merely "another shock absorber", but is a spring controlling device which functions continuously, and effectively absorbs all spring recoil.

Not road bumps—but spring recoil jolt passengers and rack cars. The Bosch Shock Absorber "slows up" spring recoil. It eases the spring back to its normal position—gently at first, more firmly later, but never with a jerk.

Whether the road has deep holes, high ridges or a "wash board" surface, the Bosch Shock Absorber effectively "smoothes the road". The Bosch Shock Absorber is adjustable to meet any road condition or any car weight.

The whole product is Bosch Quality throughout—designed, built and tested with the utmost care—guaranteed to give complete satisfaction.

Sold everywhere—serviced by more than 2000 Official Bosch Representatives.

Prices Per Pair

For Fords
$10.

For Medium Cars
$15.

For Heavy Cars and Trucks
$20.

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION

Main Office and Works: Springfield, Mass. Branches: New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco

$44,000 in Sales

from one advertisement in The Farm Journal

Recently, one of our advertisers (name furnished upon request) told us that a single advertisement in The Farm Journal had already brought in sales of $44,000—and the figure was still climbing. No! That isn't an unusually high figure. We simply cite it as a typical instance of the tremendous selling power of The Farm Journal.

DO you wonder that 114 concerns have advertised in The Farm Journal for more than twenty years, many of them over thirty years, ten of them from forty to forty-six years?

Do you wonder that 237 other advertisers have used its pages five to twenty years? Most of them can trace their results. They do not guess about the value of The Farm Journal. THEY KNOW!

There are 6,500,000 farm families in the United States; The Farm Journal alone has a circulation of 1,150,000. It is as widespread, as diversified as agriculture itself. It goes into every state, every county, and on practically every rural route.

The quality and the value that have made it possible for The Farm Journal to achieve the largest circulation of any paper in the farm field also make it a great result-producing medium.

First publication to guarantee its advertisers

Reader confidence and interest in The Farm Journal applies equally to advertisements and to editorial contents. Farmers and old time advertisers know that The Farm Journal was the first publication that ever guaranteed its advertisements. This was way back in 1880.

For seventeen years The Farm Journal continued to be the only paper in the country, either among agricultural papers or in the general field, making this absolute cash guarantee. In consequence, subscribers ordered freely and fearlessly; they knew they were safe because the guarantee of the publisher, in whom they had confidence, was back of the order.

Thus advertising in The Farm Journal is guaranteed news. It performs a real service. The Farm Journal readers believe in it—they shop by it. Dealers recognize this—buy on the strength of it. It is the great mainspring of doing business with the farmer.

There is the great secret of The Farm Journal's pulling power; *that something plus* which mere circulation figures cannot explain. It is reader interest and confidence.

If you want to sell farmers economically (less than ¼ of one cent per page per family), the first paper on your list should be The Farm Journal.

Our Department of Market Analysis has made separate investigations on over 60 commodities. Ask for specific data on the market for your product. Details regarding advertising space may be secured from any accredited advertising agency, or from

5¢ *at newsstands*

The Farm Journal

first in the farm field

New York
342 Madison Avenue

Philadelphia
Washington Square

Chicago
Mallers Building

(Continued from Page 138)

in for a battle, and in the rage that possessed him the prospect filled him with fierce joy. But as a matter of fact it was sheer amazement that paralyzed the lynx temporarily, and when the boy was still ten feet from him he recovered his wits. He bounded three feet to the right, and as though made of India rubber, bounced thence to the edge of the thicket. Whirling in mid-career, the boy hurled the knife at him as he vanished amid the foliage.

Two minutes later the fawn died in the boy's arms, gazing up into his face with large crystalline stricken eyes full of vague questioning wonder. As the light went out of them the boy vowed unceasing relentless war against the murderer. To him the one-eared lynx was no longer Byng, the playful, affectionate, striped-and-spotted kitten of other days. He was the savage bloody-toothed slaughterer of innocent woods babies. The boy, who had to have a name for everything, renamed him Lynx Lucifer; and thenceforward there was a price upon his head.

When the boy picked up his knife after a short search in the thicket where he had thrown it, he was glad to note that there was blood on the blade.

Byng, roaming his woods as usual and, as always, more or less on the lookout for the boy, of course knew nothing of the great change that had come about. He could not know that a dollar had been offered to any negro on the plantation who would bring in the body of a big wildcat with only one ear. Nor could he know that the boy had ridden over to the house of Sandy Jim Mayfield, his nearest white neighbor, to learn whether he had a dog in his deer pack that would follow the trail of a cat and to give him leave to hunt wildcats in the plantation woods. Byng was conscious of no resentment over the boy's sudden attack upon him, and the flesh wound where the knife had struck him on one hind quarter was too slight to cause serious annoyance. When, two mornings afterwards, he heard the boy in the woods, he left his sleeping place in a tangled, almost impenetrable thicket of thorny vines and moved swiftly towards the sounds. For a half mile or so he followed the boy, catching a glimpse of him now and then, sensible of those same strange promptings born of the old comradeship, never suspecting the reason why this time the boy carried his gun.

On the fifth night after the killing of the fawn Byng did something that he had never done before. Always up to that time a wholesome respect for Sandy Jim's dogs had caused him to avoid the vicinity of the woodsman's house on the edge of Hoosaw Swamp; but on this night he happened to take a short cut which led him within a hundred feet of Mayfield's fence and, perhaps because the night was an especially black one and no dogs seemed to be about, he was encouraged to explore the premises.

The blackness meant nothing to Byng. His luminous eyes were made for such nights, and when a slight noise caused him to glance upward he recognized instantly the five big bulky objects fifteen feet or so above him on the limb of a large leaning mulberry tree. He passed like a ghost up the slanting trunk of the tree, fastened himself upon the nearest turkey hen, and leaped with it to the ground. The turkey was too heavy to be carried far. Within a half mile he stopped, feasted to his heart's content, then buried the rest of the carcass and scratched dead leaves over the spot.

The boy was writing a letter in the plantation-house library when he saw Sandy Jim Mayfield galloping up the long avenue of live oaks leading to the house. He greeted his visitor cordially; for if it was true that Sandy Jim sometimes followed upon the plantation lands a deer which his pack had jumped in Hoosaw Swamp, it was true also that his woodcraft was of that rare quality which the boy always admired wherever he found it. If a man were a good enough woodsman the boy would forgive him most of his sins; and so, although there was much about the lean, stoop-shouldered, white-mustached swamp ranger that was far from admirable, the boy and he were friends after a fashion.

The old woodsman, lithe as an otter in spite of his seventy years, drew up his clay-bank mare in front of the white-pillared portico and declined an invitation to dismount and come in.

"Remember that big wildcat you was after killin'?" he drawled.

The boy nodded.

"You kin kill him today if you want to."

"How's that?" asked the boy.

"Night before last he stole one o' my turkeys an' buried the carkiss in the woods a half mile from my house. I found the place an' set traps all round it. Las' night he come back to finish eatin' the carkiss an' one o' the traps got him. But he yanked the trap loose an' carried it with him. Must be a powerful brute."

Sandy Jim paused to shift his quid.

"Why didn't you trail him?" the boy asked.

"Couldn't. My old woman's took another sick spell. Got to hustle to town this mornin' an' git some o' them heart drops. An' the boys are gone with the pack on a hunt over in Big Cypress where there ain't no chance o' runnin' into one o' them game wardens. But the Airedale's at the house, an' he trails a cat pretty good. You kin take him an' have that cat's hide in a couple o' hours. He can't go fur with that steel trap a-hangin' on his forefoot."

Terror and agony such as he had never before known were driving Byng almost mad in the woods. He had traveled farther than Sandy Jim had thought possible. The trap gripping his left foreleg was not a very large one, and the big lynx, spurred on by a frenzy of pain and fear, was able to make fairly good headway on three legs, half-lifting, half-dragging the cold terrible unknown thing which clutched and paralyzed the fourth. But it was heartbreaking work and after an hour of it Byng was utterly exhausted.

He lay down, flanks heaving, eyes glaring, head lolling on his shoulders. Presently, when he had got his wind back, he bit savagely at the hard steel, then staggered to his feet again and pulled and tugged, jerking the trap this way and that. The pain was less severe now because the leg had grown numb, but he was wilder than ever with terror. Blindly, with no idea of where he was going and no sense of direction, he started off again through the woods.

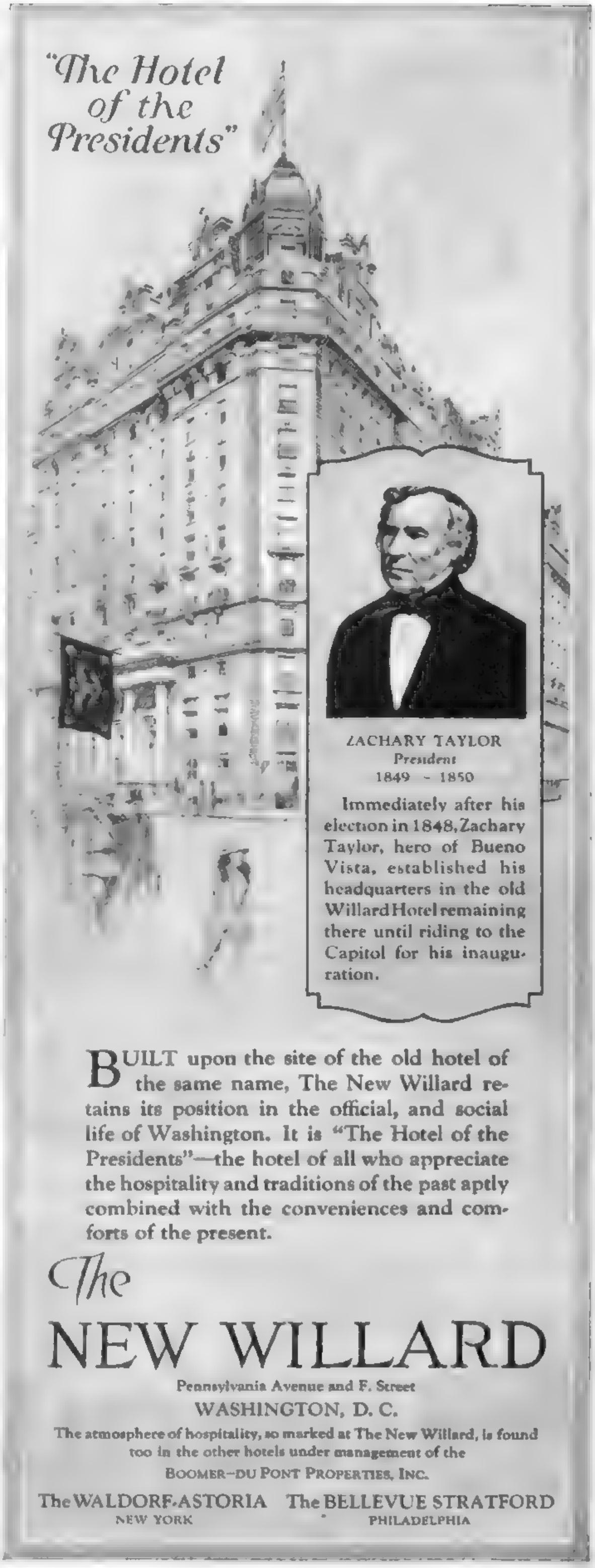
It was nearly midday when he heard the Airedale coming. The dog was really half Airedale, half hound, a huge, light-brown, shaggy creature, ill-tempered and powerful, the undisputed master of Sandy Jim's pack. Byng knew him and instantly recognized his voice, a short sharp yelping very different from the resonant voice of a hound. The hair bristled along the lynx's back and his curved claws unsheathed themselves, then withdrew into their scabbards.

Yet in the presence of this new danger he did not give way to panic. For two hours he had been lying quietly in the midst of a small thicket of arundinaria cane, deep in a lonely pine wood. The pain had gone out of his leg, which was now completely benumbed, and the stillness and seclusion of the spot had served to steady his nerves. Resting thus, his strength, so nearly spent in his frenzied and laborious progress through the woods, had slowly come back to him, and as his strength returned the mad terror gradually subsided. At the first sound of the Airedale's voice his wits went to work to meet the new emergency.

He saw no tree near him that he could climb. With only three good legs he could never drag himself and the trap up the straight trunk of one of those giant pines. A hundred yards away the pine wood thinned and sloped down to a deep hollow, where a backwater from a small creek had made a little swamp densely grown with young sweet gums. Byng hated to leave the cover of the cane thicket, but if he could reach this swamp in time the many small pools of water might baffle the trailing dog.

At once he set out and had traveled fifty yards from the edge of the canes, when the trap caught on a snag in the sparse grass under the scattered trees, resisting all his efforts to jerk it loose. For five minutes he struggled vainly to free himself, while the yelping of the dog drew steadily nearer. Then, just as the snag broke at last, throwing him backward in a heap, he saw the tall form of the boy striding amid the tree trunks.

Somehow, as a reflex of the strange subtle emotions which always rose in him when he saw or scented the boy, the sight brought him reassurance. He had thought that it was Sandy Jim who was ranging the woods with his dog; but instead it was the one human being for whom his heart held something else than fear and hate, the human being who was a part of those shadowy recollections that sometimes hovered in the background of his mind as he dozed away the daylight hours in some one of his many



ZACHARY TAYLOR
President
1849 - 1850

Immediately after his election in 1848, Zachary Taylor, hero of Bueno Vista, established his headquarters in the old Willard Hotel remaining there until riding to the Capitol for his inauguration.

BUILT upon the site of the old hotel of the same name, The New Willard retains its position in the official, and social life of Washington. It is "The Hotel of the Presidents"—the hotel of all who appreciate the hospitality and traditions of the past aptly combined with the conveniences and comforts of the present.

The
NEW WILLARD
Pennsylvania Avenue and F. Street
WASHINGTON, D. C.

The atmosphere of hospitality, so marked at The New Willard, is found too in the other hotels under management of the
BOOMER–DU PONT PROPERTIES, INC.

The WALDORF-ASTORIA NEW YORK
The BELLEVUE STRATFORD PHILADELPHIA

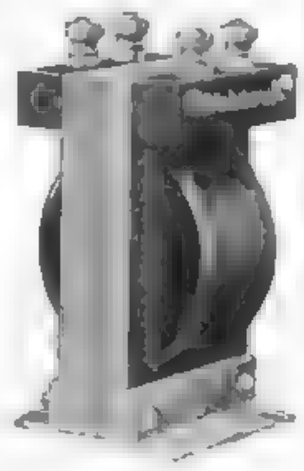
for

Perfect Teamwork

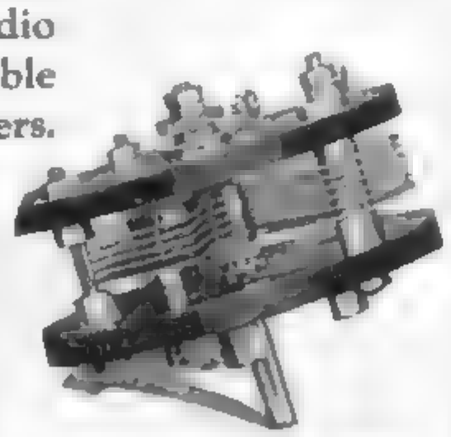
Radio Parts Must Harmonize

ANY radio receiving set will give better results when a Federal part is used in the assembly. But when you use *all* Federal parts you get *all* of the gripping thrills that radio can give you.

The Federal's quarter century experience has taught it *how to harmonize radio parts* and its great financial and manufacturing resources are behind the guarantee of each Federal standard radio unit. Federal parts are obtainable from all first class radio dealers.



The Federal 65 Audio-Frequency Transformer will give you even the highest and lowest notes of the orchestra with a greater fidelity than you have ever heard before



Because of its excellent and accurate construction, this eleven plate condenser affords a greater capacity in a smaller space than is usually found; the capacity per dielectric averaging 27.5 microfarads.

A booklet, "The Radio Work Bench", has been compiled by Federal experts to aid the novice in avoiding construction pitfalls. Get it from the Federal dealer, or send 25c in stamps in U. S. and 35c in Canada.

Federal Telephone and Telegraph Co.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Boston New York Philadelphia Pittsburgh
Chicago San Francisco
Bridgeburg, Canada London, England

Federal

Standard RADIO Products

secret sleeping places. Again the panic, which had been swelling in him like a tide, halted and began to recede. He crouched low, his eyes fixed upon the boy, knowing that in those open woods the moment he moved he would be seen, still fearing discovery, though now discovery had been robbed of half its terrors.

The boy, holding the straining Airedale in leash, his gun balanced in his left hand, was heading straight for the cane thicket. So hot was the scent that at any moment he expected to come upon the lynx, and his eyes were searching the woods ahead of him. Near the edge of the canes, however, the scream of a red-shouldered hawk circling above the sweet-gum swamp to the right caused him to glance in that direction, and in a moment he saw the tawny form of the lynx in full view, standing out conspicuously against the green carpet of the thinly wooded savanna. Releasing his hold upon the leash he let the dog plunge into the canes on the hot trail, while he himself turned at right angles and walked swiftly towards the lynx, holding his gun ready.

At a distance of ten paces he halted. The big cat had moved not a muscle, uttered not a sound. But for its bristling hair and its steady, unwinking eyes he might have believed it dead as it lay there in front of him, its one ear pricked forward, its round bearded face pillowed on its forepaws, to one of which the steel trap still clung.

The boy muttered an exclamation of impatience. It was his own weakness which provoked him—the sentimental weakness which had caused him to see for an instant in that round bearded face the face of the striped-and-spotted lynx kitten which used to curl itself up on his chest when he lay down for a nap under the plantation trees the face of Byng, his playmate, and not the fiendish face of Lynx Lucifer, murderer of little fawns. He raised his gun and took careful aim, drawing a bead upon the furry forehead between the unwinking eyes.

Coming from behind, in long leaps that made no sound as his big paws pounded the springy turf, the Airedale flashed past him, a long-drawn streak of yellowish brown that almost brushed his elbow as it shot by So startled was the boy that, in the very act of pulling trigger, he jumped aside, and the load of buckshot dug a hole in the ground three feet from the squirming, writhing mass in front of him where dog and lynx heaved and strained in deadly embrace. A half minute the boy stood irresolute, watching the battle. Then he hurriedly laid down his gun, useless now because he could not shoot one combatant without hitting the other, and made a leap for the end of the Airedale's leash, switching and jumping about over the ground like a black serpent engaged in some strange dance.

Sandy Jim's last word to him had been an earnest injunction not to let the dog come to close quarters with the lynx. Knowing his dog's fierce and indomitable spirit and aware also that the lynx was an extraordinarily large and powerful specimen, Mayfield realized that, though the Airedale might win in the end, the victory would be dearly bought. So tough is a lynx's skin, especially about the region of the throat, that a dog's teeth can tear it only with great difficulty, and in most single combats the dog wins, if he wins at all, by dint of the throttling pressure of his jaws constricting his foe's windpipe. This is likely to be a comparatively slow process, and in the meantime the dog may be slashed almost to ribbons by the lynx's long curved claws.

This was what was happening now. Again, as in that other battle in the glade at dawn, Byng was on his back, his enemy on top of him; and again his hind legs were working like steam piston rods, drawing blood at nearly every upward thrust. Badly hampered though he was by the trap clinging to his forepaw, he was fighting furiously and effectively for his life; and even in the hurry and excitement of the moment the boy felt a thrill of admiration for the lithe, steel-sinewed beast that could make such a fight against such odds, and for the wild, fierce spirit that would not give up so long as breath remained in the body that incased it But that breath was growing shorter The big Airedale had his grip now His great jaws were clamped upon the lynx's throat just where it left the chest, clamped with a vise-like grip which all the mad struggles of his enemy, heaving and writhing underneath him, could not shake loose, and the boy knew that they would remain fastened there till life went out of the lynx or till the dog, now streaming with blood from his lacerated under parts, was disemboweled.

The boy feared the latter ending. Abandoning his efforts to seize the elusive leash and disregarding the danger of injury to himself, he jumped close in and managed at last to get his hand under the Airedale's collar. Then, straining and stumbling, putting all his strength into the effort, he finally succeeded in pulling the dog clear. As the long, square jaws lost their hold the lynx, which had been lifted a little from the ground, fell back limp and helpless and lay still.

The boy tied the struggling dog to a sapling twenty feet away and left him there plunging and rearing at the end of the stout leather leash. The lynx, hideously besmeared with blood, still lay on its side as if dead; but the yellow eyes were open and it still breathed, the breath coming in quick gasps. The boy moved towards his gun lying in the grass, breeched it, and slipped a shell into the empty barrel. When he turned toward the lynx again he saw that it had moved its head slightly and that the eyes were fixed upon him, steady, unwinking, unafraid

A long time the boy looked into the translucent depths of them, his gun half raised to his shoulder. He was not happy. Suddenly the thought came to him that this was a cowardly business and a shoddy victory, this victory that he had won over Byng it was Byng that he thought of now, not Lynx Lucifer hampered and crippled by the steel trap clinging to his forefoot, Byng who had fought so magnificently an utterly hopeless fight. He lowered the gun and laid it on the grass, then stooped beside the lynx.

Watching the yellow eyes narrowly though he believed that the animal was too weak to use tooth or claw, he felt the sides of its throat and chest. It was as Maynold had said; the hide was not torn; all the blood of that bloody battle had come from the dog. Still watching those eyes, and alert to withdraw his hand quickly at the first hostile move, he took the left foreleg in his hand, testing it with deft fingers. No bones were broken. Bearing down upon the trap with his knees, he drew it off as the steel jaws opened, and tossed it behind him.

Then he stepped back five paces and sat down in the grass.

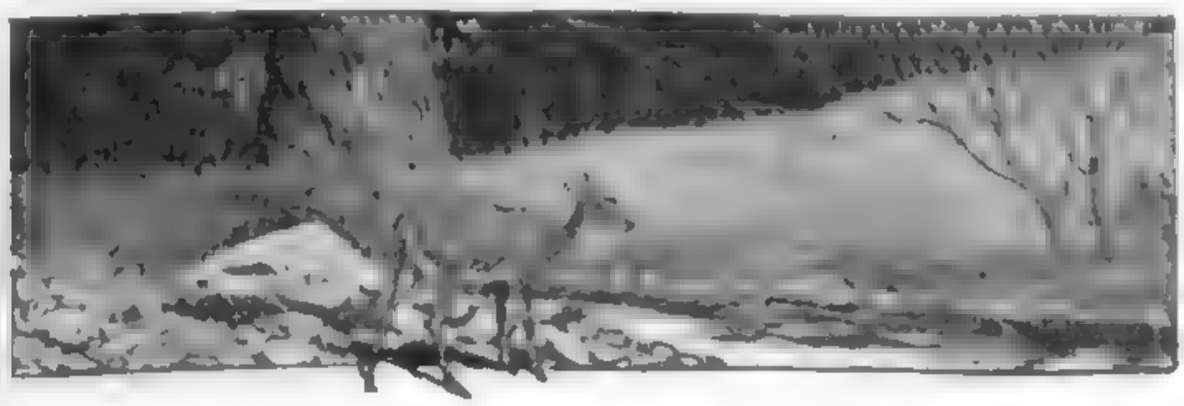
For five minutes, perhaps, the lynx lay still. It had been very close to death and its strength came back very slowly. Gradually, however, its breathing became more regular and presently it raised its head slowly and weakly, then struggled to its feet.

A half minute it stood, swaying precariously, head hanging low, eyes still fixed on the boy's face. There was no fierceness in them.

But the whiskered jaws were still red with the Airedale's blood, and instantly the boy's mind went back to the murdered fawn. His hand stole towards his gun, but stopped halfway.

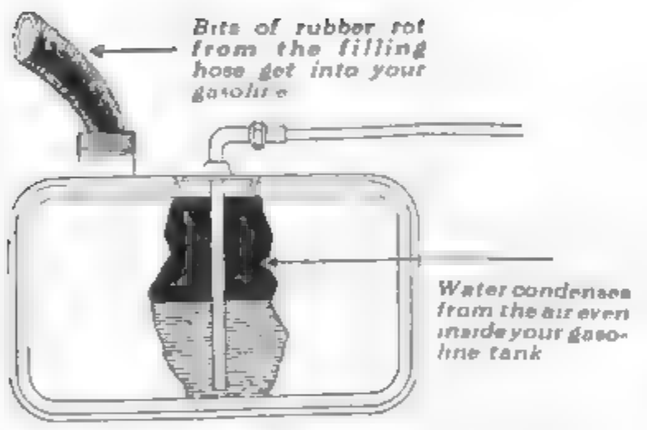
"Good-by again, Lynx Lucifer," he said. "Don't ever let me get another sight of you along a gun barrel."

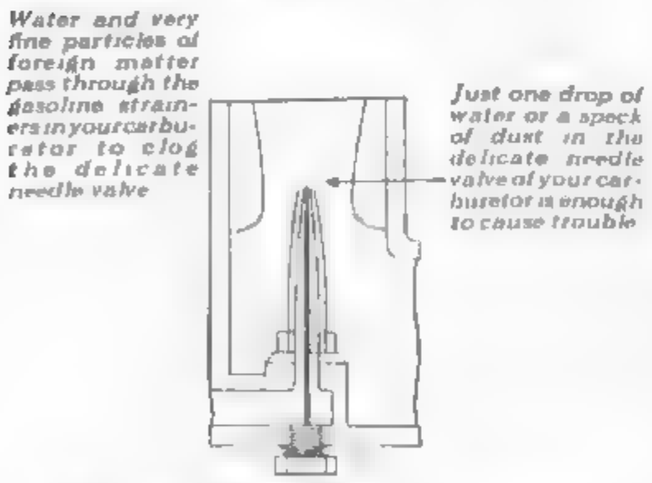
As though roused by the words, Byng turned and tottered on three legs across the savanna towards the friendly green coverts of the sweet-gum swamp.

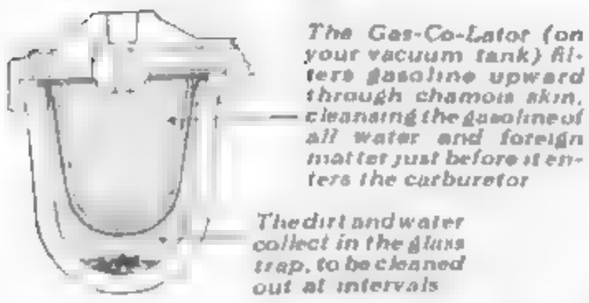


The Unseen Hand that Holds Back Your Car

The "Drag" that Water and Dirt in Your Gasoline Puts on Your Motor, and the Stalling and Sputtering it Causes


Bits of rubber rot from the filling hose get into your gasoline
Water condenses from the air even inside your gasoline tank


Water and very fine particles of foreign matter pass through the gasoline strainers in your carburetor to clog the delicate needle valve
Just one drop of water or a speck of dust in the delicate needle valve of your carburetor is enough to cause trouble


The Gas-Co-Lator (on your vacuum tank) filters gasoline upward through chamois skin, cleaning the gasoline of all water and foreign matter just before it enters the carburetor
The dirt and water collect in the glass trap, to be cleaned out at intervals

If you could see what your motor has to contend with in the way of fuel you would not wonder that there are days when it seems to have lost its power and "pep."

Just take a sample of gasoline from your carburetor and analyze it. You will be surprised to see the foreign matter it contains.

Water condensed from the air inside the gasoline tank; filings from the tank; dust; rubber and fibre rot that has sloughed off the filling hose—all this you will find in your carburetor, it having passed through the strainers in your gasoline pipe.

Just one drop of water or a speck of dirt in your gasoline clogs the delicate needle valve of your carburetor. Your motor acts sluggish. It fails to start easily. It sput-sput-sputters—perhaps stalls.

You change the carburetor adjustment—to no avail. You run with the choke open. The mixture is overloaded. That thins the oil in the crankcase, which may, and often does result in burned-out bearings.

The Thing Needed

The thing needed for this problem of dirt and water in your gasoline is not straining, but *very fine filtration* of the gasoline—just before it enters the carburetor.

This filtration is now afforded in the Alemite Gas-Co-Lator, perfected by the makers of the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System.

The Gas-Co-Lator, attached to your vacuum tank, takes the gasoline and purifies it of all water and dirt before it enters the carburetor.

The gasoline, just before reaching the carburetor, flows into a heavy glass bowl in which is suspended a bag of close-textured chamois skin. Chamois skin, as you may know, admits gasoline freely but is absolutely impermeable to water. Filtered *upward* through this chamois skin, the gasoline is purified of all water and dirt, passing on to the carburetor *clean* gasoline while the residue—water, dirt, etc.—drops into a heavy glass trap which is conveniently cleaned at intervals.

New Performance

It will astonish you to see the difference in the performance of your motor when the gasoline entering the carburetor is *clean* of dirt and water.

Your motor then runs as it was designed and built to run—willingly, smoothly, sweetly.

Just one day with a Gas-Co-Lator on your car and you will have a new conception of motor car performance.

30 Days' Free Trial on Your Car

Try out the Gas-Co-Lator on the 30-day free trial offer given by all dealers. Put it on your car yourself—in 5 minutes—and use it as if it was your own for 30 days.

If it doesn't make a startling difference in the performance of your motor, do not keep the Gas-Co-Lator. Return it and the full purchase price—only $5.00—will be refunded you.

If you cannot conveniently get a Gas-Co-Lator at a nearby dealer's, just write us direct. No money required with order (unless you prefer). Just pay the postman on delivery.

A Bassick-Alemite Product

THE BASSICK MFG. COMPANY
2660 N. Crawford Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Co., of Canada, Ltd.
Belleville, Ontario

ALEMITE
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
GAS-CO-LATOR

Perfected and manufactured by the manufacturers of the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System, now in use on over 4,000,000 cars

BASSICK MFG. CO.
2660 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen:
Please send me your perfected Alemite Gas-Co-Lator. I will pay the postman on delivery. It is understood I can return same if unsatisfactory and my money will be refunded.
(Print your name and address plainly.)

Name_____

Address _____

Make of Car _____ Model_____

Make and Model of Vacuum Tank _____

Frostilla Fragrant Lotion is ideal after shaving. It relieves the smart and sting. A few drops on the wet soapy brush help soften the beard.

Can You Sally Forth Defiant of the Foes of a Lovely Skin?

Protect your kiddies' hands and faces from the biting wind, with Frostilla Fragrant Lotion. It brings quick relief to the most painful chaps

More than a base for face powder Frostilla Fragrant Lotion gives the skin itself a smooth surface so that powder will adhere and yet not have that scaly look

You may run a home, a Ford, a husband or a whole office, but if you don't know the possibilities of a smooth charming skin someone ought to whisper to you "Wake up! You're only half a woman."

Protection and yet more protection is what your face and hands need if you would keep them soft, fresh and lovely. Frostilla Fragrant Lotion will stand between you and wind and weather this Winter and keep you from painful chaps as it did for your grandmother fifty years ago. But you, the successful woman of today, have many things besides the elements to mar your beauty,—your strenuous outdoor life, that beauty-robber housework and modern heating. Your skin needs the peculiar and precious moisture in Frostilla Fragrant Lotion to conserve and protect its beauty in spite of these hazards.

Make Frostilla Fragrant Lotion a little beauty habit for yourself and then share this delightful necessity with your family. The youngsters' hands will not crack and bleed and their little faces will not chap if you protect their tender skin with Frostilla Fragrant Lotion each day before they go out to play or to school.

Keep a bottle of Frostilla Fragrant Lotion handy on the kitchen shelf and then invest in another for the bath-room cabinet. You will be enchanted by its delicate perfume, which breathes the fragrance of French flowers. Use it after every washing, protect your skin with it before you go out and in between times too, and see if you won't enjoy a new thrill of pride in your beauty when facing your manifold duties.

Frostilla Fragrant Lotion is for sale everywhere in the United States and Canada. Regular price 35 cents. The Frostilla Company, Elmira, New York. Selling Representatives: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York, Toronto, London & Sydney.

Frostilla,
Fragrant Lotion

A RUDDERLESS MERCHANT MARINE

(Continued from Page 13

would be worth $250 a ton, the Government thought it cheaper to go on. Always the weight of the doubt went that way. Thus, after the Armistice, for twenty months the Shipping Board continued to lay down new keels, thinking it was cheaper to build ships than to break its contracts with the builders.

Designs and specifications, of course, were continually changing, agreeably to any fresh ideas that came to mind as to the types of ship most likely to suit a merchant marine. The builders didn't care how much the plans were changed. They were all working on a cost-plus-fee plan. The more change the more cost; the more cost the more fee. The design of the 535's, called the President boats, was changed seven times; and when the boats were finished they had cost $7,500,000 each, whereas they were meant to cost less than $5,000,000.

Remember that at this time the whole world was in a state of delirium about ships. Victory had almost been lost for want of ships. The bottom of the ocean was strewed with drowned and mangled ships. An after image of the U-boat terror tyrannized the imagination. Ships were valued not by any rule of commercial sense, but by the instinct of self-preservation.

This was as much true of the British as of anyone else; perhaps more so, as an incident will show. With the price of ships at the war peak, which was a fabulous price, they formed a syndicate to buy out the International Mercantile Marine. This is the North Atlantic shipping combine formed by the late J. P. Morgan nearly twenty-five years ago with the idea that if there could not be an American-flag merchant marine, there might at least be an American-owned one. He would buy it. Suddenly he acquired control of four of the best-known British lines in the North Atlantic trade, including the White Star, with its crack passenger fleet, and delivered title to the International Mercantile Marine, a New Jersey corporation. Then this strange situation: The International Mercantile Marine Company is and always was more than 90 per cent American owned; but its flag on the sea is 86 per cent British, because the British Government would not allow the ships to go under the American flag. Only the title could pass; the ships remained British by flag, registry and legal status; besides which, the British Government, holding power of destruction over all that American investment in British ships, compelled the International Mercantile Marine to sign an agreement binding itself never to operate its ships in a manner injurious to British trade or British interests. And then it was said in Great Britain that they had sold us the title, but not the ships.

An Unfortunate Episode

Now in 1918, everybody having become so jealous minded about ships, the British formed a syndicate to buy back the title. The International Mercantile Marine directors voted to sell, meaning then to go in for American ships under the American flag. The transaction involved some ninety ships, of 1,000,000 tons dead weight; and the operations in sterling exchange would be so large to effect payment that P. A. S. Franklin, head of the International Mercantile Marine, notified the United States Treasury of what was going on, seeing that the Government also at that time was heavily interested in the sterling exchange market and ought to know.

Now the strange thing happens. Although the United States Shipping Board was then receiving a finished ship every few hours, and although the American power in shipbuilding had risen to be first in the world, the thought of ninety American-owned British-flag ships about to pass back to British ownership greatly exercised the Government. President Wilson wrote a personal letter to Mr. Franklin asking that the matter be held open until the Government could think about it and make up its mind.

Presently the acting chairman of the Shipping Board got in touch with Mr. Franklin and informed him verbally that the Government was prepared to buy those ninety ships from the International Mercantile Marine at whatever price the British were willing to pay for them. The offer was reduced to writing and signed by the Shipping Board. The International Mercantile directors met, accepted the Government's offer in lieu of the British and notified the British syndicate accordingly.

Some weeks elapsed. Nothing more was heard from the Shipping Board. Mr. Franklin wrote, asking for the money. But the Shipping Board had changed its mind. It answered:

Dear Mr. Franklin: You are informed that national reasons no longer make it compatible with the interests of the United States to consider further the possible acquisition of the ownership of your British tonnage.

That is why the flag of the International Mercantile Marine Company is still 86 per cent British, although the company is more than 90 per cent American-owned. If the American Government had not interfered all that British tonnage would have been sold back to the British and there might have been added to the American merchant marine the whole strength of P. A. S. Franklin, whose heart prefers it, and who is believed to be the ablest, as he is certainly the most experienced, shipping man on this side of the North Atlantic.

When Congress Dreamed

Why the Shipping Board changed its mind is not upon the record. It had already got the habit, perhaps. It could not have been with any intuition of what was going to happen to the common-sense value of ships in the next three years. The great dream was still dreaming. Its true grandeur had not unfolded. Besides, at that time a ship was yet worth anything you could induce an owner to take for it, and might pay for itself in one voyage. There was an enormous postwar vacuum to be filled. The American Army had to be brought home. Europe had to be fed and warmed with relief cargoes. American relief in Europe required immediately 2,000,000 tons of ships, and American trade at the same time was clamoring for ships with which to reopen the way to neglected foreign markets.

Under the law the Shipping Board could not operate ships in commerce unless unable to sell, lease or charter them to private persons for that purpose; it was obliged at least to offer them for sale. It did. It made formal public announcement of the fact that it had ships for sale, at fixed prices, about $220 a ton, with conditions attached. It might have sold the whole fleet in 1919. But it was not minded to do so. In its 1919 report it said: "While no aggressive campaign has been inaugurated, the publicity given through the press that vessels were being offered by the board has resulted in a number of sales."

Why an aggressive campaign to sell the most valuable thing in the world—namely, a ship?

News that the Shipping Board had sold nineteen ships in New York caused Senator Fletcher, of the Committee on Commerce, to introduce a resolution saying the Government should not sell efficient ships at all—not yet—except such as were unfit for overseas trade, and only those at their cost value and with a view to replacing them with better ships. He spoke to support this resolution, the Senate listening sympathetically.

Why should the Government be selling to private persons at $220 a ton ships which, by the testimony of the chairman of the Shipping Board, were earning handsome dividends on a valuation of $300 a ton? Why?

"The proceeds of Liberty Bonds, held by the people, are in these ships," said the senator. "Now is the time to earn the interest on those bonds and lay up a surplus for the principal, and at the same time take care of the commerce of the United States and open up the routes of trade ready and waiting for development."

The Government for once, in a miraculous manner, had got into a paying business. Why should it be in a hurry to get out? A Hog Island B had just made a profit of $460,000 on one North Atlantic voyage! Another government ship had made a profit

I Made $63.00 Yesterday, $232.00 Last Week

Business is Growing Bigger All the Time

Geo. McCarter

GEO. McCARTER

George McCarter found it to his advantage to leave his position, which he held for 25 years as clothing and furnishing goods buyer for one of the finest stores in Kansas, to take up the work of selling J. B. Simpson made to measure suits and overcoats. He writes: "That was the best move I ever made. Now I am no longer dependent on a salary. My time is my own. The more I work, the more I earn. My business is growing steadily and my earnings are getting bigger and bigger. I made $63.00 yesterday, $32.50 so far today, $232.00 last week. How's that?" And in another letter he wrote, "Thanks to you, Simpson, and the marvelous values you give, I'll have $4,000 saved this year over and above my living. I don't understand how you give such big values, but as long as you do I'm satisfied. The best part of all is that you're getting better all the time."

You Too Can Earn Big Money

The opportunity to get into the big money class is open to every sincere, earnest man who is industrious and willing to put in as much time working for himself as he would put in when working for others. J. B. Simpson suits and overcoats are such wonderful values and give such universal satisfaction that big money can be made right from the start. Irving Bolde made $793.00 the first six weeks; and now, nearly a year later, he is going bigger than ever. J. F. Schmitz, a former retail clothing salesman, made $475.00 the first four weeks. Wm. Garden had no trouble in making $946.00 the first two months; and now, nearly two years later, he is more enthusiastic than ever. Scores of men are making big money with Simpson, for Simpson's all-wool suits and overcoats, tailored to order for $31.50, are without a doubt the greatest values ever known. In many cases, just to show the cloth and mention the price is enough to get the order.

Extraordinary Values Make Enthusiastic Customers

Your Simpson business is one that will grow and grow, for our clothes give satisfaction; they keep their shape and color; they are all wool through and through; they are tailored to order and fit perfectly; they are honestly made and give long wear. Our customers repeat: they order again and again. A famous architect in Kansas City writes: "Send your representative. I want three or four more suits." One of the most famous surgeons in Chicago has just ordered his 27th Simpson suit. Rich men who can pay big prices are proud to wear Simpson suits and overcoats, for the quality satisfies.

Just Mail The Coupon

If you want to get into the big money class, mail the attached coupon for full information and application blank. No selling or tailoring experience is needed. If you are a man of good character, honest and industrious, we will teach you. We furnish full selling equipment of 6x9 cloth samples of fine all-wool serges, worsteds, tweeds, cassimeres, whipcords, etc. Mail coupon, or if located in any of the following cities, call in person.

Chicago.....843 West Adams Street
New York.....19 West 34th Street
Detroit.....1550 Broadway
Milwaukee.....114 Grand Avenue
Minneapolis.....1108 Nicollet Avenue

COUPON

J. B. Simpson, Inc., Dept. 723
843 West Adams Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

Please send me application blank and full information about the opportunity you offer salesmen.

Name _____

Street _____

Postoffice _____ State _____

Territory Wanted _____

If you are not interested in becoming a salesman, but would like to see samples of our fabrics, put cross in square and we will have a representative call. No obligation, of course. ☐

TO add the last touch of trim smartness to feminine ankles, it is only necessary to remember the name "Minnehaha"—Arrowhead Ankle-Clinging Hosiery. Manufactured from genuine Japanese silk plated over Tubize, for beauty, style and long wear. Has mercerized top, heel and toe. Made in all the popular shades.

Richmond Hosiery Mills, Inc.
Established 1896
Chattanooga Tennessee

Arrowhead
Ankle-Clinging
HOSIERY
FOR ALL THE FAMILY

Apply Mollé with the finger tips

Shave with ease and smoothness

Shave the MOLLÉ *way*
No BRUSH *or* LATHER *needed*

EVERY day more and more men turn to the Mollé way—the simpler, easier, more comfortable way of shaving—without brush, soap or lather.

The Mollé way of shaving does away with the necessity of brushing, rubbing and scraping.

It is a speedy way to shave—you simply wash the face, apply Mollé with the finger tips, allow a moment for the beard to soften—then shave. That's all No after lotions or talcum powder are needed.

The after effects of a Mollé shave are so extremely satisfying you are unconscious of having been shaved—there is a velvety smoothness and a face comfort that feels bully all day long

Men to whom a twice-a-day shave has been torture will welcome Mollé for such a purpose with open arms. And for traveling, camping, hunting, touring, Mollé is equally desirable, because you need only Mollé and a razor. And in an emergency you can even shave with Mollé without water

Sold in good drug stores everywhere—a whale of a tube for 50 cents. A generous sample tube will be sent prepaid for 10 cents by Pryde-Wynn Co., New Brighton, Pennsylvania.

Trial Tube *Prepaid 10¢*

of $801,000 on one Pacific voyage of only 110 days! Ships could do that, and yet we were going to sell them away to private persons at $220 a ton! Let private persons wait. The people were in a position, said the senator, not only to pay off their Liberty Bonds with the earnings of their own ships; they were in a position to build ships for the whole world in their own shipyards—the people's shipyards.

Now, you see, the dream inhabits Congress. It seemed almost too good to be true. Still, there it was. A ship could make $800,000 in one voyage of 110 days. Suppose she made three a year. Three times $800,000 is $2,400,000. And we had 2000 ships! Of course it couldn't be true. Or could it, really? The world was a new place. Had we not done a new thing? Who could say for sure? In this curious dilemma of mind, like that of the boy who, dreaming of a knife, dreams also that he is not dreaming, and says, "I will hold fast to the knife and see"—in that condition of mind Congress did nothing. It waited to see if it would wake up. It should have passed then a permanent merchant-marine act, defining a policy and laying down the terms. Instead, it permitted the Shipping Board to go on under the emergency laws enacted during the war.

Slowly, therefore, one comes to the jackass.

The name of it was the American Merchant Marine. The mark upon it was United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation. Its head was furnished with two notions. One was a notion common to the animal—namely, a delusion of almightiness. The other was a notion that all the knowledge and experience of ships existed in depraved natures. The substance of it was loose money, easily parted with and easily replenished. Its aspect was wholly absurd.

In its third annual report, for the year ended June 30, 1919, which was the year in which Congress dreamed it was not dreaming and let the emergency laws stand for fear of waking itself up, the Shipping Board wrote:

"The promotion of foreign trade comes as an incidental rather than a primary feature of the Shipping Board's work. The shipping act is silent on that subject and the various laws, proclamations and executive orders do not specifically confer direct authority in this field."

Nevertheless, in the next twelve months it took all trade to be its province. Its Trades, Rates and Claims Section, so it reported, had made a study of the world's exports and imports and of "the channels through which these should flow."

Inexperience Preferred

On the discoveries of the Trades, Rates and Claims Section as to what trade was and how it should flow, the Department of Operations dispatched forth a trade armada of 1300 ships. Its argosies covered the whole world. There were forty-one lines to South America. There were thirty-seven services between foreign ports—meaning between ports of Europe, Asia and Africa, not between American and foreign ports. One of the ideas of the Trades, Rates and Claims Section was to establish feeder lines in far-away places, like springs to rise beyond the horizon. Of these, to begin with, there were three of three vessels each—one from Hong-Kong to Calcutta, one from Shanghai to Saigon and one from Shanghai to Chi-fu. From American ports 229 new services were established. All this was in addition to certain cargo-and-passenger services—one from New York to South America and one from New York to South and East Africa. Also twenty-seven combination cargo-and-passenger liners were reconditioning for the trans-Pacific ferry and for a passenger line to be established from New York to Honolulu. The Atlantic passenger business had been rested on private enterprise. The board's ex-German passenger liners had been chartered for four new services there—three in the North Atlantic and one to Mediterranean ports.

The Shipping Board's rôle in this prodigious achievement was that of owner and deity. As owner it engaged 300 agents to operate the ships. As deity it said where those ships should run and how trade should flow. In selecting its agents, called managing operators, it preferred—Fourth Annual Report, p. 147—first, "newly organized steamship companies" and secondly, "those having less than 25,000 tons dead weight under their operation," for "in recognizing the new operators opportunity was afforded them to secure the material assistance of the Government in establishing the business." Otherwise the notion that all existing knowledge and experience of ships existed in depraved natures.

And as deity, saying how and where the trade should flow—that is to say, in deciding where services should be established—the policy of the board—Fourth Annual Report, p. 56—was to "favor the development of those ports which formerly had few if any services."

So, a merchant marine in the hands of 300 managing operators preferred for inexperience, with services established by choice in ports where the business was not!

"No difficulty," said the board in the same report, "has been experienced in obtaining operators for all Shipping Board tonnage, and none has remained idle on this account."

Difficulty? Certainly not any!

The Maritime Mother Goose

The qualifications necessary to become a managing operator of Shipping Board boats were that you should be fairly new at it, open to wisdom and willing to run the boats where, as and how the Shipping Board said, with the Government's money. The arrangement followed. First, for undertaking to husband and manage the vessel or vessels you got a flat fee, such as $500 a month per ship and a small commission besides on the general freight. That worked a little too well in the beginning, because freight rates were very high and cargoes pursued you.

Then you got the MO3 arrangement. That means managing operator's agreement Number 3. Under that you got a smaller fee per ship and divided the net profits with the Government.

That did not work so well when rates began to fall; it did not work at all when the net profit wholly disappeared. Then all you had to do was to say you didn't care for the shipping business and threaten to quit. That called for MO4, meaning managing operator's agreement Number 4. And if you would not be a Shipping Board operator on the MO4 plan it was because you didn't need the money. The Shipping Board charged you nothing for the ship. It handed it over to you. If you abused it or lost it there was no penalty whatever. Besides giving you the ship, the Shipping Board gave you the money to run it with. You hired the crew and the stewards; you bought all the supplies; you paid everything with the Shipping Board's money. Then you collected the freight and kept for yourself 5 per cent of the gross earnings from outward cargoes and 2.5 per cent of the gross from inward cargoes. You couldn't lose

This extraordinary agreement was adopted in November, 1920, and made retroactive to March 1, 1920, because so many young managing operators were unhappy, and the Shipping Board knew that unhappy operators could not, or would not, run ships with the right zeal.

Well, then, having sent forth its 1300 boats through the hands of 300 managing operators preferred for inexperience, all working under an agreement by which they could not lose, no matter what they did with a ship, the Shipping Board in its rôle of deity had many other things to do. The Fourth Annual Report, telling how it did them, will become the Mother Goose Book of maritime literature.

It was necessary, of course, for the 300 managing operators in the United States to have agents abroad to receive the ships, unload them, load them again and send them somewhere.

"Many of the board's managing operators," says the report, "necessarily select foreign agents without adequate knowledge of their experience or efficiency, and have no check upon them whatsoever. For this reason poor results could be excused without challenge."

Certainly! It stands apparent. What would 300 young managing operators preferred for their inexperience do when it came to appointing 300 agents abroad, in all parts of the world? Necessarily, if not inevitably, they would select foreign agents without adequate knowledge of their experience or efficiency. Therefore it was necessary for the Shipping Board to create all at once a foreign organization of its own—an American organization to watch the foreign agents of its managing operators.

(Continued on Page 149)

James Roy Allen, Architect

Masonic Building, Cleveland
Hubbell & Benes Co., Architects

Brick—
The World's Greatest Value

Oldest Building Material Reveals Astounding Economy in First Cost Relation to Service

HERE is a building unit 8x2¼x3¾ in., weighing approximately 5 lbs. which will serve for a thousand years, without protection, decoration, replacement or repair. Anywhere in the United States, put on the job, it costs only one to two and a half cents depending on transportation charge.

This convenient building unit is the known standard of the world—in strength, fire resistance and permanency.

Its great feature of flexibility is well known to every architect and builder. With it are attained the finest architectural effects. It is the wall surface which delights the eye and gives maximum comfort and everlasting protection. And brick produces the lowest-cost safe construction.

Brick Cannot be Imitated

The incomparable qualities of brick result from the method of making. It is a natural product, taken from the earth. Long burning at high temperature eliminates from brick every substance that might burn or decay. Brick cannot be imitated—There is no substitute.

NEXT WEEK the brick manufacturers of America are meeting in Los Angeles, Cal., to devise new economies in the use of brick and provide new helps for your local architects, builders and masons.

To Further Reduce Cost

The Common Brick Industry is taking the initiative in establishing apprenticeship schools throughout the nation. Thousands of boys are trained in the art of laying brick so that the supply of skilled craftsmen will be replenished to keep pace with the demand for brick.

Brick—the known standard value of the world

New and Distinctive Beauty. Leading architects have discovered new and novel bonds and patterns which give unusual beauty to Common Brickwork, appealing strongly to owners seeking individuality. Unexcelled for antique effects.

Economy in First Cost. The remarkable economy of local-made Common Brick permits the home builder of moderate means to have permanence, beauty, and low upkeep at first cost no greater than for less enduring types of construction.

Low Cost Forever. The economy of brick construction becomes an increasing blessing. Brick walls never have to be painted or repaired. This means an actual and tangible saving of money every year, with safety and comfort not attained with any other material.

High Resale Value. Every home builder should consider resale value. The brick home retains value. Depreciation does not eat up the increasing value of the land. This is your profit in the event of resale.

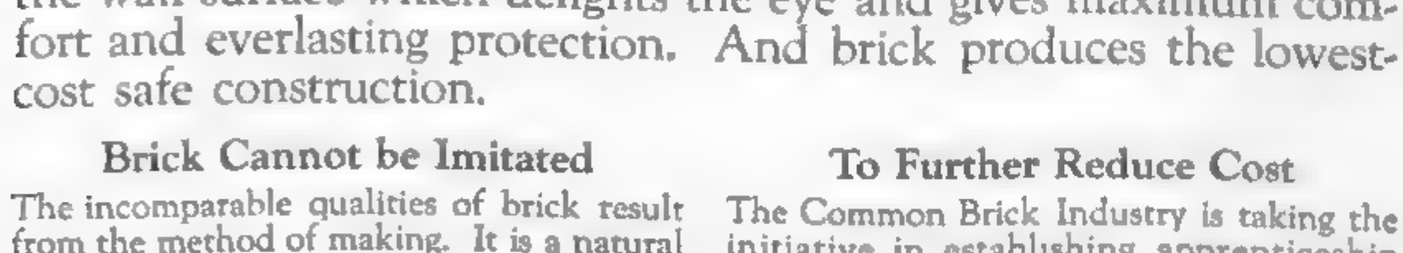
Brick is Fireproof. Brick is made by burning clay at high temperature for many days. Everything but fire or decay is eliminated. That's why the fireproof and everlasting qualities of brick cannot be imitated. There's no substitute for brick. Insurance rates always the lowest.

Ease of Alteration. A brick 8x2¼x3¾ inches in size is the standard building unit of the world. Brick buildings are subject to alteration and enlargement without loss of material and with perfect matching in color and texture.

Suited to Every Use. For small home or costly mansion; office building or mammoth factory; for foundations, exterior walls, or fire walls; for drives or sewers, brick is the accepted building unit for permanence and economy.

The Ideal Wall. The Ideal Wall saves brick, mortar, labor. It is built with standard brick, available everywhere. It gives a hollow ventilated wall without reducing strength or fireproofness.

There's a brick plant convenient to you. Write for our list of members



The Common Brick Manufacturers' Association of America

2153 Cleveland Discount Building :: Cleveland, Ohio

The Ideal Brick Hollow Wall Cuts the Cost One-Third

The Architect
Be sure that "Brick—How to Build and Estimate," including test reports on the strength of brickwork, is in your office library.
The Builder
Complete working drawings for more than 100 single and two-family houses good architecture, and every house practical and economical. Supplied to contractors at nominal cost.
The Dealer
Increasing opportunities for the supply dealer in the widespread promotion of brick. We furnish sales helps to dealers handling brick made by Association members. Ask for list.
Brick Manufacturers
Sales of brick grow rapidly under stimulus of good advertising and home planning service. Cost of service nominal. Send for particulars.
10¢
Helps for Home Builders
Over 300,000 welcomed this book. Sixty brick homes, in picture and plan, every one built and lived in. Selected from thousands. Each designed by a capable architect. Only ten cents secures a copy of "Your Next Home."
—Off the Press This Week
"The Home You Can Afford"—42 new designs. Beautiful Rotogravures.
The Book of Modern Methods
Illustrations, and data on modern money saving methods. Valuable tables of material and labor costs. Complete details of Ideal Hollow Wall.
Brick
25¢
How to Build and Estimate
25¢
Send 45c—Get All Three Books
The Common Brick Manufacturers' Association of America
2153 Cleveland Discount Bldg.
Cleveland, Ohio
Enclosed find_____cents. Please send me the books marked below.
"Your Next Home" (10 cents)_____
"The Home You Can Afford" (10 cents)
"Brick—How to Build and Estimate" (25 cts.)
Name_____
Address_____

Do the finer things cost too much?

LOTS OF PEOPLE think that Pullman drawing rooms cost too much. They think long-stemmed roses cost too much. They think fine furniture in their offices costs too much.

Yet there are people who buy all these things, and think they are worth the money.

They are the kind of people who believe Old Hampshire Bond is worth using for business and social stationery.

They are not necessarily rich, not always the biggest in their fields—they simply respond unfailingly to the appeal of quality.

Old Hampshire Bond can be depended upon to represent such people correctly.

It is made in a mill with rather old-fashioned New England ideas of what it takes to make a product somewhat better than merely good—a mill where craftsmen have spent the greater part of their lives turning out paper that will uphold the reputation that Old Hampshire Bond has earned.

In fact, Old Hampshire Bond is made a little better than seems necessary.

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY, SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASSACHUSETTS

Write on your business letterhead for samples of Old Hampshire Bond in white and twelve colors.

Also makers of Old Hampshire Stationery in Vellum, Bond and Lawn finishes for Social Correspondence. A packet of sample specimens of this fine stationery will be sent on receipt of ten cents. Address Department L.

(Continued from Page 146

Suddenly Shipping Board representatives are sent forth to open offices abroad. They open ten in the United Kingdom, six in France, fourteen in Italy, two in Holland, one at Hamburg, one at Dantzic, two in Spain, one in Egypt, one at Constantinople, one at Shanghai and one or two everywhere else in the world. They have no direct authority over the foreign agents of the managing operators. But they must be helpful, watchful, communicative. If they see anything going wrong they must report to the Shipping Board at Washington. The Shipping Board will then communicate with the managing operator about his foreign agent's ways, and the managing operator, if he is so minded, and if he does not already understand his foreign agent even too well, will communicate with his foreign agent, saying, "What's this the Shipping Board people over there have been telling Washington about you?"

Then as to ships' masters, meaning captains. Certainly when 300 young managing operators preferred for inexperience have to send 1300 ships all over the world at once, under imperative order, it will be true, as the report says, that "many masters are strangers to European waters and have little knowledge of local laws and shipping conditions." As one situation was cured by setting a watchful eye above all foreign ports, so another may be cured by taking thought. "By furnishing them," the ships' masters, says the report, "with the latest aids to navigation, charts, and so on, the operating department is able greatly to expedite the ships' movements."

Still, there was a sense of imperfection. Even with the latest aids to navigation in their hands, the captains needed watching, and the managing operators needed watching. Everything pertaining to the ship needed watching. The board itself needed a great deal of information. Someone solved all this with one idea. There was created a Supercargo Section, to put supercargoes on Shipping Board boats, and it did put 725 of them on Shipping Board boats at a cost of $750,000 a year before a sense of the comic could penetrate the attitude of deity. Then it was all abolished and forgotten. The point will appear.

The duties of the supercargoes, says the report, were to represent the Government as owner of the vessel, to assist the captain, "as well as to report on conditions in favor or against the vessel, its management, crew, and so on, and also to make a detailed study of shipping facilities in foreign ports." From reports received through these supercargoes on conditions at the various ports the Special Service Section meant to compile a book showing as to each port whether it "is safe and can amply accommodate vessels which the board wishes to allocate."

Experts Without Knowledge

Now, as to a supercargo, he is and always was a nuisance on board ship, with nothing proper to do. As to these supercargoes of the Shipping Board, they were nice, earnest young men, instructed for a few weeks in a school at Washington and then sent aboard ships at $1500 a year to criticize the work of the managing operator, the management of the vessel, the way of the captain, and so on, each to the extent of his own seeing. The extent of his seeing was nil. What he could see he could not understand. There was nothing really for him to do but to make those detailed studies of foreign ports required by the Special Service Section. What nobody knew was that the most accessible information in the world is that about ports and their facilities. Shipping manuals are printed annually in every maritime language, several in the English language, giving all the facts about every port in the world. Besides, every port prints and distributes this information about itself. Ports are competitive and wish to do business. Yet 725 Shipping Board supercargoes appear in foreign ports, pad and pencil in hand, asking the officials over and over the same questions: How much water in this port? Where is it? What are the dock facilities? What are the rules? What are the port charges?

The chairman of the Port of London Authority, an august man with a sense of being very busy, sends at last for the Shipping Board's representative in London, saying:

"Can't you do something about this? A young man comes to see me from your Shipping Board. Sent from Washington, he says. Very nice young man, you know. He asks me these silly questions about the water and the docks and the dues and the lights. I tell him. An hour later another young man, also sent from Washington by your Shipping Board. He asks me the same questions. In the afternoon two more. Every time a Shipping Board boat arrives a young man comes to me with these questions. What do they do with what they write down? I tell them it's all in a book. No matter. They were sent to get it. May I be rude to them, and would it cause a diplomatic incident?"

The London representative cables the Shipping Board, asking it to can the supercargoes and offering to post a book in which all this matter is printed—not only for the port of London; for the whole world—and it will cost fifteen shillings. Nothing happens. The young men keep coming. The London representative, on his own angry responsibility, gives an order that any American supercargo seen approaching the office of the Port of London Authority with pad and pencil will be taken alive and put in jail. That stops it in London.

The Collapse of a Dream

Then, bunkers. Under this head an important discovery is set down as follows: "Bunkers. Importance in Operations. Fuel is the largest single item in the cost of ship operation." There is set up forthwith a Bunker Section to advise 300 young managing operators preferred for inexperience what to do about fuel—especially oil. There is at this time, the board ascertains, a scarcity of fuel oil in Europe and it is very dear there. But there is plenty of it in the United States and it is much less dear.

"It is a wise policy, therefore," the report says, "to give ships eastbound from the United States the maximum amount of fuel oil, so as to make their demands on European supplies as light as possible."

This Bunker Section got out of rhythm, like a carbuncle, and grew very fast. It began to plant oil stations about the world. It ordered the Vacuum Oil Company to build a large one at Durban, South Africa. The Vacuum Oil Company protested, saying there was at Durban one of the largest coal mines in the world and the coal was good and very cheap. Why did the Shipping Board wish a costly oil station alongside a coal mine in South Africa? The Bunker Section said that was its business and that it paid the bills. The station was built. Then two more in Australia, also alongside coal mines; the three of them cost $660,000 and never was a barrel of oil drawn by a Shipping Board boat or any other kind of boat, because properly only coal burners go in that trade.

So weekly bulletins were issued on what every managing operator should know and some on what no managing operator should know, and there was even a Vessel Distress Section, "located at Washington," which "when advice regarding a vessel in distress is received by radio or otherwise, action is immediately taken." Unless, of course, it happened to lie between noon Saturday and nine o'clock Monday in Washington.

Great things and small things, manners and destiny—all equally considered. The functioning power is moved by self-contemplation. The United States Shipping Board, it says itself as we close the Mother Goose Book, "regulates all the shipping of the country, recruits and trains officers for the merchant fleet, supervises the charter and transfer of vessels to aliens, establishes trade routes and foreign agencies, develops port facilities, handles large labor problems and operates directly or through private shipping agencies a vast merchant marine."

Just then the dream collapsed. Everybody came awake. It was a cold, damp morning. There was nothing left but the gigantic golden jackass.

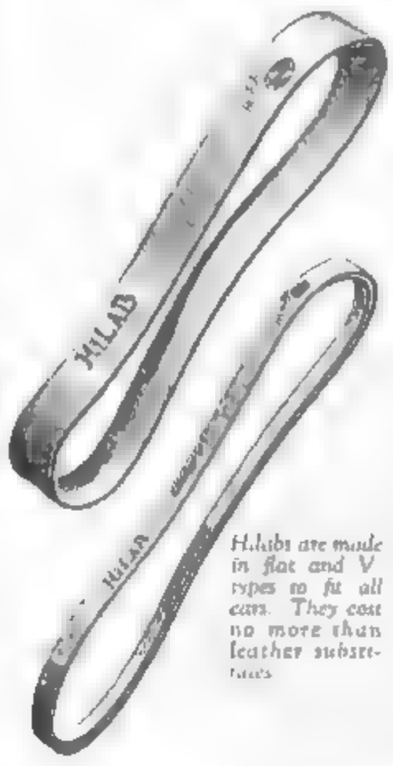
Specifically what occurred was that the bottom fell out of the shipping business. Nothing comparable to this disaster had ever taken place in all the history of merchant marines. The war governments suddenly released their requisitioned tonnage; the postwar vacuum had been filled up; there were more ships than cargoes everywhere in the world. A ship that had been worth $220 a ton fell to thirty dollars a ton, and that was a nominal price. You could not sell a ship at all. With millions of tons of ships tied up for want of cargo, how could you sell a ship?

In January, 1920, it was difficult to hire a ship on a time-charter basis at ten dollars

A "travelo" knit jacket or vest will keep you warm, comfortable and smart looking in the stormy months to come.
Buy your boy a "travelo", too
Same quality as men's "travelo" jackets, only smaller in size.
Pickham-Forman, Inc.
1909-1915 Park Avenue
New York, N. Y.
"travelo"
KNIT JACKETS
TRADE MARK
THEY HOLD THEIR SHAPE

Man!
Write for this free desk book
see this drawer slide open
CAN you do that with your desk? Those patented "Y and E" roller bearing steel slides do the trick. One flip of your finger—drawers coast out—and stop. Real desk comfort. Everything at finger-tips—work speeded up. Top drawers for card records, storage—center drawer with sliding tray for office tools—bottom drawers for vertical filing. Six models—quartered oak or genuine mahogany. Step into the "Y and E" store today, or write for free desk book on office arrangement.
YAWMAN AND ERBE MFG. CO.
132 JAY STREET ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Albany Boston Bridgeport Buffalo
Chicago Cleveland Detroit Kansas City
Los Angeles Newark Philadelphia Pittsburgh
Rochester St. Louis San Francisco Springfield, Mass.
Syracuse Washington, D. C. New York
Agents and Dealers in 2500 other cities
In Canada: The Office Specialty Mfg. Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.
"Y and E" EFFICIENCY DESKS
Wood and steel filing cabinets, safes, office systems, supplies

Leather is born, not made



Hilabs are made in flat and V types to fit all cars. They cost no more than leather substitutes

THE whole story of why Hilabs are such darn good fan belts is tied up in that wise crack. Nature puts in a long time growing the leather that goes into every Hilab, and when she gets through, we put in some ourselves in the way of selectin', cuttin', scrapin' and cementin'. And when Nature and us get through, try and wear out the result. It's as close to slipless, stretchless and wearless as a fan belt can get without bein' too good to be true.

Try one on your car!

Hi Lab

HIDE LEATHER & BELTING CO.
Indianapolis, Indiana

Ask for "The Loom of Nature," the story of Hilab, told in text and pictures, free and convincingly

HiLAB

Gets more out of any cooling system

They made "The Baby" a Junior Partner

Success hinges upon small things—in this case *babies*. The step had long been contemplated. We were consulted. A baby shop was installed—*and business grew.*

Why?—Because the family interest centers about "His Majesty, The Baby." Early he is attracted to a certain store. He grows—and the store grows with him.

Like thousands of other business houses following our "Method in Merchandising" Service, this installation was a complete success.

We plan, design, and make fixtures and installations wherein quality, artistry and efficiency happily combine for greater profit. The coupon will bring an immediate response without obligation. Mail it today and let us advise with you.

THE WELCH-WILMARTH COMPANIES, ASSOCIATED

Designers and Manufacturers of the Finest Store Equipment in the World

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

☐ Please send copy of your book "Method in Merchandising," describing Welch-Wilmarth equipment 9-A-2
☐ Please have your representative call. Please give full particulars about
☐ Clothing Wardrobe, ☐ Show Cases,
☐ Interchangeable sectional Units, ☐ Ready-to-wear Dept.;
☐ Hat Cases, ☐ Drug Stores

Use margin to give firm name, executive position and address.

a ton. In December you could hire ships at $1.50 a ton. Cargo freight rates fell in like manner—from eighty dollars a ton to eight dollars; from one dollar a 100 pounds to ten cents.

It was a magnificent wreck. The Shipping Board's 300 young managing operators, preferred for inexperience, were helpless; their foreign agents, "necessarily selected without adequate knowledge of their experience or efficiency," shrugged their shoulders; and those newly organized steamship companies to which had been "afforded the opportunity of securing the material assistance of the Government in establishing the business" began to go bankrupt. They had bought vessels on a shoe string down, maybe 10 per cent, the balance payable out of earnings. What they knew about ships all put together would not have discovered Europe 425 years after Columbus discovered America. More than fifty of them were bankrupt at one time and the Government could whistle. Many of them simply abandoned their boats on the nearest beach, in a foreign port, without food or fuel, owing ship chandlery bills, wages and harbor dues. Then, of course, they were plastered with creditors' libels, and the American flag on the sea was a thing of disrespect and of ridicule.

It cost the Shipping Board many millions of dollars—nobody knows how much—to get these boats back. A lot of wooden boats had been sent to Europe to seek trade. Some of them were in bad shape and couldn't get back as they were; others were abandoned for less reason. Their crews had been signed on for six months, with an agreement that if the ship failed to make an American port in that time they should be sent home first-class. The time expired. Whereupon the London office of the Shipping Board was besieged by hundreds of Arabs, Spaniards, Greeks and Italians, some of whom had never worn shoes, all demanding first-class passage back to New York. To clear away this wooden-boat scene cost the London office alone $700,000.

At last the Shipping Board got its abandoned ships back and tied them up. Its own trade armada was reduced from 1300 ships to 400, and nothing was ever again heard of those feeder services in Asia. The number of managing operators was reduced from 300 to 40. The European organization was cut from 750 to 160. And in the confusion of undreaming the dream all responsibility slipped away. The personnel of the Shipping Board changed so fast that never could you say, "Here are the men who did it."

The only immutable fact was the fact of the jackass.

Our Trade Armada

Meanwhile the Congress had enacted the basic Merchant Marine Law of 1920, repealing all the temporary law under which the board had carried on. This act of 1920 created a new board of seven members instead of five and declared a permanent national policy—"That it is necessary for the national defense and for the proper growth of its foreign and domestic commerce that the United States shall have a merchant marine . . . ultimately to be owned and operated privately by citizens of the United States." And it laid an injunction upon the Shipping Board as follows:

(a) To sell the ships to American citizens;
(b) To operate them if it could not sell, charter or lease them to private persons; and,
(c) To operate them, if it must, in such selected trade routes as may be reasonably expected in time to pay enough to make private persons want to buy them.

At last the three characters of the Shipping Board are defined. It is owner in circumstance, operator in default, vender in principle. Under conditions which make the sale of ships impossible at anything like their reasonable value and the operation of ships a source of loss, it must sell what it can off the top: what it cannot sell, lease or charter it must operate; what it operates it must intend to sell as soon as a service begins to pay.

Now with a new law which was basic and declared a fixed policy and represented everything Congress could think of to do for the merchant marine, with a Shipping Board reconstituted in the superior number of seven, and a sense of general dismay at what had happened, there grew up in Washington a disinclination to look at the jackass. Everybody walked wide around it. Congress fed it in awe. There was no telling what it would be like to look at naked. Two years elapsed.

One day President Harding sent for A. D. Lasker. This was the Lasker who is an advertising genius, owner of one of the greatest of American advertising agencies, a high-powered, synthetic-minded man with a passion for trouble. The President knew him well. And the President's heart was in the merchant marine. It was almost the first thing he thought of; it was the last thing he spoke of in public.

The President said: "Lasker, I want you to take the Shipping Board and do something with it. I don't know what. But I will stand behind you."

Lasker said: "Mr. President, we are friends. I would do anything in the world for you. But surely you cannot consider it an act of friendship to hand a man the Shipping Board."

Stripping the Jackass

The President said: "Listen, Lasker. It isn't an act of friendship. It's a desperate public duty. I am frank, as between friends. You are not my first choice, nor my second, nor my third. I thought first of Franklin; but the atmosphere of British interest surrounding him is unfortunate. Then I offered it to Farrell, of the Steel Corporation. He didn't say whether he would take it or not; but he went out on the front steps and told the newspaper crowd I had offered it to him. Then I thought of Teagle. My associates here all tell me the people would not like a Standard Oil man in the place. So now I offer it to you. I can't think of anyone else."

Lasker said: "Teagle is your man, Mr. President. The difficulty you speak of can be overcome. That is where I can help. If you can get Teagle to take it I will undertake to put him over with the people. I know how to do that."

Whereupon they sent for Teagle, and when they sat down together the President said: "Gentlemen, we may be about to make history in this room."

In the early morning, when Teagle went, the President and Lasker looked at each other.

"Do you think he will take it?" the President asked.

"I'm sure he will," said Lasker, and went back to Chicago.

A few days later the President called him on the long-distance telephone, saying Teagle had refused; he had been willing to take it until at the last moment his principal associate in Standard Oil affairs had said, "Teagle, if you do and leave me alone the strain will kill me." Therefore, said the President, since Teagle had declined, Lasker must take it. And Lasker took it for two years—no more.

Lasker knew nothing about ships. But he knew the principles that must govern business, and what organization is. The first thing he did was to get in three high-priced men who did know ships and shipping—knew them large and small. Secondly he assembled the six other members of the Shipping Board and said:

"While I am here there shall be only one sound. That is the sound 'aye.' When we can't make that sound all together either I am through or the board is through." The head of the legal department appeared with a typewritten brief. Lasker held it far off and began to read.

"What's this about?" he asked.

"All that first part," said counsel, "is to keep you out of trouble."

Whereupon Lasker, before their scandalized eyes, struck out all of that first part with free pencil strokes, vertical, saying, "I love trouble."

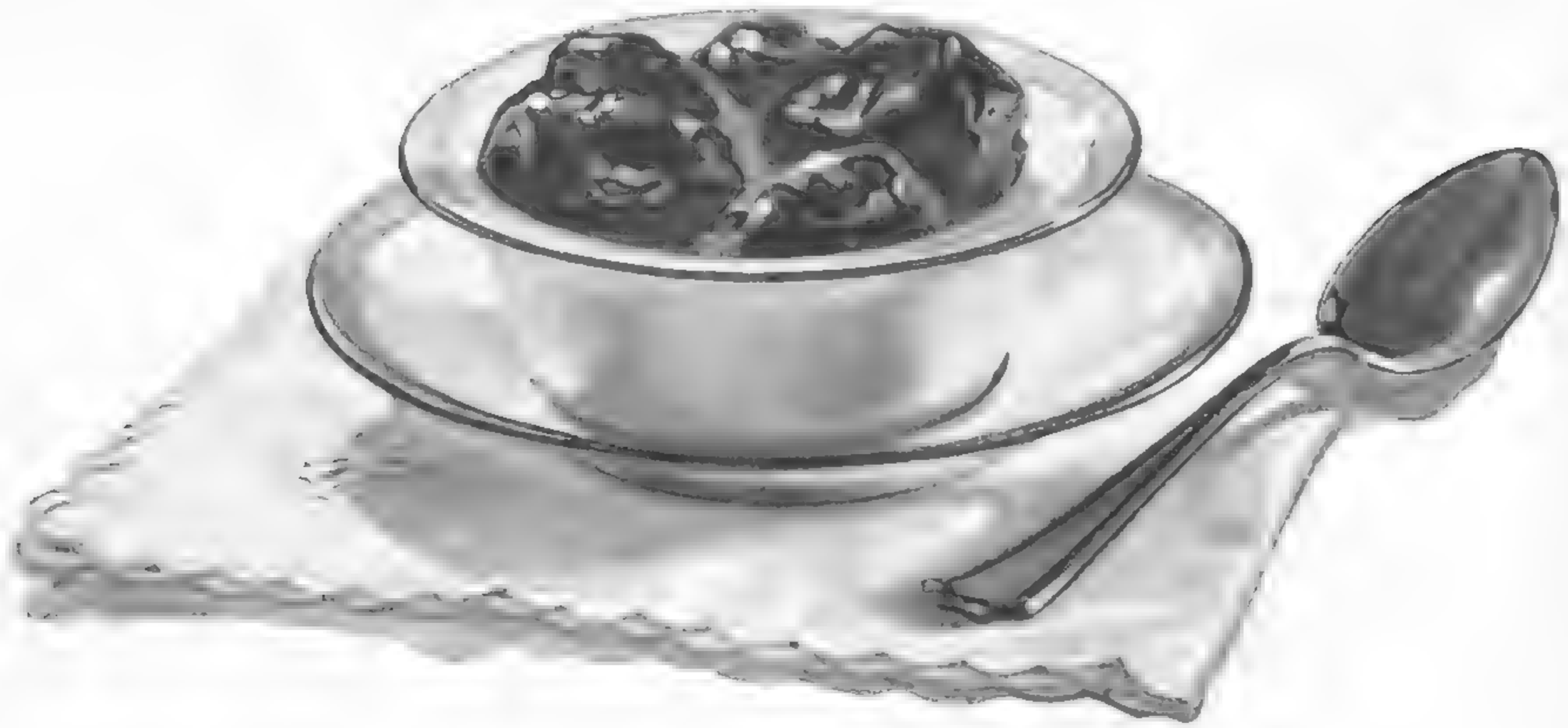
Then he and his three shipping men stripped the jackass and looked at it. A morbid sight! What they found they reported to Congress.

They found twenty-eight accounting sections and 1000 auditors and all of them together could not balance the books.

"The statement of receipts and expenditures for 1921 we have with us in so far as it relates to cash," said Lasker to the House Appropriations Committee. "To give you a statement from the Shipping Board of its operations as you would expect of any business corporation is an impossibility. The records are not there."

As it turned out, the statement as it related to cash was far wrong. The twenty-eight accounting divisions and the 1000

(Continued on Page 153)



This Luscious Breakfast

will be every day's beginning *when you know its benefits*

THE all-important meal is breakfast, for it starts the day. And right beginnings usually mean whole days improved. Fruits are of vast importance.

So the invariable rule should be fruit at breakfast. Delicious fruit acts as an appetizer, tempts everybody's palate. Digestion is aided by it, due to its organic salts and acids.

And prunes—which are naturally sun-sweetened plums—are the ideal morning fruit—the most helpful habit that millions can form.

Luscious, tender, wholesome and delicious when cooked as we suggest them elsewhere on this page, prunes furnish nearly 1300 calories of energizing nutriment per pound. Among vegetables and fruits, they are one of the best eight iron foods, and they supply two types of vitamines which everybody needs.

Thus the morning dish of prunes helps to develop clear-brained vitality and vim in men and clear-eyed, clear-skinned beauty in a woman.

And they act as health insurance for a child.

An investigation shows that more than 60,000 doctors in this country alone—start their own breakfasts in this effective way. They know these benefits—they know the value of the fruit-salts and the pulp of prunes as you will when you make delicious prunes your daily fruit.

A ten-day test will win you to this most attractive habit. Start it now.

Many of the finest hotels and best restaurants are making a specialty of breakfast prunes.

Sweet, Juicy Plums
Sun-Sweetened

When you order ask for Sunsweet—fresh, new, plump, selected California prunes, made from sun-sweetened, tender, luscious, juicy plums, completely ripened on the tree.

The plums are then carefully dried and thus transformed into delicious prunes. Perhaps you've never tasted prunes like these.

Sold in fresh, clean 2-lb. cartons, or in bulk from sanitary 25-lb. boxes at all stores.

Mail coupon for handy packet containing 45 selected recipes. Clip this coupon so you won't forget.

Best Way To Cook Breakfast Prunes

First, soak them overnight, or for several hours at least. Second, cook slowly until tender, in the water in which they were soaked. Third, use plenty of water so the fruit will be "loose." Fourth, do not cook them too long, as they will become too soft. Flavor with cinnamon, sliced lemon, or orange juice. Sugar to taste.

SUNSWEET Prunes

Selected from Ripe, Juicy Plums

CALIFORNIA PRUNE & APRICOT GROWERS ASSOCIATION
11,000 Grower-Members
SAN JOSE CALIFORNIA

Mail This

CALIFORNIA PRUNE & APRICOT GROWERS ASS'N,
Dept. 202, San Jose, California
Please send me free and charge your handy packet of Sunsweet
Recipes.

NAME

STREET

CITY STATE

Q·R·S

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

PLAYER ROLLS *are Better*

It is predicted that 1924 will be the largest Player Piano year in history.

This is due to the fact that people are at last beginning to realize that the Player Piano comes nearer to reproducing music in its original form than any other known method.

Some day—soon—you will buy a Player Piano and a selection of Q·R·S Player Rolls. Ask any dealer in or manufacturer of Player Pianos and they, too, will tell you that Q·R·S Player Rolls are better—

Because they are Better

(Continued from Page 150)

auditors could not account properly for the Shipping Board's cash.

It was found that under the famous MO4 contract there had been 9000 voyages and 6000 of them were unaccounted for.

It was found that some of the Shipping Board's managing operators, not content with a commission of 5 per cent on the gross receipts of ships, had organized private stevedoring companies, private supply companies, private ship chandlery companies, all of which charged what they pleased because it was the Government that paid, and the managing operators approved the bills. It was found that although the Shipping Board had hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of supplies it was anxious to sell, the managing operators of its boats went into the open market, or to their own private companies, to buy supplies of the same kind. There was the story of an anchor. The managing operator of a Shipping Board boat went to a ship chandler for an anchor. The ship chandler had no anchor in stock but knew where he could get one immediately, quality guaranteed at six cents a pound. The managing operator bought it. Thereupon the ship chandler went to a Shipping Board warehouse, bought the anchor for one cent a pound and delivered it. Thus the Government, through the Sales Division of the Shipping Board, sold an anchor for one cent a pound and through the managing operator of a Shipping Board boat bought the same anchor back at six cents a pound.

It was found that sustenance for the crews of Shipping Board boats had been charged to the Government as high as six dollars per day per man.

It was found that on Shipping Board boats in the port of London sailors had been nourished with live lobster and with strawberries at four shillings a box.

It was found that food supplies had been bought by stewards who dumped them overboard and then destroyed their feeding records. The Government paid. On a laid-up vessel they found in the pantry thirty-four pounds of red pepper and 360 pounds of tea which the Government had already paid for.

It was found that if one of the 1000 auditors of one of the twenty-eight accounting divisions wrote to a managing operator, saying, "This item is disallowed," the managing operator stopped sending in reports and went on operating the ship so long as there was anything to be made out of it. He collected the freight, he got the money first and settled with the Government later.

A Celebrated Case

It was found that a Pacific Coast managing operator came to Washington to settle up. He produced his accounts. They showed that he owed the Shipping Board $250,000.

The auditors began to search their books. This one account had to be searched in 210 places. And when it was all done the Shipping Board's record showed that instead of this operator owing the Shipping Board $250,000, as he said, the Shipping Board owed him $800,000.

It was found that a mule dealer to whom the Shipping Board gave the pick of its passenger fleet to run in the North Atlantic had first hypnotized the board and then tied it with a witch's knot. At least there was no other plausible explanation. This was the celebrated United States Mail case. The testimony reads:

"On May 28, 1920, the Shipping Board agreed to charter to the United States Mail Steamship Company eleven former German vessels, to wit: America, George Washington, Mount Vernon, Agamemnon, President Grant, Susquehanna, Princess Matoika, Pocahontas, Potomac, Amphion and Freedom, under an arrangement by which the United States Mail Steamship Company was to recondition the ships at its own expense. The Shipping Board first expended, although not required by its contract to do so, $5,894,000 upon the ships. In April, 1921, the Shipping Board further agreed to assist the United States Mail Steamship Company by advancing the money necessary to recondition the America and the George Washington, and on July 1, 1921, $3,644,000 additional debts had been contracted for by the Shipping Board on account of these two ships, making a total investment of $9,538,000 which the United States Government put into those ships, which ought to have been paid by the United States Mail Steamship Company."

A member of the Appropriations Committee interrupts: "What excuse does the Shipping Board or any man connected with it at the time make? Can you excuse it by anything except fraud?"

The testimony continues:

"This was the situation when in July, 1921, the present Shipping Board promptly discovered that the United States Mail Steamship Company had not only succeeded in inducing the Government to assume responsibility for nearly $10,000,000 of expense which by contract should have been borne by the United States Mail Steamship Company, and that it owed the Government $400,000 in charter hire and was leaving about $1,000,000 of bills unpaid which might later be asserted as liens on the ships, but that the United States Mail Steamship Company had already sold to foreign immigrants over $1,250,000 of prepaid passenger tickets which it could never hope to redeem, and was continuing to sell tickets to helpless immigrants as fast as it could. Furthermore, there were the bitterest complaints by passengers of the disgraceful, incompetent and dangerous service given by the United States Mail Steamship Company in the operation of its ships."

Nobody to Blame

Lasker seized the ships. There was a great row about it. The courts upheld him and the Government got its property back; but when all the claims against the ships had been paid the cost of getting them back was more than $5,000,000. Since then these ships have been operated directly by the Shipping Board, as the United States Lines, and the Leviathan has been added to the fleet.

It was found that ships' masters put their vessels into foreign repair yards, ran up fictitious bills and divided with the repair people.

It was found that every conceivable form of low human cunning had been practiced on the jackass.

It was found that ships had been sold for a small amount of cash down, the balance secured by mortgage, and no mortgage ever received.

It was found that a mortgage might become not an asset but a liability, as in a certain case where a clause was left out and then put in, with the effect that it turned out to be an undertaking on the part of the Shipping Board to buy back its own ships if the price of ships fell, as the price did.

It was found that for transactions running into many millions of dollars the Shipping Board had not a scrap of paper to show. Either it never had had or the record had been lost.

It was not found that anybody, anywhere, was in the least responsible. Always the Shipping Board had been able to say, "It is terrible. We inherited it so."

Lasker was the first man who as chairman of the Shipping Board undertook to be personally, morally, if necessary criminally, responsible. He asked Congress for a revolving fund of $136,000,000, saying: "I have no confidence in these figures I have shown you. I got them from the experts. Do not kid yourselves with them. I cannot get any two figures to agree and I have been there seven weeks. I have stacks of figures, first from one department and then from another, and they change as the thermometer in the spring. We will keep two sets of books hereafter. We drew a red line on July first. We are making the new set from the time we took it over, and I can tell you that a year from now we will have books that will show the facts. You can be the stargazers and let me try to do this work."

Congress embraced him and gave him the money. He made a sound it could understand a regular sound.

For two years he sat at the center of the bog, afraid to leave his chair. He stood the auditors against the wall and fired every third one. He put the operation of ships in one place and the talking about them in another place. His shipping men began to function, and ships began to run on schedule, whereas before they might be advertised to depart at a certain time under one policy of operation and then be held for full cargoes under a new policy of operation—the same boat, half full of cargo, changing her character from that of liner which sails on schedule, whether she is full or not, to that of tramp which waits until she is full, and do this without notice to anyone. Shippers, for that reason, were turning away from American boats. He held great obsequies in the surplus-property department, thereby ridding the job of much excess weight, such as war towns, war railroads, war plants and mountains of industrial material, fairly well pulling it all down to ships. He got at last a readable set of books. The Shipping Board for the first time knew what its assets were and where they were and where its money was. What it never knew and never will is how much of its property vanished without trace.

Presently Lasker intended his thoughts to the main problem, which was what to do with the ships. There evolved the idea of a subsidy bill, which the President supported, and he put the whole of his strength into that. He did not believe in subsidies as such. Neither did President Harding. But their minds agreed that there lay the immediate practical solution. Worse means to a better end. The Government, they argued, was losing at least as much in the operation of ships as the direct subsidies would amount to—and losing it without progressing at all toward the ultimate goal, which was to put the merchant marine into private hands. Under conditions as they were, the Shipping Board could not sell away its ships. It could not give them away, except here and there a special one that someone might pick out of the lot at thirty dollars a ton.

Lasker's Bill Defeated

Nor, as both Lasker and the President believed, would it ever be possible to operate ships except in a most wasteful and ineffective manner with an organization that was in fact and in principle temporary, as the Emergency Fleet Corporation is. The Shipping Board—that, under the law, is permanent, like the Interstate Commerce Commission. But the Emergency Fleet Corporation is a separate thing, a private corporation, entirely owned by the Shipping Board; and it exists only to operate ships until they can be sold to private citizens.

The subsidy bill that at length appeared provided for direct cash aid to shipowners sufficient to enable them to earn 10 per cent, or, if more, the excess to be divided with the Government. The bill contemplated also certain indirect aids, such as loans of government money at 2 per cent toward the building of new ships, a deduction from one's Federal income tax of an amount equal to 5 per cent of what one had paid to transport goods in American vessels, and a regulation requiring half the immigrants to arrive in American ships.

Lasker took this bill to Congress and was beaten.

For a moment that seemed to him the end. So it seemed also to President Harding. They had sold to themselves so earnestly the idea of a subsidy that they could hardly imagine a merchant marine without it. They had said it was vital and they believed it. They sat glooming together for a long while.

"There's nothing for it, Lasker," said the President. "Let's tie up the ships."

Lasker went to his office and wrote the order. It was to call in all the Shipping Board's vessels and lay them up. Having

ANSONIA SQUARECLOX

Square Simplex

The 10-Day Alarm Clock

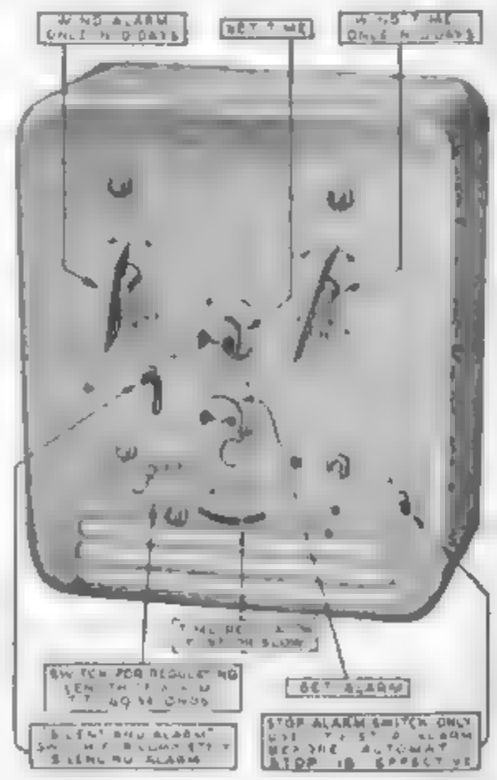
A marvelous piece of mechanism

THE Square Simplex combines all the qualities that a good clock should have.

Wind clock—set alarm. Nothing more to be done for ten days, when you rewind clock.

Alarm is shut-off automatically; at same time resetting for next day.

Stands solidly. No feet to scratch furniture. Does not tarnish or show finger marks. Study illustration. Note the many features combined in Square Simplex which make it the "Clock with Brains".



5¾" high x 4½" wide

Regular Finish (resembling platinum) $6.00
Gold Plate—Clock De Luxe— 7.50

Radium hands and numerals $1.25 extra

West of the Rocky Mountains and in Canada prices are a bit higher.
(Patents Pending)

ORDER FROM YOUR DEALER
If he has none in stock, we will mail post paid on receipt of the price.

ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY
Makers of Fine Clocks for Half a Century
99 John St. Dept. P. New York

ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

written it, he stood staring at it. Then he put a weight on it and went back to the White House.

"Mr. President," he said, "I can't do it. I haven't the heart to do it. There must be some way out."

The President said, "I have the same feeling about it. Let's see if we can't think of something else to do."

It might not have been a bad thing to tie up the ships. One result from doing so had been certain. Every shipper would have been made suddenly to realize what it meant to be dependent again upon foreign carriers. With the Shipping Board's boats out of the competition, rates would have begun to rise at once. The difference between our annual ocean freight bill at going rates and what that bill would amount to if we were not running ships and foreign carriers made the rates is probably greater, if only it could be calculated, than the annual loss paid out of the United States Treasury on account of the Shipping Board's operations.

Lasker and the President went to Florida. Between them they evolved the plan of forming eighteen separate operating units to run Shipping Board boats, each unit to have a name, a sign, a goodwill of its own, and do away with the managing operator, who, under the MO4 plan, has for himself the name, the sign, all the goodwill there is and no risk; while the Government has all the risk, the depreciating ship and nothing else. That plan would mean, of course, putting the Government headlong into direct wholesale operation, which was the sequel everyone had been trying to avoid.

Lasker brought the plan back to Washington. It was known as the Lasker plan. He left it with the Shipping Board. Then he put the Leviathan on the sea and retired. His time was up.

Of the three trained shipping men he brought in, one has returned to his own business, one broke and died in the work, one survives.

Lasker was succeeded in June, 1923, by Edward P. Farley, until then vice president in charge of ship sales. He added to the Lasker plan the notion of incorporating the eighteen operating units under state laws, as stock companies, the Government to own the stock. One dissenting member of the board attacked the legality of this and got it before the attorney-general for an opinion.

The attorney-general ruled that such corporations owned by the United States would not be citizens of the United States, wherefore it would be unlawful for the Shipping Board to sell its ships to them; unlawful for the Shipping Board to sell its own ships to its own stock companies. Such was the end of that.

Next Mr. Farley got a vote from the board abolishing the MO4 contract and putting in its place an agreement whereby the managing operators would become loading agents, the Emergency Fleet Corporation undertaking to do everything else for itself. It was announced both here and abroad as a new policy. Then the chairman went to Europe to think—a thing his predecessor never dared to do. In his absence the managing operators, who had formed a union, induced the Shipping Board to change its mind. The chairman returned with his thoughts; the board rejected them. Mr. Farley's resignation was announced before the end of the year.

A flabby period!

Our rivals do sing and laugh and make very glorious in the midst of the sea.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Garrett. The next will appear in an early issue.

If you needed $10.00 by Saturday night—How would you earn it?

RATHER a direct question, isn't it? And yet it's exactly what many of us are up against every now and then—the need (and oftentimes it's urgent) for a given amount of money by a given time. Here is an easy, pleasant, dignified plan which will enable you not only to answer but to forestall such a need:

Mr. George H. Rose of OHIO

$5.00 to $20.00 A Week Extra

Mr. George H. Rose of Ohio earns from $5.00 to $20.00 a week extra—we've been paying him that much for years—just by sending us new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. And bear in mind that this is *extra* money which he earns *in his spare time*.

In Your Spare Time

IT makes no difference what your work is, or how many hours a day you are employed, the opportunity is still yours to add a number of extra dollars to your day's pay. Mr. Frank Hlavacek of Illinois, for example, has earned $3.00 extra in a single day and during working hours.

Mr. Frank Hlavacek of ILLINOIS

Previous Experience Not Necessary

There is nothing difficult about our cash plan. It is designed to help you to succeed, and make money from the start, even though you have never had previous sales experience. We point the way to profit, whether you can sell us but an odd hour now and then or your entire time—for you can establish a permanent profitable business right in your own locality. But the first thing to do is mail the coupon which is printed below—

FREE Supplies and Booklets on Salesmanship

For Your Convenience

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
725 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

Gentlemen: Please tell me, though I assume no obligation in asking, all about your cash offer.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

PATENTS BOOKLET FREE
BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 644 G St., Washington, D. C.

Learn Cartooning
At Home—In Your Spare Time

THE LANDON SCHOOL
1434 National Bldg., Cleveland, O.

64 BREEDS Most Profitable chickens, ducks, turkeys and geese. Choice, pure bred northern raised. Fowls, eggs and incubators at low prices. *America's great poultry farms.* At it 31 years. Valuable 100-page book and catalog free. R. F. NEUBERT CO., Box 666, Mankato, Minn.

PATENTS. Write for free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK" Send model or sketch of your invention for our FREE opinion of its patentable nature
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

PLANS for Poultry Houses All styles, 150 illustrations, secret of getting winter eggs, and copy of "The Full Egg Basket." Send 25 cents. INLAND POULTRY JOURNAL, Dept. 17, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

February 9, 1924

Cover Design by Pearl L. Hill

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Report of International Operator No. 2006—Ha! Ha!—*Horatio Winslow*	8
Lynx Lucifer—*Herbert Ravenel Sass*	10
A Man in the House—*Elsie Singmaster*	14
A Fool's Errand—*Dornford Yates*	18
Calamity Comes Back—*Lowell Otus Reese*	36

ARTICLES

Railroad Consolidation—*Herbert Hoover*	6
A Rudderless Merchant Marine—*Garet Garrett*	12
The Fabulous Forties: White Kid Gloves and the Theater—*Meade Minnigerode*	16
Booth's Letter to Grant—*H. H. Kohlsaat*	20
Unwritten History—*Cosmo Hamilton*	21
The Money Demon—*Will Payne*	25
The Danger of Europe: The Business Solution of European Troubles—*Philip Gibbs*	34
Politicians and Prohibition—*Fred F. Sully*	46

SERIALS

Ruin (In three parts)—*Ben Ames Williams*	3
Ancient Fires (Fourth part)—*I. A. R. Wylie*	22
Dolls (Conclusion)—*Susan Meriwether Boogher*	28

MISCELLANY

Editorials	24
Short Turns and Encores	26
Small-Town Stuff—*Robert Quillen*	113

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Johnston's
CHOCOLATES

Your gift should be a graceful compliment

So send Johnston's Chocolates

A gift is judged by the spirit which prompts it—by the good taste that is shown in its selection.

So those wise in these matters send Johnston's Chocolates, because their infinite variety and unchanging goodness are always welcome.

For instance the Choice Box. Take it next time. Its 22 different kinds of candy all in one box are bound to suit milady's every whim.

You will find an authorized Johnston's Candy Department in one of the better stores in your neighborhood

ROBERT A. JOHNSTON COMPANY, MILWAUKEE

"THE PACIFIC ERA, DESTINED TO BE THE GREATEST, IS JUST AT THE DAWN"—*ROOSEVELT*

PORTS OF DESTINY

ACROSS the Pacific Ocean creeps the glow of dawn—the dawn of a great era and a vast commerce built upon the wants of 1,200,000,000 people.

The stir of great things runs through the Forenoon Lands, and the ports of the Pacific Northwest look out across a busy ocean to tremendous things beyond—

To China, with 400 million man power, the greatest reservoir of raw labor in the world; to Siberia, sitting immobile with the earth's greatest natural wealth in her lap; to Japan, already a great commercial power; to Alaska, a treasure house with open doors; to the myriad smaller states of the East, each a factor in the vast potential commerce of the Pacific Seas.

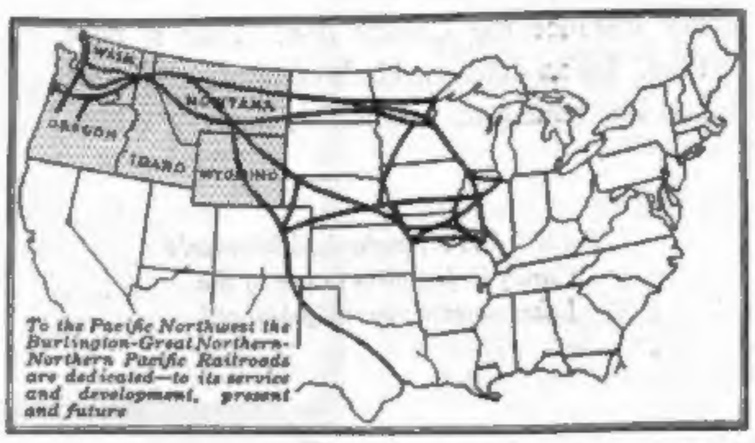
* * *

Already the Pacific Northwest has reached a dominating position in American trade on the Pacific.

Its great harbors are nearer than other American ports by several days' sailing to Japan, to China, to the Philippines, to Siberia. They are nearer by rail to the principal cities of the Atlantic seaboard. They are the gateway to Alaska.

Swiftly the Pacific Northwest is strengthening its strategic position as the principal gateway to the fast growing commerce of the Pacific. In two decades exports and imports of the leading ports have increased five to ten times.

In the short space of two generations the Pacific Northwest's shipping industry has wrought amazing changes. Large and flourishing cities have arisen as though by magic about the deep and roomy harbors. Agriculture and industry, far inland, have felt the stimulus of broadening commerce.



* * *

Yet, it is but the dawning. The Pacific Northwest, with its almost limitless natural wealth, water power, agriculture, swiftly growing population, stands at the edge of a boundless commercial future. It has scarcely entered upon the era of greatness that must inevitably follow the development of Pacific commerce—not in the dim future, but within the next few decades.

From its harbors, with room to ride the navies of the world, back through all the region of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming, is spreading the electric stimulus of world trade. Its effect is being felt upon every phase of life in the Pacific Northwest. The opportunities it is creating are for *any man* to grasp. Whatever your trade, your work, your interests, your means, these opportunities await *you* today in the Pacific Northwest!

Write for interesting booklet,
"The Western Gateway to World Trade"

Address: P. S. Eustis, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R., Chicago, Ill.; A. B. Smith, Passenger Traffic Manager, Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.; A. J. Dickinson, Passenger Traffic Manager, Great Northern Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

The PACIFIC NORTHWEST

The Chicago Burlington & Quincy R.R.
The Northern Pacific Ry.
The Great Northern Ry.

The Land of Opportunity

Burlington Route
NORTHERN PACIFIC

What a wife Sally is!

No wonder they call a fellow's wife his "better half"! Just look at the way Sally had helped him all the way along. Somehow, through her, just the people he needed to know, he always did know. Just the impression he wanted his home to make, it always did make—because of Sally. And now, with the members of his firm and their wives invited for dinner to-night, the table is perfectly appointed, even to the last salad fork and orange spoon. Sally again!

ANNIVERSARY
Ice Cream Fork and Orange Spoon

Does silver help your home to make the right impression?

DAY after day people come to your home—old friends and new. Do what you may, they appraise you through your home. Its appointments are an index to your character, its equipment to your standing in the community.

No doubt you realize this, and have made the home a fit place in which to live and entertain.

But perhaps not! Even now you may be planning a luncheon or dinner handicapped by the very essentials of silver—all because you fear the trouble and expense of purchasing these necessary pieces.

But you need not fear them! In 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate you can provide easily all the different things you desire—salad forks, bouillon spoons, ice cream forks and serving pieces. Each is surprisingly reasonable in price. Thus you may accumulate, a little at a time, a silver service that will give you lasting joy. When you need more pieces in the chosen pattern, it will still be easy for you to obtain them. Leading dealers everywhere carry "1847 Rogers Bros."

May we send you a copy of our booklet P-90, "Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense," with authoritative table settings made in the Good Housekeeping Studio of Furnishings and Decorations? You will find it full of suggestions for successful entertaining. Write for it to-day.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

ANNIVERSARY
After-Dinner Coffee Set

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

SCHUMANN-HEINK
Victor Artist

The glorious and sympathetic voice of Schumann-Heink clearly shows the perfect artist. That the great contralto chose the Victor to perpetuate her art shows her recognition of perfect recording and reproduction. There are fifty Victor Records by Schumann-Heink, among them the following:

		Double-faced
Spinnerliedchen Frühlingszeit	830	$1.50
St. Paul—But the Lord is Mindful of His Own Agnus Dei	6271	2.00
Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht Von Himmel hoch da komm' ich her	6281	2.00

© Mishkin

FARRAR
Victor Artist

Exacting artist that she is, Farrar demands the same perfection in her Victor Records as characterizes her every interpretation. It must be Farrar to merit her approval and her seventy Victor Records are evidence of that fact. These numbers include:

		Double-faced
Carmen—Habanera Au Printemps	621	$1.50
Madama Butterfly—Un bel di vedremo Tosca—Vissi d'arte e d'amor	6110	2.00
Songs My Mother Taught Me Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms	622	1.50

© Strauss-Peyton

HOMER
Victor Artist

Homer is another great artist who is confident that the height of perfection in sound production is attained only by the Victor. She is willing to be judged by her Victor Records, of which she has made sixty-nine. Here are some of these selections:

		Double-faced
Messiah—He Shall Feed His Flock Messiah—He Was Despised	6166	$2.00
Samson et Dalila—Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix Samson et Dalila—Printemps qui commence	6164	2.00
Flee as a Bird Just for Today	684	1.50

Victrola No. 105
$180
Mahogany or walnut

Victrola No. 260
$150
Mahogany or walnut

Victrola No. 220
$200
Electric $240
Mahogany, oak or walnut

The Victor Company originated the modern talking machine and was the first to offer the public high-class music by great artists. Victor Supremacy began then. It has been maintained by the continuing patronage of the world's greatest musicians and by the merit of Victor Products.

In buying a talking machine, consider that you must choose the Victrola or something you hope will do as well, and remember that the Victrola—the standard by which all are judged—costs no more. The Victrola instrument line includes twenty-one models of the three general types shown at from $25 up. Ask your dealer or write to us for illustrated catalog.

To be sure of Victor Products, see the following trade-marks—under the lid of every instrument and on the label of every record.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Victrola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Look under the lid and on the labels for these Victor trade-marks

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N.J.